





EX LIBRIS

BANCROFT LIBRARY

No. 1











Birket Foster

J. Saddler

D A R I E N .

# D A R I E N,

OR,

## THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

BY

ELIOT WARBURTON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS,"

ETC. ETC.

\* Fourth Edition.



LONDON:  
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

PZ 3

W199D2

# THE

AMERICAN

REVIEW

OF

THE



OF

THE

OF

TO  
MY FRIENDS ON  
TWEED AND YARROW;

*This Work is Inscribed*

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF A SUMMER PASSED  
IN THEIR RENOWNED AND HOSPITABLE BORDER-LAND,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

vow, and gave me an opportunity of performing it. That is, if I can venture to say that I *have* performed it.

For when I consider the uncalled-for attentions that I have paid to grouse, partridges, and the salmonidæ, during the past autumn, and when I contemplate the immense mass of documents I have had to arrange, and the wide and tangled series of events from which I have endeavoured to elicit something like a consistent story,—I feel how much I must trust to the courteous reader's indulgence, and to the keen critic's generous forbearance. I can only hope to obtain from the kindest of both these classes the fiat of my highland friend concerning my performance,—“I am a plain man, and I plainly tell you, I wad I had placed my material in abler hands; but I am sure you have writ honestly and dune your best.”

With this ambiguous apology for many errors, I take my leave, and remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours as of old,

VIATOR.



## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

---

The wanderer then resolved  
To pass the remnant of his days untask'd  
With needless services, from hardship free.  
His calling laid aside, he lived at ease.  
\* \* Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamp'd  
By worldly-mindedness or cank'rous care;  
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refresh'd  
By knowledge gather'd up from day to day.

WORDSWORTH.

LIEUTENANT M'GREGOR served for many years in a gallant highland regiment. He had followed the colours over the world, and seen Australia's sun shining on their honoured emblazonry at the moment when "the lassie that he lo'ed" was nestling on her midnight pillow in Old Scotland. She slept more calmly, in a narrower bed, before her highlander returned to claim her for his bride. Meanwhile, he had had his triumphs in the field, and had risen from the ranks on glory's crimson steps to the eminence of lieutenantancy. But his dearly-won honours had been so associated with his dead love, that all their value seemed buried in her grave. He sold his commission; and in resuming the dress of a civilian he resumed also his native dialect, which had been long painfully suppressed at the mess-table. The purchase of an annuity with the produce of his commission secured to him an ample supply for all his simple wants, and left him besides a wide margin for the charities in which his brave old heart delighted.

Among strangers who might arrogate superiority, the veteran assumed a sort of defensive stiffness of demeanour, but to those of humbler manner or condition he was exceedingly urbane and gentle. As he sat at the doors of the inns (in which he passed most of his life when away from the highlands), children would instinctively draw



near to him and climb his knee. To him the house-dog would first apply for scraps at dinner, however numerous the guests. Him the landlady never overcharged, and the chambermaid always gave a pleased look at parting, however moderate her guerdon. During his thirty years of service, all his relatives and old friends had died; he was alone in the world, but he seemed to diffuse amongst mankind the native kindness which no family ties remained to claim. The lieutenant took up his head-quarters in the old cottage where he was born. His kind chief had allowed him to purchase its humble walls, and adjoining heath-covered hill, for a mere nominal sum; and he was thus enabled to consider himself as one of the few landed proprietors in his county. A few score pounds repaired and furnished his cottage, and fenced in his garden on two sides, the remaining two being otherwise guarded,—one by the cottage and its steading, the other by the mountain stream. A bed and chair, and small table, with a shaving-glass, about the size of a watch, hung up against the window-shutter, composed his chamber furniture. A couple of chairs, a small round oak table, and a glass cupboard containing stuffed birds and foreign fishes, sufficed for his sitting-room. In the recesses on each side the fire-place were two sets of shelves; one of these contained a Bible, whose leaves looked like old bank-notes, so thumbed and thin were they; not only for the sake of the Divine words they bore, but for that of his old mother, whose parting gift long ago had been this treasured volume. In this old book's good company were about a dozen other volumes, such as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Christian Warrior," and "The Lives of Scottish Worthies." Over the fire-place hung an old musket, and a claymore with which his grandfather had hewn his way through Sassenachs from the battle of Culloden; that claymore was the veteran's only heir-loom, except an old chest full of older papers. On the wall opposite the fire were suspended two fishing-rods, dingy in hue, but in the best condition. The chest, with huge iron hasps and a padlock, stood in the only window, and with the addition of a few bottles, pewter plates and dishes, and such like necessities, completed the inventory of the highlander's household goods.

In this "Ebenezer," as he called it, Lieutenant M'Gregor

had made his residence for about twelve months after he had abandoned military life. During that time, while he employed himself in repairing and embellishing the cottage that would have been his wedded home, (for his Effie too had belonged to humble life,) he mourned as a widower. On Sunday, he walked more than a Sabbath-day's journey to the kirk which she had used to attend, and when service was ended, he would sit him down for an hour by the grassy grave, and rest where all that was mortal of his lost love rested too.

After his year's mourning, he wandered away from his cottage; and this habit, once begun, was never abandoned. Every autumn, however, when the anniversary of his lost Effie's death returned, he also returned to his native hills, and for a month or two pursued, in public, such sport as the stream and loch yield to the angler; in private, Heaven only and he knew how he occupied himself in his lonely shieling.

The veteran was about sixty when I first became acquainted with him. His appearance afforded an illustration of his life, strongly marked like everything else about him. His military bearing, which he could not quite disguise, added to a naturally commanding height. His hair was partially gray, some parts of it being quite white, whilst other parts were scarcely grizzled. His hat was of a fashion peculiar to himself; as one may often observe how singularly hats *do* seem to adapt themselves to the wearers' character: it had a low crown and a very broad brim; but so far was it from the slouch generally attendant on such configuration, that it betokened, by its rigidity, a vivid recollection of having served under the Duke of Kent's rectangular *régime*. A shooting-jacket of dark velveteen, with a waistcoat of Sutherland tartan, bottle-coloured breeches, and long gaiters, formed his dress invariably, except on Sundays: then a formal suit of black became him well, and transformed him into the likeness of a minister with an easy benefice, or rather, perhaps, of a military chaplain. Such was M'Gregor's costume in England and in the lowlands; in the highlands he always wore his native kilted garb.

It was during one of his autumnal visits to his highland home, that I made the acquaintance of this personage. I had been fishing in one of the fine mountain lochs in Suther-

landshire; but the day becoming too calm and bright for the still water, I resolved to follow the stream that flowed from it, and to take up my night's quarters at some village, that was sure to occur by such a stream in the vale below.

As I was descending the mountain, casting my line carelessly from time to time, I came unexpectedly upon a pool, in which the stream seemed to rest itself before proceeding in its hasty descent. As I moved round this water, to get advantage of the wind, a small cottage caught my eye. It had an appearance of trimness and care that contrasted curiously with the wild scenery in which it lay. All round were heathy hills, piled in wave-like confusion, and varied only by three or four small tarns, flashing like gold amid the dark purple heather: while on the north, the mountains towered upward to Ben Crurig; to the south, they fell away into a range of lesser hills that excluded all view of the wide vale beyond. The cottage walls and porch were covered with some hardy parasite, trained by no woman's hand or taste, for its branches stuck out stiffly and formally, like a standard pear-tree. The little garden exhibited the same formal and precise taste,—if taste it could be called. The beds lay in hollow squares; columns of vegetables, and platoons of gooseberries, occupied the centre; three or four apple-trees stood for picquets, and the whole party, with the exception of an awkward squad of cabbages, seemed to stand at "tention."

I perceived at once that the tempting-looking pool had been artificially formed; so reeling up my line, I proceeded below the little hermitage, where I might feel free of trespass. I could not help turning round to examine the cottage again, however. Close by, the pool foamed over its artificial obstruction in a pretty cascade, and then ran smoothly by the garden. The bed of the stream was planted with the broad-leaved water-weed that fishes love, and the water seemed literally alive with trout. They were so tame, that, as I walked along the bank, they remained playing on the surface, forming there a coruscation of purple, and brown, and gold, beautiful to look upon. A few hundred yards lower down the stream was another small but deep pool of great promise, and my fly had scarcely fallen upon its surface, when all my attention was concentrated on a mighty fish, "the monarch of the brook," which was



bending my rod to the butt, and lashing the water into foam with his broad tail. While I looked about with some perplexity, (for the banks were all steep, and the outlet from the pool was by a precipitous fall,) I heard a deep, earnest voice behind me exclaiming, "Haud him gently; he's but lightly heukit; now draw his head doon stream, and ye maun e'en try the fa' wi' him. Weel dune! Now ye hae clear water and fair play, the twa o' ye. Now fish—now man!" the voice continued, half mocking, half in earnest: "Weel loupit speckleback! I thought ye had brak his haud. Weel humoured, stranger; ye hae a gentle hand. It's a' up wi' him now; slant him intill the gravel." As he spoke, I drew my exhausted prize softly on a shallow, where it was instantly seized in the nervous grip of a large bony hand, and the next moment lay panting on the heath. I had now time to look round, and I beheld Lieutenant M'Gregor, even such as I have attempted to describe him. His attention was fixed upon the fish, whose beauty and high condition he was well able to appreciate.

"I kenn't him weel," he soliloquized; "but I didna think he was sae big. Four pund an' mair! The best troot I hae seen the season. I thought at first he was a fish." \*

A less interesting incident than this would have served for an introduction to a Scot's hospitality in any part of the world, much more upon his native mountain, in the sight of his home. Before long I was seated in the cottage, my large trout smoking on a pewter platter, flanked by a dish of broiled grouse, and a bowl of mealy potatoes, that Tipperary might envy. We applied ourselves to these dishes with so exemplary an appetite that we talked but little. After a while, however, the eatables were transferred to an old crone, who lived in a sort of back kitchen, and formed my new friend's sole establishment. Then with a gusto, in itself a provocative to thirst, M'Gregor mixed a bowl of whiskey punch, of such flavour and potency, that our intimacy grew therefrom with wonderful rapidity. Before that bowl was finished, we were deep in each other's confidence; and so far from displaying what is called national reserve, my host had told me almost as much about himself as I

\* In Scotland salmon are fish *par excellence*: the inferior members of the salmon tribe are merely trout, &c.

have ever learned since. Indeed, his heart was unusually open; I believe it was the first time that he had ever entertained a stranger under his own roof-tree, and that was an exciting sensation: he was proud of my praise of his mountain and his favourite stream; he had been long living quite alone, and, added to all this, the punch was strong, and his general habits were abstemious. For these reasons, it was with some difficulty that I escaped a second bowl of the glowing Glenlivet; but I found it quite impossible to refuse remaining in the cottage that night. I had some misgivings as to my host having to sleep on his parlour-kitchen floor, but into that arrangement I thought it was better not to inquire too closely.

The highlander then proposed we should take a stroll upon the mountain, and see the sun setting, "which," he observed, "was gay glorious in thae pairts, *whan ye cou'd see it*;" for he admitted that even at noon-day the sun was rather a phenomenon in that land of mist.

"But then, ye see," he added, with a sportsman's apology for his climate, "the saumonts are na ower fond of het water, and the less sun, the mair saumont—a gude exchange; to say naething o' the grouse and ptarmigan and deer, that lo'es the mysteries o' gloomy hills as well as Ossian himsel'."

So saying, my host led the way along the brow of his own pathless hill at a pace that taxed my best energies, as well as vanity, to keep up with. I had no breath to spare for conversation, but the highlander continued to speak with a volubility to which, in after times, I looked back with surprise; his general habit in the lowlands being silent and sententious. But he had now a guest of his own to talk to, and a stranger to enlighten.

He halted on a hillock about half a mile from the cottage; it appeared to be a mound of loose stones, and was vividly green with long grass and nettles, though all round, as far as we could see, was purple heath. I soon discovered that it was the base of some ruined tower, the rest of which had fallen in small fragments into the precipice which yawned on two sides of the spot that we occupied. I observed to him that it was a strong position.

"Aye!" exclaimed my host, proudly; "it's pritty strong, and it's a' my ain, frae here till the cabin, and a bit ayont."

A' my ain; and purchased by the sweat and bluid of this puir body, and by the gude will of Providence and my lord duke.

"It's no unlike the fortunes o' my family," he added, after a pause; "beginning wi' this braw castle," (he stamped his foot upon the mouldering ruins, and no doubt in imagination saw stately towers as aspiring as the sentiment that kindled in his eyes,) "beginning wi' this castle, whar my forefathers wonned lang syne, and just ending wi' the puir cottage that has sheltered my mither when a bride, and her son's gray hairs when a worn-out auld soger."

I wish I could convey a picture of the fine old man, as his form, cast in the largest heroic mould, stood flushed with the setting sunlight, and distended by the proud thoughts that those crumbling stones had conjured up. He gazed long and silently upon the glorious landscape spread far and wide beneath us; and then his countenance gradually assumed a softer expression, as his pride of blood passed away and became merged in admiration of the splendid view that filled his eyes.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, in a voice from which passion, and, strange to say, almost all national accent was banished; "behold how the sun, the apostle of light, is sinking softly and meekly, though crowned with preternatural glory, into the crimsoned sea. His light is shining not for himself, but for the earth, so darksome and so dead without his rays. Behold how many a loch and mountain gleam and gloom through the evening mist, as sunset invests them with rich gold and purple! Now he is gone; deep masses of indistinct shadow close over the silvering sea: and now, but for the rosy light that lingers on the sky and on Ben Laighal's brow, no trace remains of the Life-giver—the Creator's delegate. He is gone; yet nature mourns him not; earth and ocean, man, bird, beast, and insect, secure in the faith that he will rise to-morrow; rise, with all his infinite effects, at the very moment which, if delayed, would cost the life of myriad myriads of rejoicing creatures. How weak and faltering is our voluntary faith compared with that which is instinctive! Yet is the moral sequence of events as consistent and as certain as those of night and day. Rebellious children as we are, we love, like our first parents, to stake the chances of sma' events against the



certainty of great ones. The devil takes care to keep the bad chances just alive, but how greatly we are losers in the long run, we hourly feel—and shall feel far more when this life at the last shall thus close over us.”

The highlander became silent, and his eyes fell from their elevated gaze upon the ruins of the tower at his feet. He almost seemed to spurn them, as he turned and strode away across the darkening heath. The various hues of his tartan were now blended into one deep shade, and the stately form of the man looked colossal, relieved against the evening sky.

Neither of us spoke until we re-entered the cottage, which looked dark and dreary enough. The old crone, who alone served my host, returned every afternoon before the hour of warlocks to her own shieling, two miles away; and the silence and loneliness to which my highland friend had to retire each evening struck me as almost appalling. But custom and his own native hardihood of soul, rendered him indifferent to such things. With ready hands he now lighted a fire of peat, which soon blazed up cheerily, diffusing light and warmth, and a chuckling, well-pleased sort of sound, that contrasted charmingly with the outer cold and darkness, and the wailing of the wind over the mountain; for the ruder the shelter the more one appreciates it. The highlander did not trouble himself to lay a cloth on his deal table, but it was soon otherwise covered with a stout piece of cheese, barley bannocks, fresh butter, sugar, drinking-horns, a corpulent blue bottle, and an empty jug, ornamented with a portrait of the Duke of Sutherland.

In making all these hospitable little preparations, my host displayed almost boyish activity and zeal, talking at the same time, volubly in his northern dialect—so that I could scarcely reconcile him to my imagination as the same person whose solemn mien and sonorous words had impressed me on the mountain side.

“Dinna fash yoursel’,” he exclaimed, as I tried to assist in boiling the kettle, “wi’ thae things. Youth wad aye be trying to make water ower het, like itsel’, afore its time; maist likely spiling baith. Ow! if inanimate things war as wayward and capricious as human minds, the world wad na long haud thegither. If I expose water to a certain heat, it ’ill bile; if I let a stane drap, it will fa’ straight; if I



plant a kail it will grow (wi' Divine permission);—but if I say to puir human natur' (my neebor' or my ain sel'), 'Come, do me this justice;' or 'Flee that temptation;' or even 'Walk straight to your ain desire,' it's lang odds if my bidding's dune. A thousand sheep wi' ae impulse will seek shelter frae a coming storm, and ten thousand fish will migrate to the saut water wi' ae mind;—but pit a thousand, or a hundred, or ten, o' human kind, to do a business thegither, and they'll tak' every ane a different counsel;—if there be not ane strong mind, or ane strong will among 'em, to drive the ithers afore him his ain gait. I could tell a waeful story o' the consequence o' sic rebellious spirit, that ruined my fathers, and me, and mony a man else, and well nigh all Scotland beside, far awa', ower in America."

So spoke my host, with a volubility almost uninterrupted even by his supper. When that simple meal was ended, and our respective horns of toddy were steaming before us, I begged the highlander to tell me the "waeful story" he had alluded to. He waved his hand deprecatingly, and replied:—

"Na, na! its ower lang a tale for the e'enin. It's a buikful; and I wad hae ye see the sun rise, since ye joyed to see him set; and the morn will be clear; sae we'll jist hae a crack about ane anither, and gang to our resting."

To all this I gladly acceded, especially as my own brief story afforded little but a blank, and I was anxious to learn something of my singular host; who at one time declaimed in plain English, though somewhat grandiloquent; and at others spoke like a native shepherd. I therefore filled my glass, told my tale, and cautiously sipped my toddy, while my stalwart friend swallowed his vehemently. When I wound up five minutes' biography with the events of the day, and the motive that had led me to Ben Laighal,—namely, a desire to see something of true highland scenery, and, if possible, of true highland life, he took up the discourse:

"For hieland life, it's simple eneugh in externals. A childhood o' laneliness, and sma' share o' delights but what the happy heart finds in heaven abuve and earth beneath, as God made them; wi' the stars, and the flowers, and the burnie: and then, a manhood o' sma' hope, and muckle

hardship, whiles lichtened now and then wi' a happening shot at a deer, or a warstle wi' a saumont—(but there's little o' that now); and an auld age o' sma' creatur' comforts, but kindly reverence, and siclike cherishing as the puir can gie. But if he wad ken the inner life o' a hieland man, ye must e'en live it; and therefore, no Sassenach man can ever ken what is joy and what is sorrow in the mountain shielin'. 'The heart' there, as well as in the land o' the patriarchs, 'kens its ain bitterness, and nae stranger intermeddleth wi' its joy.'"

"But," I objected, "such a life cannot have been yours. You speak and act like a man of cultivation and experience in the world."

"Aye—do I?" rejoined my highlander, not displeased. "Weel, weel,—I was born, though not bred, a gentleman; and as far as my sma' light enabled me, I never wranged my gentle bluid. My great grandsire was a laird in thae pairts; and his, and his father's, was the auld house I showed ye the e'en. Though there's no eneugh left o' it now for a corbie craw to nest in, it was ance braw and big, as my father tauld me; and I culd tell ye the very boundaries o' the court and kail yard, and whar we keepit the kye afore sheep was ever seen on these hills, drivin' awa' the red deer wi' their ghastly bleatings, and their pale faces.

"Weel, my great grandsire now and then, as I think just for diversion, took a drove or two of his mountain cattle to the Lowlands, and o'er the Borders; and in ane o' his wanderings, he took to wife a Graeme o' Trailflatt, wha was cousin to the famous Paterson. Just then, Scotland was all a flame wi' the colonization o' Darien in America, and my great grandsire, like the rest, caught fire at the scheme, and pit the whole heart of his fortin' till it. I dinna blame him though, for he meant weel, and it was a grand thought, and wad hae glorified auld Scotland amang the nations, and hae filled our sporrans wi' gude gold beside. But it was not sae to be. The Disposer willed otherwise, and my great grandsire and many others was ruined; and though I hae nae doot his heart was a tough ane, they say it clean brak' when he had to give up possession of his auld house, and saw the stranger's kye driven on till his native hills. His son listed for a soger, but took the other side in Forty-five,

and focht his way out of Culloden only to die, leaving my father a mere bairn; he wandered homewards till the hielands, and fand the auld house in ruins, and the hill-side as bare as it was at creation; but he got leave to build this bit shieling, which I had the gude fortin' to buy clean out, wit' the hill-side, when I gave up the army. I sell't my pension to buy it, though I might have rented it at a mere trifle."

[The rest of my host's little history I have already narrated. It was only by slow degrees that I learned more than he had at first thus told me.]

"But now; it's time to gang to rest, to be awake be-time; and, if it's no' displeasing, we'll jist read a composing chapter of the guid Buik, and gang thankfully to rest."

So saying, the highlander took down the well-worn Bible from its shelf, and, after a few minutes' thoughtful silence, he read the beautiful twenty-seventh Psalm in a deep and solemn voice that showed how truly his unsophisticated heart appreciated those ancient, but ever applicable words. When he had done, he began, unconsciously, as it seemed, to "improve upon it," after the Presbyterian fashion; and it was impossible not to feel touched by his earnest and solemn mode of treating his subject. Somewhat too metaphorical it might be; but his style of illustration was borrowed from the book he had most studied; and what struck me as remarkable, his native dialect was for the most part laid aside during his lecture.

The next morning, long before sunrise, we were wading through the mountain heather; morning's freshest breezes blowing merrily round us; the song of the soaring lark, the crow of the startled grouse, the scream of the curlew, and the roar of the distant sea, making a pleasant chorus. My host strode rapidly on, leaving me little time to admire the wide scenery below, or breath to express my admiration of it. At length, to my great relief, we reached the highest point of Ben Laighal, marked by a crumbling cairn. The misty view at first was very limited, but it became superb when the sun burst over the mountains that bound Glen Ullie; his beams instantly converted the mist into a prismatic lens, through which the wide-spread and varied country below glowed like one of Turner's glorified landscapes. Close beneath us was a mountain, darkly wooded to the summit, over which an eagle was slowly rising from



her nest: on the east, the mountain sloped in glistening emerald green to the shores of its own lake, which shone like gold where it was not subdued into purple by the reflection of the heathery hill beyond: north and west a succession of precipitous rocks and gloomy ravines stretched in savage grandeur to the sea. The woods and glades of Tongue Castle presented the only memorial of the subduing hand of man; all else wore an aspect of primeval solitude and wildness.

The highlander gazed on the magnificent view around him with a proud and affectionate look, until all other feelings seemed to become absorbed in devout admiration. He uncovered his head as if he stood in a holy place, and remained for a long time in silence, which I did not care to break: he seemed

“Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise;  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power  
That made him,—it was blessedness and love.”

At length he spoke in his usual tone, as he flung himself down on the rich heather.

“There’s aye something,” he said, “in these lofty places, that leads our thoughts far awa’. A mountain top will be a place for meditation whether we will or no. No for meditation on our ain small lot and its great vanities, but on matters wide and various as the prospects that fill our een. Elijah on Mount Carmel, and that unfortunate Balaam on the hills of Moab, saw visions that wad hae been unco hard to see on a puir level plain. But of a’ the uninspired anes, I think that Balboa, when first he saw the great Southern Ocean burst upon his sight, maun hae had the most glorious vision,—a vision of things that could no be uttered; a visible, vague, prophetic glory,—a good that was to come upon the earth in latter days. Nae doot, the avaricious auld trooper understood little enough what sublime sensation was swelling his mind, and thought it was mere gold—gold—gold! that fired his fancy with glorious images that he could na shape. But there was something grand, too, in how he hasted down to the New Ocean and rushed in till it, breast high, brandishin’ his sword over his head, and shoutin’ out,

“Inhabitants of two hemispheres!—Spaniards and In-

dians, both ! I call ye to witness that I take possession of this part of the Universe for the Crown of Castile. What my arm hath won for that crown, my sword shall defend !’

“And sae, sure enough, for nearly two hundred years, did the bluidy sword of Spain wave over those countries, and the arm of Spain oppress them sairly. Then went forth our Scots,—pioneers of a new power, that, though quelled for the time, will yet rule those glorious countries wi’ righteous justice and gospel law.

“Methinks I can see, e’en now, from this land-and-sea-commanding height, such shadowy likenesses as things to come cast afore them ; for men’s fancies are oftentimes the mould in which a real futurity receives its shape. I can imagine my auld kinsman Paterson, standing upon a peak of Darien, e’en as we stand now upon Ben Laighal, but that his thoughts were doubtless too big for such utterance. That wide, sky-bounded sea beneath us wad be the great Pacific, in his fancy flecked wi’ mony a brave ship, fraught wi’ all that is precious amang men, accept the accursed slave-freights. Within yon bay wad be the Isthmian city,—the emporium o’ the warld ; wi’ its sister and friendly rival, New Edinbro’, on the eastern side—ower there ayont the hills. And a’ thae braes, and glens, and steepy hills, wad be the backbone itsel’ o’ the isthmus, trampled doon into roads fit for a leddie’s powny, by the million feet o’ prosperous wayfarers, to and fro travellin’, circulatin’ the gifts o’ heaven from the Auld warld to the New.

“But it’ll be e’en time for brakfast ; and when we gang back to our bit shieling, if ye care for the grandest scheme that ever entered the uninspired mind o’ man, ye shall hae your fill o’ the Story o’ Darien.”

Up to this time, I knew little of the scheme of colonization upon which the highlander dwelt with such enthusiasm, though it had ruined his family. I had had a vague idea, indeed, that about the end of the seventeenth century, Scotland sent out a colony to settle somewhere on the Isthmus of Panama ; but all I knew more was that the colony had failed. Now, when the eyes of speculation and enterprise are again turned in that long-forgotten direction, I felt some curiosity to know more about the old scheme. I took a great interest, also, in my new friend, the highlander,—as I fear, will be too evident from the prolix account I have

given of him. As soon, therefore, as our ample but simple breakfast was ended, I inquired with real interest about the Darien scheme, of which he might have been one of the projectors—so earnest and well-informed was he on the theme.

The old man pointed to the iron-fastened chest which I mentioned as occupying the recess of his only window, and observed, gravely, as he lighted his pipe—

“That kist, and yon sword of Culloden, are the only things I received frae my fathers, except an honest name, and a strang constitution. The steel tells its ain story; tho’ dinna doot but it wad strike for our bonny Queen this day, as truly and stoutly as ever it focht again’ her forefather a hundred years gane by. As for the kist, it contains all the story about Darien, in notes and scraps, and diaries, and a sort of life of the Spaniard, the Marchant Prince, as they ca’ed him, wha befrinded Paterson, when a’ else but Heaven and his hopeful heart had failed him. Ye will also find the few buiks, relatin’ to the business that ever was prented — puir meagre things in thirsel, but unco rare. There’s those buiks, and some ithers, a wheen pamphlets, and a lot o’ papers, partly originals and partly copies o’ manuscripts lately published by Mr. Burton for the Bannatyne Club, from an auld kist discovered by his researches in the Advocates’ Library in Edinbro’. In short, ye’ll find amaist everything that can be learned on the subject, lies and a’; and it wull be ye’re ain fault if ye dinna find interest in it.”

To be brief (at last); I examined the matter, and I *did* find such interest in it that during the summer’s retirement in Scotland I put together the story that forms the contents of the following volume. If I should not be so fortunate as to please any other reader, I at least succeeded in gratifying my highland friend; though, as will be seen, he was as far from being satisfied as I was, with the justice rendered to his favourite theme. The domestic incidents, the homely thread on which historic pearls are hung, will seem to many to encumber the narrative; but others may be reconciled to such matters by being led, not uselessly, to trace for themselves the probably small springs of great actions; the almost imperceptible peculiarities of character that shape what are miscalled the fortunes of a man, and through him the destinies of a world.

# D A R I E N ;

OR,

## THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

---

### CHAPTER I.

Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heav'n !  
At length the measure of offence was full.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Inhuman priests with unoffending blood  
Had stain'd their country ; \* \* \* a yoke  
Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd  
The children of the soil.—SOUTHEY'S "*Roderick*."

SPAIN is the country, of all Europe, in which imagination most delights to wander, and on which memory most loves to dwell. Those who know it only by its romantic history and racy literature, can understand much of its deep interest ; but those alone who have gazed upon its glorious landscapes, and breathed its delicious climate, can fully appreciate the charm it possesses for the mind and body.

No wonder that, in the adventurous olden time, this favoured land was fiercely fought for, and fiercely defended. No wonder that chivalry was here carried to perfection—that poetry proclaimed its triumphs,—that art, in its finest forms, illustrated them, and that civilization, in its most gorgeous though least consistent shape, strove hard to find a shelter there.

But Rome, with her spiritual power, was more than a match for Spain with all her rich endowments. The Pope ruled in the person of her kings ; priests held in their hands the conscience of her people. Never had the Church of the



Seven Hills such power over any nation; never had any nation such a claim upon her blessings; for Spain was not only obedient but enslaved to her control. In the palace, in the prison, at the death-bed, by the bridal couch, everywhere, and at all times, the priest was present and predominant. There was the most triumphant career of the Inquisition. There did the Holy Office exercise its functions uncontrolled; there *Auto-da-fés* were celebrated with the highest pomp, and the Church's rebels perished by thousands in the flames.

With all these spiritual blessings superadded to her natural gifts, Spain ought surely to have been a perfect paradise. Yet it was not altogether, or, indeed, nearly so; and what matter there was of congratulation or honest pride, was little referable to the *imperium in imperio* which Rome asserted over the souls and bodies of her Spanish slaves. Striking and sad contrasts met the eye two hundred years ago as they do now. Gorgeous cathedrals, encrusted by miserable huts; whole streets of monasteries swarming with mendicants; haughty palaces, surrounded with filth; orange groves, reeking with foul smells. The state of Spain was contemptible in the midst of its splendour and its pride, and its moral and political contrasts were equal to those of magnificence and squalor that were ever neighbours to each other. Despotic power vainly warred against petty rebellions; the Customs were set at naught by the contrabandistas; the richest of all nations, as regarded precious metals, was the poorest in real wealth; and even the terrible power of the Church was frequently evaded by the Jew and the Mahometan.

---

Beautiful Granada! Even at this hour there is an air of desolation over thy magic scenery, thy snowy heights, thy orange and myrtle groves, thy varied gardens, thy cities, and thy palaces! Even at this hour, with faithful sorrow, thou seemest to feel the loss of the gallant and gifted race, banished by brutal bigotry and murderous despotism from the homes that they adorned and ennobled!

In other lands, and even in this England of ours, there are relics of splendid fanes and princely palaces, whose ruins alone attest the legends of their bygone glories; but around such monuments spread fertile fields and prosperous home-

steads. Here manly energy and patriot love were never wanting to the soil; here was no break in the national spirit which once raised strong places for stormy times, and which, when peace was won, diffused innumerable churches, and widely-scattered cottages, for its people; instead of the cathedral and the fortress, in which they were once concentrated.

But in Granada there is an abrupt transition from prosperity to prostration evident in all things. The Spaniard was unable to take up the scheme of social life which the Moresco had been forced to abandon; he would not, if he could, have imitated the art and industry of a heretic people, whom, in his ignorance and pride of heart, he scorned; and so he left the state of his enemy to be an episode in Moorish story,—a fragment of national history unequalled in interest, and in monuments which attest its truth.

The few Morescoes who had escaped exile or the sword, under the persecution of Ferdinand the Catholic, clung with desperate tenacity to Granada and the adjoining mountains. Some of them did not scruple to obtain contemptuous toleration by a seeming apostacy: others, through ingenuity, or bribery, or poverty, acquired the same impunity without the same degradation.

Among the latter was the wealthy and once princely house of Ara-Medina. Its representative towards the close of the seventeenth century, was a merchant, named Alvarez, well known throughout the commercial world of Europe; though his very name was almost unheard of in his native land, the fair province of Granada. Yet there, almost within sight of Velez Malaga, was his home. The oriental love of mystery common to all his race, conspired with motives of security to render his seclusion complete. The Retiro, the beautiful situation of which renders it at this day a favourite place of resort, was in the time of our story surrounded by a vast forest, except where it fronted towards the sea. The massive walls that enclosed its wide domain appeared dilapidated, and were so overgrown with ivy and other parasites, as to be scarcely distinguishable from the jungle that yearly encroached upon them. Granada was never at any time a favourite place of residence among the true Spaniards, and the forest of Malamnia had a peculiarly

evil name. This, together with the mouldering and neglected appearance of the castle, had obtained for it an enviable neglect; the very existence of such a place was scarcely known to the indolent authorities of Granada.

Yet within those ruinous-looking walls, the Moorish merchant had built himself a palace, the magnificence of which was worthy of the palmy days of his people. The old castle had been originally designed for a mighty fortress, and contained within its wide circuit paddocks, gardens, ponds, and even vineyards; everything, in short, that enabled a garrison to hold out a siege for years without communication with the surrounding country. To this ruin Alvarez had been first attracted by its beauty and its deep seclusion. He had purchased the neighbouring forest, and claimed and obtained the castle as a valueless appendage to his purchase. Thither, during many years of an active and adventurous life, he often retired to repose; the charm of a home grew upon him; he took pleasure in adorning it as if it were a bride. Every vessel that arrived under cover of the night in his secluded bay was laden with objects of art or luxury, and with crowds of Moorish artificers. And so a new soul, as it were, grew up within the carcass of the still mouldering and melancholy-looking walls that screened their inclosure from every Spanish eye, and even from suspicion.

By degrees Alvarez withdrew himself from the mercantile pursuits in which he and his father had amassed enormous wealth. Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles no longer hailed his arrival on their shores as a great event. His liberal and noble character alone was remembered among their merchant-princes. He had vanished from public view, and in the deep retirement of his romantic castle had resumed the studies from which his youth had been reluctantly diverted.

There Alvarez tried to persuade himself that he was happy; and the persuasion became stronger when he discovered a long-lost friend and grateful guest in a Moorish scholar, named Reduan, from whom he had been separated since childhood. The career of Reduan had been as strongly marked by misfortune as that of his early friend had been distinguished by success; and the world-weary scholar now



found in the castle of the Retiro a welcome asylum. To him it afforded practically what to Alvarez it was only theoretically,—a philosophical retirement.

For Alvarez, when once he had exhausted his enthusiasm in preparing his new home, began to find the repose that he had so longed for, a little irksome; and in truth, his xebec bore him away from the Retiro more frequently than became a philosophic hermit.

His friend Reduan did not remonstrate against a restlessness which appeared as natural to his former habits as it was inconsistent with his present professions. Reduan, for his own part, had been effectually weaned by misfortune from a world which seemed to have nothing else in store for him; but he could easily understand how his friend and patron, upon whom the world had always smiled, should now and then yearn after a little more of that world's gilded troubles and plausible sources of inquietude. Nor was Reduan surprised when, at the close of a summer day, the evening breeze wafted the xebec into the little harbour with a lovely lady on its deck,—and that lady proved to be his patron's bride.

Donna Rachel was a Jewess, and she possessed all the high attributes so much more frequently found in the women than in the men of her Divinely-chosen race. High intelligence, and brilliant fancy, and loving thoughts, were all expressed in the deep dark beauty of her eastern eyes, and broad forehead, and full roseate mouth. Her education had not been built on books, nor was it in any way the work of formal teachers. Her childhood had passed dreamily away, occupied only in such things as pleased her fancy for the moment; and though she sang exquisitely, and her countenance varied with every emotion conjured up by the sublime war-hymns or sacred love-songs of her people, she would have found it very difficult to express in prose one idea that inspired her while she sang.

But unaccomplished as she was, she possessed a deep indefinable charm, together with quick perceptions, and a gentle, loving nature. From the hour of her arrival at the castle it was no longer lonely. She had married a husband of her parents' choice; and to him she had been handed over in a manner that mere Europeans might suppose savoured of slavery. But it was the manner in which

Rebecca, and Leah, and Rachel were given away long ago; and doubtless Jael, and Judith, and other heroines of her race had been similarly disposed of. In this case, at least, it appeared to be as wise an arrangement as many Christian marriages,—for Alvarez thenceforth wandered from his home no more. In the course of time a son was born to him, and the measure of his happiness seemed fulfilled.

His boy grew up in the midst of everything that could develop his intellect, and in the absence of all that could lead warm youth astray. He was taught to consider the walls of his father's well-secured domain as the absolute limits of his range; but within this he found means to perfect himself in most of the manly exercises. There he learned the old eastern accomplishments; namely, to "shoot, and ride, and speak the truth." In the castle's capacious library, the books that most charmed the young scholar were tales of adventure, and voyages and travels, to which the confinement of his life gave greater zest. Above all, the glorious and mournful career of Columbus inflamed his imagination. He dwelt with delight on the great discoverer's vivid pictures of the New World, its beauty, its capabilities, its future destiny. He drank in the inspiration that filled the minds of the old discoverers until it became his own. The hours of his recreation, instead of the usual pleasure-dreams that fill boys' fancies, were employed in framing schemes of daring enterprise; and when he returned to his studies the same passion directed and warmed them. Navigation, geography, and modern languages were his recreation; and even arithmetic and mathematics, for which the Arab mind has a wonderful aptitude, furnished welcome labour to his vigorous and undistracted mind. His father beheld his self-education and its progress with pride and satisfaction, though he often asked himself sadly in what fulfilment the bright promise of his son could end. In Spain, of all countries on the earth, there was no career open to a man of alien faith and blood; and yet so dear to him was his native country, or rather the spot of it which he occupied, that it never occurred to his mind to change it for another. As years advanced, such a change became more and more impossible. His retirement became more dear to him; and like a thousand others in all parts of the world, he left the bark of his fortunes to float upon the

current of destiny which he could not, only because he would not stem.

When the young Alvarez was about twelve years of age, however, a momentous change took place in the government of Granada. The Viceroy of that province had hitherto been an easy, though avaricious, old noble ; and the tribute paid punctually by Alvarez, together with a handsome present, had secured to his secluded castle the obscurity which was its best shelter from bigotry and avarice. The Viceroy, however, was displaced by some court intrigue, and a creature of the Jesuits was appointed in his stead. One of the accusations brought against the deposed governor was the uncatholic toleration he had exhibited towards heretics, and his successor was determined that no such crime of leniency should be preferred against his government.

Granada thenceforth became fearfully agitated. Domiciliary visits invaded homes that had been long sacred to peace ; spies of the Inquisition swarmed over the land, and many of the best and most influential of the Morescoes disappeared from time to time, none knew how, or, if they did, none cared to tell.

## CHAPTER II.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,  
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow ;  
But now, as though a thing unblest'd by man,  
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou :  
Fresh lessons to the unthinking bosom, how  
Vain are the pleasannces by life supplied,  
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

BYRON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigilance of the new Viceroy of Granada, the castle of Alvarez remained for a long time apparently unobserved. Reduan had in the first days of his residence there, perceived the importance that even an hour's defence might prove to his patron's stronghold ; he had therefore gradually collected round its walls a number



of his countrymen who carried on the not unpopular calling of contrabandistas, and who gladly availed themselves of such a shelter for their families. Reduan had also encouraged them to build a village of huts along the shore; and the lawless and daring character of its inhabitants rendered the neighbourhood more shunned than ever. To Alvarez, however, as clansmen to their chief, these outlaws adhered with devotion, and kept his secret with proud fidelity.

It was through the inhabitants of Mesquinez, as this Moresco village was then called, that Alvarez and Reduan alone obtained information concerning the external world—at least of Spain. Once a year, indeed, Reduan visited Granada, to pay taxes and various imposts levied on the forest of the Retiro and a certain property possessed by Alvarez in the Alpuxarra Mountains. As the late change of government was well known to him, Reduan set forth on his accustomed mission with some forebodings, though without personal fear. His disinterested heart was only anxious on account of his friends, the precarious tenure of whose happiness he too well understood.

Arrived in beautiful Granada, and at the Xeneralife, the exquisite "pleasure-house" of El Chico, he had long to wait before he was admitted to the presence of the Viceroy's favourite. Through that fortunate individual all business likely to be profitable was obliged to find its way before it descended to the actual official to whose department it belonged. At length Reduan was permitted to offer his present and his tribute. Then followed a searching examination, which proved to him that suspicions had been roused concerning his capability to furnish not a larger tax—but a larger present. After long and warily defending himself, Reduan at length offered to pay this fine of his own accord; but while he admitted that he set a high value on the possessions purporting to be his, he endeavoured, and successfully, to divert the official's curiosity from the true quarter. He confessed that his flocks and his Quinta in the Alpuxarras were of increasing value; but on the other hand, he pleaded the ruinous and worthless state of the Retiro and its forest, which he prayed the governor to have examined, in order to reduce its rent.

The stratagem succeeded and when Reduan offered to



pay a considerable present on behalf of the really worthless property in the mountains, that which was valuable was neglected. So far the Moresco had managed to escape the civil authorities; but the report that a wealthy Jew, if not a downright pagan, had been publicly pleading in Granada, could not escape the knowledge of the Inquisition; its officials seized the man whom the governor had acquitted, and in the dark mysterious dungeons of the Holy Office the faithful Reduan suffered such things as have been scarcely ever revealed, or even whispered in open day.

Meanwhile as time passed on, and his friend returned not to the castle, Alvarez determined to seek him, if it were in the very arms of the Inquisition. It is needless to trace the steps by which fanatic villany worked on the Moresco's noble nature, and induced him to substitute himself for his friend; but in fine, Reduan was set loose, or rather, was cast out, from the dungeons, apparently broken, bruised, and torn beyond all prospect of surviving; and Alvarez occupied his place in prison. The diabolical ingenuity of the torturers, however, failed to move his stubborn soul, either to conversion or confession. He would not embrace the path to heaven prescribed by means that hell itself might have suggested; he would not even reveal the secret places of his wealth, as that would have directed the search to his far dearer living treasures.

Suddenly, at last, he died, in the midst of torture which the officials thought he scarcely felt; so little of his agony did he betray to his tormentors' triumph.

Meanwhile the Señora Rachel and her son remained in ignorance of all that happened. A dread suspense, indeed, oppressed them; but fatalism and constitutional firmness prevented the prostration of despair.

One evening, as was their custom, the Señora and her son were watching from the highest tower in the castle, each sail that the sunset breeze was wafting along the bright seas beneath them. But, as had been the case for months, the ships all passed by, and stood on for their various destinations far away.

The lady of the castle, however, watched them unweariedly, as she lay, in her eastern fashion, upon a pile of cushions in the deep recess of a western window. Her loveliness was scarcely faded, though her son was now a tall

stripling, and premature shadows generally fall on the morning of an eastern woman's fervid beauty. Her apartment was furnished with all things that could delight and amuse her leisure, but her eyes were regardless of all except the sea on which her hope now, as once her fear, was rested. The window that she looked from, without was timeworn and ivy-tangled,—but within, its delicate stone tracery was carefully preserved. The light, green-tintured by the ivy and jasmine through which it streamed, fell on dark rich carpets of Ispahan, or flashed on Venetian mirrors. A blazing fire of fragrant wood rose and fell fitfully in the great fireplace, which was overhung with shirts of mail and Moorish casques—arched above with Damascus blades, fancifully arranged and crossed in imitation of the oriel window, and flanked by Arab lances.

On the low table opposite the window where the Señora lay, stood a model of the galley in which Columbus explored the unknown recesses of the ocean; and maps and mathematical instruments and a few books lying round, showed that the chamber was also the favourite resort of the young Alvarez. Through some loopholes filled with stained glass, you might have looked down upon the courtyard below, with its great fountain, foaming in black marble, supported by four recumbent lions of the same material. The court itself was of tessellated pavement, from which porcelain steps led into the castle under a great arch. A lofty screen of stone, so delicately wrought as to resemble the work of the loom rather than of the chisel, separated the court-yard from the gardens. There, through the vistas of pomegranate and sweet lemon-trees, gleamed indistinctly flowers innumerable; especially roses of every hue and fragrance, from those of Sharon and Damascus, to that delicate pale flower of China, which seems impregnated with the breezes that linger among the tea groves. The garden terraces rose in irregular succession, watered by many fountains and playful cascades, which at midnight made pleasant music for the nightingales. Far away, that maze of flowery brilliance became softened by the tender foliage of northern plants, and the rich gloom of orange groves; then it faded in the distance into the forest, which darkened over the vast wall that surrounded the whole domain.

The shades of evening had settled over all that charmed

“pleasaunce,” and the castle, and the silent, anxious watchers in the tower; when the door of their apartment slowly opened, and the mere spectre, as it seemed to be, of Reduan glided in.

His tale was soon told. Days and weeks passed by before the widow’s woe and the son’s wild grief subsided into settled sorrow, and a stern thirst for vengeance.

Revenge to the young Moresco seemed a virtue,—the only filial duty towards his murdered parent that was still in his power to perform. His dark creed had never taught him otherwise, and native magnanimity could not reach the sublime height of forgiving more than selfish injuries, which, after all, are the lightliest borne when their first shock is over. Nor did Reduan attempt to stifle that deadly passion for revenge; he shared it too deeply; but he sought to instil a necessity for caution in its execution, lest it might only recoil upon the avenger, and lead to one triumph more for the Inquisitors.

And so the boy grew up, daily nurtured in hatred towards the Spanish nation; feeding that hatred with the dark history of his people’s wrongs, and eagerly possessing himself of all the tragic stories of Spanish conquest, in America, and the infernal cruelties by which their own writers described that conquest as having been achieved. Thus the attention of the young orphan was further directed towards the Spanish Main, and the transatlantic empire, which was destined to be the scene of his future fortunes.

Meanwhile, except for the mourning hearts within it, all went on in the castle as before the fatal news arrived. At first, Reduan had endeavoured to prevail on the Señora to abandon it for some country where the curse of the Inquisition was less heavy or unknown. But to this the poor lady would not assent. In an eastern woman’s eyes her home is almost unchangeable. There she had long been sheltered and cherished; there she had known content and happiness. Beyond its high and gloomy walls the world seemed to her a mere wilderness—a vast and terrible arena, wherein wrathful and sinful men for ever strove, and where all that was loved and holy was sorely endangered.

But to Reduan’s caution as to necessity for still deeper obscurity, the lonely widow almost gladly assented. Henceforth the old castle became daily more dark and gloomy,—



more swallowed up by the surrounding forest, against whose encroachments the hand of labour no longer strove. As the fine exotics faded from the gardens, their place was left vacant; even the fountains, so delightful to the Moorish eye and ear, became choked up and silent, as if their play of waters was unwelcome in those solemn precincts.

Still, however, the rich arabesques upon the cornices retained their beauty, as their traces do even now; still the masterpieces of Velasquez and Murillo graced the walls; rich carving still swelled in bold relief beneath the gathering dust, and the cedar and sandal-wood retained their perfume. As the radiant eyes and vermilion lips of the lady of the castle contrasted with the gloomy weeds she always wore, so enough of splendour still remained in her dwelling-place to vindicate its former glories, and to grace its desolation.

### CHAPTER III.

—His ambition,  
Once the vague instinct of his nobleness,  
Thus temper'd in the glowing furnace heat  
Of lone repinings and aye present aims,  
Brighten'd to hope and strengthen'd to resolve.

*Guesses at Truth.*

OUR demands on happiness (or, at least, on pleasures) contract and expand in a wonderful manner, according as they are indulged in or denied. It would almost seem as if it were but the first spasm of contraction that is painful, and the first sense of expansion that is truly enjoyable. The tradesman is indifferent to comforts that would be delightful luxuries to the labourer; the prince is unconscious of enjoyments that would be intoxicating to his page. Hence, as is most righteous, the man whose sources of pleasure are most scanty, has the widest range of possible delights; and he who possesses all that this world can bestow, has a fearfully narrow pinnacle to stand upon, all around him offering only a comparative privation. Herein is contained an important cause of the balance (more equal than we generally



believe) between the lot of one individual and another,—between our own former and present state. The serenities that pervade the poor, the bereaved, the exiled, the sick, the dying, are often beyond our comprehension, yet they may be any day within our reach and our experience.

Few would have been disposed to envy the Señora de Medina: with her youth and genius and warm beauty, buried in a life-long seclusion; with no one henceforth to keep her company in that great and gloomy castle, except her son and his father's gaunt, care-worn friend, whose every movement, in its evident pain, recalled all the horrors of the Inquisitional tortures, and their victim,—her murdered husband. Nevertheless, time, with healing on its wings, and custom, with its petrifying influences, had removed almost all the pain of her new position, and left to it sufficient tender melancholy to render the prospect of a future life more dear. As one of her own poets says,—“the moss of contentment outlives the sculpture of pride that it entombs;” and the widow's happiness, if less vivid than once it was, was now more even and unbroken, and quite satisfied her chastened heart. Her life, indeed, would have been perfectly tranquil, but for her son,—at once her only hope and her only fear. Little as she knew of the world, she knew that Alvarez could not long be contented to linger out his days with her; she felt that the home which was to her an asylum and sure refuge, was to him a prison. She therefore taught him to consider his seclusion as only probationary. She instilled into him her proud conviction of his future greatness, until he shared in that conviction, and believed that it was at once his duty and his destiny to achieve it. He used his retirement, therefore, as mariners make preparation on a quiet shore for a long and stormy voyage; and in his preparations he was contented for a while to forego their object. He accustomed himself, in the midst of luxuries, to ascetic hardships; and though surrounded by all that could enervate, he trained his limbs to athletic exercises. His greatest energies, however, were bestowed on the large library that had been his learned father's pride. There he sought the best substitute for worldly knowledge, the true elements of power. The sciences are said chiefly to have attracted him, even in his early youth,—especially that of numbers, and the doctrine of the

chances, then newly expounded by Huygens. The certainties that lie hidden at the bottom of all chance, had a peculiar fascination for him, and long afterwards he turned his early studies of that mystery to profitable account. His lighter hours were devoted to history and travels, such as those of Mandeville, Marco Polo, Vasco Gama, and Columbus.

Thus occupied, the young Alvarez found time pass swiftly. Grave and thoughtful even as a child, his natural tendencies were strengthened by his deep sorrow, by his brooding over vengeance, and by the lonely life he led. For his only friend was also his tutor, his father's cotemporary, and now broken down by physical suffering and mental anxiety. His mother, saddened as she was, afforded him the only cheerful companionship that he possessed. She was as yet quite able to fill all the woman department of his feelings, and he loved her with a fond and undivided affection.

And here I might enter into a disquisition of great length on the comparative advantages of public and private education, were it not that my pages may have already sufficient dryness, and to spare. The results of such a training as that of Alvarez would, of course, vary with the constitution of each character; but the chief danger of private education is doubtless the fostering of self-love and vanity, and the impairing of self-reliance. Whatever cause Alvarez, in after times, may have had to regret these defects, in his present life there was nothing to call out their exercise or betray their existence.

Reduan, who was now guardian, tutor, and steward to the widow and the child of his lost friend, became doubly anxious for his charge as the time approached when he must again appear before the authorities of Granada. He had long lived in hourly fear lest the Holy Office should discover the secret of the Medina palace, yet still he found it impossible to induce the Señora to seek for safety beyond the sea. He thought it necessary, therefore, to take his young pupil to Genoa, where his father had large investments and many friends; for he felt that his own tenure of life was very insecure, and if he were gone that Alvarez would be as helpless as a child, from his ignorance of the world, and of his own affairs. This being resolved upon,

Reduan and Alvarez took their departure from the Mesquinez, in one of the contrabandista's xebecs.

The boy soon forgot the sorrow of parting from his mother, in the rapturous sense of freedom, as he found himself bounding over the waves for the first time in his life. Even the magnificent country now spread out before him—the purple hills, the snowy mountains of the Sierra Nevada, had for him all the charm of novelty. He gazed with admiration upon the sweeping curves and the bold promontories which break that picturesque coast into such variety of beauty; and sea, and land, and air appeared all teeming with delight to the eyes and heart of the young wanderer.

And yet his warm heart soon gravitated back to its long-accustomed centre of attraction. His attention was withdrawn from all the bright world around him, which to him, was as new and lovely as to Adam at his first creation. His thoughts and sight were soon concentrated on the dark forest, and the mouldering walls within which his mother watched and prayed for him: he would have exchanged all the promise of the future for a renewal of the past, once more to find himself by that mother's side, her only source of happiness and pride: with his departure both had deserted her, and a fearful change was close at hand.

But the galley sped on slowly towards the sea, moving along through the shadows cast in sunset by the wooded promontory that formed the northern arm of the bay. Looking for sympathy in his sense of loneliness, Alvarez sought the eyes of Reduan; they too were fixed on the old castle, but with an expression of alarm and surprise. Suddenly he shouted to the captain of the galley to put about and return to the shore. The crew started to their oars, the sails were struck, and their little vessel was sweeping rapidly towards the castle, before Alvarez could make his anxious question heard.

"Look! look!" whispered Reduan; "see you not smoke rising from the Mesquinez? Hear you not the sounds of fight? Nay, it is over now, and all is lost!"

An interval of intense and agonizing suspense followed. The men held their breath as the xebec shot along the hissing waters. She was run ashore in a little creek a

short distance from the castle. Reduan leaped ashore after Alvarez, who struggled wildly to rush away from the iron grasp with which he seized him. The crew of the xebec followed eagerly, they were well armed, and seemed prepared for any act of daring. But Reduan, with strong self-control restrained not only himself, but his young charge and his wild countrymen, who waited but his word to rush on the invaders of their homes.

All sounds of strife had ceased. Nothing but some columns of smoke curling quietly up in the evening air, gave token of any disaster. Reduan hastily climbed a cliff that rose almost abruptly from the sea; he could thence, in the bright moonlight, observe the broad sandy path that led from the castle gate along the shore. The gates were thrown open, and forth issued a strong body of cavalry, followed by a column of musketeers and spearmen. Many prisoners evidently accompanied them, and in the midst could be perceived a sort of covered chair, such as ladies were then used to go abroad in, and close beside it rode four men in black—familiar of the dreadful Inquisition.

Reduan saw at a glance what had happened, and how hopeless it was to think of rescue then. He dismissed his crew to seek their own safety as they could; at the same time he almost dragged Alvarez away with him to a place of concealment, whence, ultimately, they reached the Alpuxarra Mountains, the old and inaccessible refuge of the Moors.



## CHAPTER IV.

I was an infant when my mother went  
 To see an atheist burnt : she took me there.  
 The dark-robed priests were met around the pyre ;  
 And as the victim pass'd with dauntless mien,  
 Temper'd disdain in his unaltering eyes,  
 Mix'd with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth.  
 The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs,—  
 His resolute eyes were scorch'd to blindness soon.  
 His death-pang rent my heart ; the insensate mob  
 Utter'd a cry of triumph ; and I wept.  
 " Weep not ! " my mother cried . . . .

SHELLEY.

REDUAN guessed that the Señora de Medina would at first be treated with consideration and respect ; and most probably that she would be long detained as a prisoner before her trial was proceeded with. He justly judged that the Holy Office would use all its efforts to secure her son ; and until that object was accomplished, that the mother's life at least was safe. There were sufficient captives of a meaner sort for the torturers to amuse themselves with meanwhile.

Sustained by these considerations, the faithful Reduan waited patiently in his retreat for news from Mesquinez, devoting all his attention to soothing and restraining the miserable Alvarez.

At length one of the crew of the xebec arrived with intelligence of the late event.

It appeared that the Holy Office had for some time had its eyes upon the castle of the Retiro. The subtlety of its espionage had penetrated even into the lawless village of Mesquinez, and had soon ascertained that wealth, and luxury, and heresy were all lurking within the ruinous walls that had so long preserved their secrets. As soon as it was known that Reduan was making preparations for a voyage, immediate steps were taken to secure his galley as it was getting under weigh ; and at the same time to take possession of the mysterious palace in the forest. It was known that the Moorish contrabandistas would fight for their patron, even against the dreaded officials of the Inquisition, and therefore such a force was despatched to

aid them as might defy opposition. Reduan had unconsciously defeated this plan, as far as regarded himself and his young charge. He was one who did not love to have his movements known, and he had sailed an hour before the appointed time. The officials of the Inquisition, thus baffled in their first design, had also to encounter a resolute defence by the contrabandistas before they could reach the old castle walls. These last were so undefended that they entered without difficulty. The courts, so long silent and secluded, now rang with the tramp of horses and the clash of arms. The familiars strode along the corridors, wondering at the splendour and signs of wealth that everywhere met their eyes, the only unmasked part of their cruel and remorseless countenances. At length they burst open the door of the apartment before described, from the window of which the widow had been watching the progress of her son's galley across the bay. The poor lady uttered a shriek of terror as her eyes fell upon the dark figures of the officials, already familiar to her shrinking imagination, but immediately her fear was swallowed up in gratitude for the safety of her child. "He at least," she fondly thought, "may escape his father's, yea, and his mother's dreadful doom!" Thus the helpless lady sustained and comforted her woman's heart; then meekly she followed her grim guards away for ever from her home; and the old castle was left to silence and the guardianship of the servants of the Holy Office.

On hearing this confirmation of his worst fears, Reduan prepared at once to depart for Seville, for thither the dread procession of the Inquisition had been traced. The Moorish character and sacred spots of that delightful city had, early in his life, rendered it familiar to him; and he now hoped, through the agency of powerful friends, to compromise for the Señora Rachel's safety by the surrender of her unsuspected wealth.

Then, when left alone among the mountains, did Alvarez, for the first time, learn to deplore the retirement and ignorance of the world in which his youth had passed. Though naturally of a most resolute and independent temper, he felt forced to rely entirely upon his tutor in the present great emergency. He had even allowed himself to promise that for one month he would await his return from Seville.

"So long as thou art at liberty," Reduan had argued, "thy mother will be safe. Thy capture consigns her to destruction as well as to despair for thee."

Ten days and weeks passed by, and the son remained in miserable suspense. As the month drew towards its close, his impatience became almost ungovernable. In vain his kind though rugged countrymen strove to amuse his attention with the chase, or the old games peculiar to their race; in vain the dark-eyed damsels of the mountains strove to divert his sternly pensive thoughts. From earliest dawn to the last gleam of evening light, Alvarez watched from a lofty eminence the path that led to Seville. Whenever a wayfarer appeared in sight, he would rush down to meet him, and inquire, with a faltering voice, for the news that never came.

At length the month expired, and Alvarez was seen no more upon the mountains. Before the daylight dawned, he was already six hours on the road. Disguised in a vine-dresser's humble garb, he strode along towards the city with a noble bearing that might have betrayed him anywhere except in Andalusia. He was almost unconscious of all he saw—of everything but his rate of progress. The darkness of night, the burning sun, were alike indifferent to him. Sustained by the fever at his heart, he scarcely felt nature's claim for rest or food.

At length he came in sight of Seville, half encircled by the Guadalquivir, proverbial for exquisite beauty. But no sense of beauty, no association with the proud history once enacted on those scenes, had any charm for him, distracted with suspense. Every object or sound that roused a thought spoke to him of his mother and his friend, and of them only. Everything living or moving seemed connected with their fate,—hurrying it on. The solemn bells of the distant churches, as they rose and fell upon the morning breeze—the great banners waving amongst the towers—the crowds that began to gather and hurry towards the city—all seemed part of some great drama, to which the subject of his woe was to furnish the chief story.

And his presentiment was true. He longed, yet feared, to catch the discourse of the moving multitude. It increased as they approached the city,—evidently, on that day, the scene of some high festival. At length the one prevailing



sentence struck his ear, and ceased not to vibrate there. "*Auto-da-fé*" was murmured by the aged, as they panted along the dusty road: "*Auto-da-fé*" was joyfully pronounced by earnest men, as they pressed forward: "*Auto-da-fé*" was shouted by boys, as they danced along in glee by their mothers' or their sisters' side: and "*Auto-da-fé*" was re-echoed by maiden and matron lips. All pressed forward, like faithful children of the Church, full of exultation for her approaching triumph, and of glee for their own anticipated pleasure.

Long afterwards, in a distant land, those countenances, inflamed with zeal and joyful anticipation, glared again on the Moresco's memory, when he witnessed the war-dance of the Caribs, as they rejoiced round captives about to be slain in honour of a demon god.

Alvarez did not suffer himself to believe that this horrible *Auto-da-fé* could affect those who were dear to him. He relied on his mother's innocence and angel purity with a faith that scorned all doubt. And Reduan,—the self-devoted, the high-souled Reduan,—what could the priests, or their bloody rites, have in common with such a man?

But still the young Moresco felt a dreadful sickness of the heart as he pressed onwards through the holiday-makers. His eyes had long vainly examined every countenance to seek for the slightest expression of truth. At length he observed a dark-skinned citizen scowling from the shadow of his doorway on the hurrying crowd. To him the wanderer instinctively drew near, and felt a throb of pleasure as his salutation was answered by a few low words in the Moorish dialect. At the same moment, Alvarez was drawn into the passage, the door was closed, and inquiries were cautiously made, and fearlessly answered in a forbidden tongue. Then the wanderer was conducted to an inner room, and refreshments were respectfully and hospitably pressed upon him; but in vain. He was still impelled by a burning curiosity to follow the crowd, and to witness the terrible ceremony that attracted them.

Thirty "atheists," that is to say, Protestants and Jews, he learned, were to be sacrificed to God, as soon as High Mass was ended. Some of the victims, said to be "penitent," were, in the first instance, to be strangled; the rest were to be burnt alive!



Though still incredulous of this horror, from its apparent impossibility, Alvarez entreated his new-found friend's assistance in guiding him to the scene of the reported tragedy. With the rash candour of a bursting heart, he told him his motive—his whole story. The citizen listened with respect and deep compassion.

"On my head be it," he exclaimed; "thy servant's name is Hamet, a poor silversmith. I know thy noble house, most honoured by our people. Thy wishes are my law. I know the way whither thou wouldst go but too well. The blood of my kindred has cried to heaven from its accursed stones ere now!"

As the idea that his mother might be among the victims about to suffer became familiar to his mind, Alvarez felt a transition from his soul-sickening suspense to one of gloomy pleasure. He prepared himself to perish with her, and, in sharing her death-pangs, to avoid the worse agony of surviving her. Sustained by this resolution, he once more plunged into the crowd, now accompanied by Hamet.

As they approached the Plaza de la Lonja, where the scaffold was erected, they found the mob so dense that they could scarcely penetrate it. By dint of desperate struggling, however, the men of business forced their way through the men of pleasure, and at length they stood beside the fearful theatre. The temporary stage consisted of a platform, a hundred feet square, raised about four feet from the ground. At one end a space was railed off for the Inquisitors, and there, too, was a pulpit for the preacher of the funeral sermon to yet living men.

A few familiars, dressed in the dark livery of the Holy Office, guarded the steps leading to the platform; their duty was easy; notwithstanding the excitement and the pressure elsewhere of the crowd, every one shrank with terror from the very eyes of these ministers of the Church's wrath; those eyes which scarcely seemed human as they rolled about in the black masks that left in mystery all the other features. Close to these men did Alvarez stand for an hour that appeared interminable to his passionate suspense.

At length, a distant hum was heard among the people; gradually approaching, it swelled into a sort of gratified roar; and then at last the straining eyes could discover

above the crowd a body of mounted familiars, riding four and four abreast, all masked and in long black garments. These were followed by a band of the friars of St. Dominic, to whose direction belonged the fearful monopoly of these astounding atrocities. Then came "the penitents," those who by the Church's mercy were to be strangled before their bodies were committed to the flames; many of them, as they were driven along, betrayed in their staggering gait the recent torture which had rung from them sufficient recantation to give the priests a triumph. Behind this wretched band comes another, also clothed in black, with flames of hell painted in vivid colours on the back and breast. But these are not the heroes of the tragedy, for their pictured flames pointing downward, show that they have been reprieved from death. By what treason, weakness, or murderous falsehood they have purchased life, Heaven and the Inquisitors alone will ever know.

They pass; and a shout of execration greets their successors, the destined victims of the Act of Faith. The faces of these poor martyrs are uncovered: their dress is hideously grotesque; some sneering fiend seems to have devised it, in order to detract, if possible, from the sublimity of their martyrdom. A high conical cap on their heads is emblazoned with tongues of flame and fiery serpents; their robes are ornamented in the same manner, with open-mouthed dogs and grinning devils in addition, which seem to writhe about on the human frames as they totter onward to their doom. Contrasted with their funeral attire, the faces of the martyrs are ghastly pale; and the torture has left many of them still distorted with the spasms of its dread agony. Yet some of the sufferers bear countenances as placid and resigned as if death had already shrouded them from further cruelty. In their devoted band there are all varieties of age; stalwart men, and drooping elders, and beardless boys, and female forms as full of loveliness as woe—all bound for the same fiery goal. Each is attended on either side by a Jesuit, who will not let the weary soul have rest, but makes continual clamour about repentance and the healing mercy of the Church.

This group also passes slowly on, with all its horror, visible and imaginative; and to it succeeds another troop of mounted familiars. Then certain higher officials, followed

by the standard of the Inquisition, a blood-red flag, bearing for its device a cross between a sword and a branch of olive. Finally, the Grand Inquisitor himself approaches, mounted on a "pale horse," and attended by two familiars.

Every individual belonging to the Holy Office is masked and hooded. The whole procession bears as little of the appearance of humanity as possible. On it moves, beneath God's radiant sunshine, in awful mystery and ghostly silence.

As it draws near, the most zealous bigots recoil instinctively from its contact; every voice is hushed, every heart beats hurriedly; the whole crowd seems to hold its breath; the sense of triumph is lost in awe.

If the unconcerned spectators were thus affected, what must have been the feelings of the son, who expected to see in every victim that approached the pale image of his mother! It is true that "great sufferings have great strength;" but it is from the numbness, the overstraining of our faculties produces. Alvarez was almost stifled by emotion; he could neither hear nor see distinctly what was passing before him; a dim sense of incredulity as to its reality—as to the reality of *anything*—was mingled with a desire to wipe away the mist before his eyes. His brain swarmed with fancies that adapted themselves to the various suppressed noises in his ear. But he could see literally nothing, while glaring with his large bright eyes on all that moved around him. He seemed only to *feel* the victims coming; each faltering footfall was audible, so to speak, upon his heart; but still his eyes refused their office.

Suddenly, as if broken by a spell, his darkness vanished; he saw supernaturally irradiated before him the wan but resolute countenance of Reduan,—of his noble-hearted friend,—faithful to the death. For one moment the victim's eyes rested upon his, and were lighted up by a gleam of pleasure and affection; but the next they were withdrawn, fearful of betraying him, and fixed resolutely as before upon the scaffold. Alvarez would have rushed through all the terrible array of the Inquisitors, and clasped that tottering figure, with all its flames and devils, to his heart: but Hamet, by a strong grasp and suggestion still more powerful, withheld him. Dear to the enthusiastic boy was the stout true heart that beat within yon hideous shroud;



but there was one, far dearer still, who might be yet among the victims that succeeded.

Thus Alvarez waited—waited as each sad form passed by, and at length, with a sensation of relief almost painfully exquisite, he saw the procession close, and his mother was *not* there!

The procession was soon re-formed on the scaffold. The prisoners, of all descriptions, arrayed in one dense mass; their priestly judges standing apart, and between the two parties a pulpit, from which a Jesuit fulminated the ireful censures of his Church upon her victims; for most of them, his words were the last ever to be heard from a minister of religion. Though he preached with all the fiery eloquence of the south, it was probably not appreciated by many there: his theme was the glories of the Inquisition, the best supporter of the Church,—how grateful its performances were in the sight of Heaven; how blessed its agency on the earth; how merciful it was, how potent, how infallible!

After a long discourse, by way of peroration, the Jesuit read over the names and sentences of those who stood before him. Then, turning to the chief magistrate, he delivered his victims to his charge:

“The Holy Office,” he added, in a calm benignant voice, “hath now discharged its duties. The Church delivers these, her rebellious children, over to the arm of this world’s law, beseeching that their lives be not endangered and that no blood be shed!”

A deep-drawn sigh, and an ejaculation of thanksgiving burst from Alvarez, as he heard those words of mercy sounding through the solemn silence. His guardian, Hamet, seized the opportunity to lead him away, and persuaded him to give some repose to his exhausted frame. He assured him that he would do his utmost to obtain an interview with Reduan, and consult with him on what was best to be done. Lulled by these promises, and borne down with the fatigue of long travel and extreme excitement, the young Moresco was fain to retire to his new friend’s humble abode, and there in a few minutes, he buried all his sorrows in a deep sleep.

Then Hamet hastened back to the platform. The soldiery had now laden the victims of the Inquisition with heavy chains, and were leading them away to the place of



punishment, without the city walls. It is unnecessary to say that the Jesuit's recommendation to mercy was a mere form—a cruel lie. The condemned were urged along as rapidly as their condition would permit; some, unable to walk, had their dislocated forms rudely borne along to the final agony. Hamet's struggles to approach the line of march were at last successful, and caught the eye of Reduan, who had been gazing on the ground in deep abstraction. A well-known secret sign revealed to him that Hamet was one of his own race: during the first pause caused by the fall or fainting of some wretch in front, the Moresco whispered to the Jesuit, who still accompanied him—

"I will embrace your faith if you will answer me one question satisfactorily, and first allow me to speak a word to my neighbour, that my soul may be more calm."

The Jesuit, who believed that the sight of the funeral pyre, which they were now approaching, had converted his penitent, and that he only sought for an excuse to avoid the fiery trial, assented. Hamet, at a look from Reduan, approached.

"Tell Alvarez to be comforted," whispered the dying man. "Tell him to seek out Edrisi of the Omarad, and to say to him, '*The emerald is broken.*'"

The silversmith gave one look of intelligence and sympathy, and was lost in the crowd, endeavouring to escape the chance of being recognised afterwards by any agent of the Holy Office. Reduan turned then to the Jesuit, whose countenance already wore a triumphant expression—

"Tell me," said the Moresco; "are there Jesuits and Inquisitors in that heaven of yours which you offer as the price of my apostacy?"

"Unhappy that thou art," exclaimed the priest, "to have, in thy blindness, to ask a question so profane! Doubtless those true servants of the Church occupy high places in that blessed world."

"Enough!" returned Reduan, with a look of scornful defiance; "I will have none of it. You and yours would make a hell of Paradise. Lead on!"

The Jesuit recoiled in horror from his expected penitent; and though he could not help regarding with admiration his unsubdued courage, he called aloud for a gag to stop his

blasphemy. That instrument was close at hand. A familiar thrust into his mouth a small iron wedge with a band which clasped behind the head, and the Moresco's voice was hushed for ever. But still with dauntless bearing he moved onwards to the scene of punishment.

And now that terrible arena is reached, and another roar of exultation rose from the fanatical crowd that thronged the space around it.

Within that space are thirty tall, stout stakes, each twelve feet high, and each furnished with a rude sort of seat about eight feet from the ground. These stakes are disposed in two circles, one within the other; a heap of dried furze and firewood lies piled at the foot of each: in a small brazier, close by, there is a small but very lively fire. The victims, as they arrive, are hurried to their allotted stakes. Ten of them who had professed "penitence," are then quietly, and with horrible *sang froid*, strangled by the executioners; their yet warm corpses then hoisted up and chained on the inner circle of stakes. For the "impenitent" a more prolonged suffering remained. A ladder is placed against each stake, and the victim is compelled to mount it until he reaches the seat, to which he is bound firmly with wet cords, his legs dangling downwards towards the fagots. All this occupies a cruelly long time, though many zealous hands assist. At length all the preparations are completed; and high over the heads of the eager multitude are to be seen the thirty forms of their doomed fellow-creatures—some swaying themselves to and fro, as far as their cords will allow, in agonized suspense; some proudly, nobly calm; and some scarcely more tranquil—the "penitents," whose sufferings are ended, and whose lifeless heads hang down upon their breasts.

They formed an awful group—those martyrs, or whatever else they were, elevated there; shined on, as if in mockery, by the calm setting sun; while their black robes, with the emblazoned flames and devils, wave about in the breeze, and give an appearance of quivering life even to the dead.

But the people grow impatient, as at a bull-fight, when they thirst for blood and cry for the matador. Fierce frantic yells salute the victims' ears, and, in a phraseology well understood by the frequenters of such scenes, some voices call out to—"Beard them! beard the heretics!"

Thereupon, an executioner seizes a long lance, furnished, at the point, with a bunch of furze dipped in oil. This he lights at the brazier, and then thrusts it flaming, into the nearest victim's face, pressing the thorny brand so closely to the mouth as almost to stifle the wild shriek for mercy that burst from the sufferer's lips.

"Let us see him!" shout the multitude; "let us see if the bearding is well done!" The brand is removed, and, O God! what a fearful change has been made in thy handiwork by that inquisitorial touch! So little of the countenance remained, that, scorched, and shrivelled, and featureless, it seemed no longer human; the very organs of the voice were changed; the wretch's shrieks had settled into a faint, prolonged, and wild unearthly moan!

And now the fagots beneath are lighted, and the flames with forked tongues dart up and lick the victim's feet at first, and then his knees, which, again contracting in his agony, double up and set fire to the serge upon his breast, which burns moulderingly but kills not. And at the same time the other fagots are lighted, and thirty fires blaze up at once, and there are sounds most horrible to hear, and dark figures writhing in the flames most horrible to see, and overpowering smells of scorching flesh; and the people are yelling in fierce and frantic glee; and their inquisitorial priests hold up their hands to heaven and solemnly consign the souls of the departed sufferers to the last—the ghostly enemy of man.

The sacrifice is ended; the last heart of the heretics has ceased to beat; consummated is the triumph of the Church of Rome! Reaction from their tragic excitement has set in among the people, and the lust of pleasure has succeeded. The multitude disperses, they wander away in groups by the lovely banks of the Guadalquivir; they fling themselves down at the feet of the old cork-trees; the alforja—the wine-skin—is ready at a call; the tinkle of the guitar, and the thrill of the rebeck is heard through the pleasant hum of voices; faint perfumes from the orange groves are borne on the evening breeze, and many a cup of wine is quaffed to wash away the horrible savouriness that has been reeking in their nostrils. Sounds of mirth and revelry echo everywhere, and many a cloaked form is gliding along, side by side with the veiled beauties of Seville.



Suddenly, what would seem to a stranger's eye a miracle, takes place,—a solemn peal of bells arises in multitudinous chorus from the distant city. The tones of the blessed Angelus come floating on the ear. At once those varied groups, men, women, and children, start from their wine, or love, or play, and with uncovered heads kneel down upon the ground in humble prayer. Wonderful is human nature, especially in Spain!

## CHAPTER V.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn;  
Thy peace destroy'd, thy laurels torn!

SCOTLAND'S TEARS.

WE turn with horror from such scenes as those by which the Church of Rome strove to maintain her supremacy over the minds and bodies of her Spanish slaves. We would fain repudiate all connection with the nature that submitted to such tyranny, almost as much as with those who made themselves its agents. We feel disposed to turn for relief to our own

“Inviolable island of the brave and free,”

and exult in the glorious Protest that struck the chains of a sanguinary and ruthless superstition from our English souls. But, alas for human nature!—for that nature which, hovering between fiendish and angelic elements, is ever ready to plunge into the former, and to revel in its darkest depths, until those who resist its impulses stand forth in almost supernatural brightness of relief. When we contemplate the diabolical scenes of persecution that crowd the theatre of history, the victims, laden as they may be with errors of their own, rise into sublime proportions, and attract our sympathies as they represent the nobler qualities of our humanity.

---

The men, both real and imaginary, with whom this present story has to do, were born in countries far apart, and as widely contrasted in climate, character, and institutions;



yet they both became exiled in the New World, forced from their several homes by persecution. When I began to trace their respective narratives, this was to me an unforeseen coincidence. I had no intention of dwelling upon the scenes of horror that were then enacting in Spain and Scotland; for I feel that the exploits of my buccaneers will seem devoid of ferocious energy when compared with the deeds of the minions of His Most Catholic Majesty Ferdinand, and of James II., Defender of the Faith.

They are all passed away now from European experiences; buccaneers, and man-burning priests, and proselytizing dragoons; only their accursed memory lives on, immortal as that of their triumphant victims: their atrocities mark an age of ignorance and moral darkness, to which, by God's blessing, the mind of man can never stoop again. It was by a sure and cunning instinct that those who aimed at despotism, whether spiritual or political, condemned all Education for the People, and its exhalation, public opinion, holding a perpetual tribunal over public men. The village schoolmaster is the true regenerator of nations, as far as temporal influences can extend.

And now to our story. We turn from the sunny banks of the Guadalquivir to the shores of the sombre Solway. The former is hurrying the ashes of heretics to the ocean; the latter is reflecting the watch-fires of Drummond's dragoons. James II., in the plenitude of his power, has let loose his fiercest soldiery upon his Scottish people; or rather he has hounded them on to a persecution more unsparing than even his brother had enforced. His avowed hope is that the fertile counties on the Border may "become desolate." In solitude alone, like the Roman tyrant, he can hope to find peace. War is in every heart; wherever he has a subject, there he has an enemy.

The noblest, the best, and the wisest of his Scottish subjects are exiled, or sleeping in bloody graves. The gentry are ruined by fines, a perverted law, and extortions of a licentious soldiery. Every house is filled with mourning for what is past, or fear for what is to come. Gibbets are erected in the villages as memorials of the sovereign's power.

While death and ruin are thus hovering over Scotland's children, the fields look blithesome, and full of fertile pro-

mise as in happier times. The irrepressible energies of the farmer have tilled his fields, though he scarcely knows who shall make harvest there. And heaven's gifts are always the same; and the rivers flow, and the sun shines, and the wild flowers bloom in Eskdale and Nithsdale, as if there was no sorrow, or humiliation, or despair, in the eyes that looked upon them.

The traveller who now explores the happy Border land, and surveys its peaceful fields, and manful, independent peasantry, can scarcely believe in this episode of their past history. No memorials of it now remain but in the traditions of the people, perhaps in some of the least amiable qualities of their character; and in names that convey but little intimation of their ancient application. The title of Cameronian, then signifying the most uncompromising enemy of the throne, is now borne by as loyal and gallant a regiment as ever belted on a bayonet. The Presbyterian, who then vainly sought permission to pray with his people upon the mountain side, now honourably enjoys the *Regium Donum* in his manse. Many a broad acre that was then wild moss or heathery brae, is now the wheat-field or the green park. There is almost as much improvement in the country as in the sovereign; as great a difference as between James the Second, and Victoria the First,—whom God defend!

On the shore of the Solway there stands one brave old ruin, the castle of Caerlaverock, that has known but little change in all those changing times. Beneath its walls there stood, in 1685, a village that has long since disappeared; and the stones of which it was composed lie around, as if they had been applied to no human purpose since they fell from tower and battlement long, long ago. Only one remnant of a habitation survives, and in that the antiquary can trace all that belonged to the best class of farmers' houses in the time of the Border wars. On the ground-floor there was one large apartment, which served for kitchen and parlour, and, indeed, all the daily purposes of life, in a mansion not pretending to the dignity of a spence. Adjoining this apartment, and only separated from it by the huge fire-place, was a sort of dungeon with a vaulted roof, one small window (or rather air-hole), and a door, barely high enough to permit a horse or cow to pass into what was

at once their stable, byre, and place of refuge from the weather or the "reiver." Above this rose a square tower, of two stories high; each story containing one small sleeping apartment, to which you mounted by a narrow winding stair. On the top of the tower were rude battlements, in keeping with which, all the walls were pierced with narrow loopholes, generally stuffed with hay. The only remaining accommodation that the house afforded was a low "cock-loft" over the kitchen, which the maid of all-work shared with the poultry.

The last personage who inhabited this house, as our legends tell, was an old man, named Tam Graeme, or Graham. He had been originally a native of the adjoining village, having in early life joined the Covenanters in their invasion of England, under Lesley. It was rumoured, after some time, that he had gone to sea; but as he had left the puritanical village of Sandilee in disgrace, few inquiries were made about him. When, at last, with a Scot's true instinct, he returned to his native shore, all his kith and kin had long passed away into their graves. He was soon recognised, however, by some of the elders of the village, though his deeply-bronzed visage, seamed with a deep scar, presented few traces of the red-haired boy who had been the bully of the village green.

There was something suspicious about Tam Graeme's appearance altogether. His dress was rich and foreign-looking. His manner was reserved, even for a Scotchman, and he maintained a perfect silence as to his past life. But what most excited the curiosity of the villagers, was the beautiful little schooner in which he had arrived, and of which he was evidently owner. Her crew had been only taken in at Bristol, whither they soon returned, without giving any information about their vessel, except that she was the fastest craft that ever swam in British waters. That she was of a strange, outlandish build, was very certain; "no althegither canny," as some averred. There were marks upon her deck, as if it had once mounted a swivel gun; and some dark and ineffaceable stains, such as the vulgar imagine that human blood alone can leave.

Tam Graeme, however, cared little then about his neighbours' civilities, and less about their surmises. He only remained long enough at his native village to lay up



the Bonito, as his schooner was called, in security, and then the cedar wood, of which she was principally built, imparted a strange fragrance among the fishy odours that reeked from the herring-boats around her.

Tam betook himself straightway to Edinburgh, where, as Master Graeme, he attracted considerable attention by his display of wealth, and his daring play. Gambling was then a passion among the people of pleasure, even in the austere metropolis of Scotland; and through its introduction, the adventurer obtained easy admission into what were called the best circles. By some means, while his popularity lasted, Tam contrived to marry a lady who was connected with the ancient and honourable family of Torwoodlee. Almost at the same time, however, he lost nearly the whole of his fortune by an unsuccessful speculation, and he was fain to retire to his native village of Sandilee. There he endeavoured to retrieve his fortune by smuggling, and his character by field-preaching: he soon succeeded in acquiring a fair share both of money and reputation. Nevertheless his wife, though good and gentle, and loved by all who knew her, did not seem happy. She soon died, and left behind her an infant daughter, named Alice.

The rugged old smuggler felt far deeper grief than he appeared to do, for the loss of his meek wife. He became more daring in his contraband enterprises on the sea, consumed more whisky at home, and considerably intermitted in his self-imposed duty of "holding forth upon the hills." But a better result of his sorrow was his increased affection for his lonely child. His patience, though by no means proverbial, was to her inexhaustible, his indulgence unbounded. As she grew up he fondly taught her all the little he knew; and she learned quickly, for she chose her own time to study. Before she was ten years old, she knew the Old Testament almost by heart, and not a little of the New. She was well versed in tales of shipwrecks, the wars of the Jews, and John Knox's opinions on Church and State. Moreover, she could hold the tiller of the Bonito when under easy sail, mix toddy, mend nets, make pretty ornaments out of sea-shells, and sing like a little mermaid.

In the exercise of such accomplishments, Alice Graeme was growing up into womanhood without suspecting that



there was any higher sphere of grace or learning than her own, when her father was summoned away to Bristol. The summons was made by an old friend with whom he had been somehow connected beyond seas; the friend lay in prison on suspicion of piracy, and it seemed that Tam's evidence might prove so serviceable that his friendship was invoked by the offer of one hundred pounds sterling. Whether it was friendship or profit, or that other matters induced him to leave Scotland at that time, it would be difficult to say; but he determined to accept his friend's offer, and in the meantime sent his daughter to the care of a maiden sister of her mother's who was living at Annan.

That good lady had been vehemently opposed to the marriage of her young and blooming sister with old Tam; but the dead easily obtain the pardon that concerns them not, and the orphan found in her mother's sister a warm welcome. The child's beauty and winning ways, and her very wildness, soon obtained for her own little person all the interest with which her mother's memory at first invested her. She became to her aunt "as the apple of her eye," as a subject, moreover, for many educational experiments which Aunt Maggie had hitherto longed in vain to try on human nature in order to its perfection. The good lady's system, if such it could be called, vibrated between the sternest discipline and unbounded indulgence. No punishment could be too severe for errors, no solace too great to atone for their punishment.

Alice Graeme became in consequence more wayward and capricious than ever, and it was a fortunate incorrigibility that induced her aunt at last to send her to a neighbouring school.

Meanwhile Tam had returned from Bristol, accompanied by his friend, a broken-down and weary man; whose shaking hand and glassy eye betrayed that he had suffered more from excess than from all the hardship and trial to which his life had been long exposed. During the Cromwellian persecution, while yet a mere boy, he had been transported to Barbadoes as an apprentice. Unable to endure the cruelties to which he was there subjected, he had escaped to one of the neighbouring islands, and after many strange adventures among the Indians, he had at length joined

himself to the buccaneers in St. Domingo. Finally, either struck with remorse, or believing that his end was approaching, he withdrew himself from his wild comrades, and repaired to England with some small savings. But at Bristol, where he landed, he had been recognised as a pirate by some English sailors, and thrown into prison. On his trial, Tam, with a high character for piety and respectability, had appeared in his favour, sworn to an *alibi*, and brought him off triumphantly in the Bonito, whose skipper he thenceforth became.

Sandie Partan, as this unhappy man was named, was possessed of some qualities that might have made for him a respectable name under more favourable circumstances. He was fearless and truthful; though a pirate, he had a sensitive conscience, and though his manner was rough, he had a kind heart beneath it. The fatal habit of intemperance, in which he had at first sought refuge from accusing thoughts, had now overmastered him; and he had no friend to encourage him to strive against his temper. Tam, indeed, prevailed on him to place in his respectable hands all the money that remained to him; but that venerable smuggler never withheld the means of getting drunk; these were given for reasons of his own, as well as from a sympathy in the indulgence—one of the few that Tam possessed with anybody.

Strengthened by the acquisition of this new ally, who was a first-rate seaman, Tam extended the sphere of the Bonito's operations. Her speed caused her to be in great request in those times of political intrigue; and more than once Tam received large sums for transporting great personages from the country in which their lives were held in forfeit.

This was an anxious line of business, however; and while it lasted, the old smuggler was well contented to have the care of his daughter off his hands. By degrees, years began to tell upon him; various infirmities of his youth, as if watching their opportunity, assumed strength as he grew weak. When they first "lodged a detainer on him," as he expressed it, other diseases poured in their claims. Tam held out as long as he could, but at last was obliged to confess himself their prisoner, and saw no prospect of release except one, which he was in no hurry to invoke.

Then it was that the old man felt what a blessing he possessed in his daughter. Desolate indeed are those who, in old age, have neither children, nor those recollections of worthy acts which are the worthiest posterity.

Alice Graeme was summoned to her uncouth home upon the Solway's shore, just as she was dawning into womanhood. She had to part from many hopes, many sources of enjoyment, and many youthful friends, to say nothing of her benefactress, auld Aunt Maggie.

When the hour of her departure arrived, two mules, under the care of Partan, drew up at the wicket that led into Aunt Maggie's small trim garden. Partan was very sober, and proportionably gloomy; the mule he bestrode, and that which he led, looked desperately hopeless; they belonged to an English carrier, and their ordinary solace, a collar of bells, had, as idle gewgaws, been stripped from their necks for the Puritan's service; whilst a gaunt gray mare that bore two fish-panniers for Alice's luggage, looked almost spectral in the dark misty morning.

When the parting with Aunt Maggie, and the solemn lecture that accompanied it, were over, Partan saw the house-door open and two girls approaching slowly, locked arm-in-arm, and lingering in their farewell. Alice had hair as black as midnight, with starry eyes beneath it, of uncertain lustre, that shone or flashed as her changeful temper was stormy or serene. Her friend was golden-haired and blue-eyed, with a soft dreamy air, and grandly arched eyebrows, that spoke of sentiment and romance. These two girls had been zealous friends at school, and the contrast between them lent to their intercourse almost all the mental charm of a different sex.

As these two fair girls approached, Partan felt himself bewildered with admiration. Such a vision took by storm, as it were, an imagination that had never been prepared for such assault: there is no one like a sailor to feel the force of beauty. The old pirate perceived some undefined sense of blessedness come over him, and a suddenly awakening faith in heretofore incredible things. The sunshine that shone upon his heart dispelled that traveller's cloak which many a storm had only folded round him more closely. He thrust an extra quid into his mouth, and received his charge with a look of welcome that was almost affec-



tionate. But Alice was too much absorbed in her own emotions to regard those of the rugged sailor or the woe-begone mule. It seemed to her that such a parting with her Isobel must be a final one; nothing less than such a presentiment could account for its deep pain. Isobel was the first to speak.

"Alice!" she sighed, rather than exclaimed; "here you part at once frae girlhood and frae me! You will, I fear, see neither of us again, ever more. You will soon marry some hero or bôld adventurer, who can place a crown of glory on your bright brows. I shall pass away into calm seclusion, seeking to imitate, as nearly as may be without sin, the convent life of the Romanists."

"Ah, Isobel!" sighed back Alice; "you ken weel that it is not in such manner we shall be separated. I am just sinking into the obscurity of a poor village lassie, and maun soon be forgotten; while for you, Edinburgh, and all the admiration of this bright admirable world, wait wi' longing eyes!"

O youth! how enviable are your prophecies, compared with their fulfilment!

## CHAPTER VI.

And thou great god of aqua vitæ!  
Wha sways the empire o' this city,  
(When fou we're sometimes capernoity,)

Be thou prepared  
To save us frae that black banditti,  
The Royal Guard.

FERGUSON.

THE village of Sandilee was composed chiefly of fishermen's huts; Tam Graeme's small "peel," and a public-house, were the principal exceptions to the mud system of architecture. A common, which was green in summer, with a duck pond in the middle of it, formed the centre round which the hamlet lay grouped. Two or three houses in one spot, four or five in another, and so on, shared the shelter of a few gaunt trees, and possessed a common labyrinth of pigstyes and little kail-yards.



The common was fringed by the Solway's pebbly shore, which rose steep and high from the water's edge, and yet when the fitful Frith was lashed into anger by the west wind, it would send its foam and spray far and wide over and among the fishermen's cottages. A rude sort of harbour had been constructed where the Nith flows into the Solway, and in its shelter were drawn up about a dozen fishing-boats, with the hardy little Bonito, which in her old age was as ready for work as ever.

Such was the scene that greeted the dark eager eyes of young Alice Graeme, as she rode into her native village, after an absence of many years. Her journey, though beguiled by Sandie Partan's dismalest stories, had seemed very tedious. Her imagination had clung to the past, had dwelt upon Isobel, and even upon the kind though stern Aunt Maggie; it rather shrank from the future. Her recollections of Caerlaverock were not very brightly tinted; but now, as she found herself entering its weedy lane, she found the reality still less attractive than she had pictured it. The whole place looked smaller, the cottages more mean, the paths more dirty, the Solway more sombre than she had imagined them to be.

Her father was not at home when she arrived. He was away about some business at Tinwald, the manor-house and small adjoining tract of land belonging to the laird of the village. Wherefore, as soon as the young traveller had changed her riding-dress, she set out to meet her parent, still accompanied by Partan, who felt too proud of his charge to relinquish it prematurely.

When Alice had last looked upon the old manor-house of Tinwald, its apparent grandeur had filled her childish heart with astonishment. Its tall gables, its flanking towers and connecting line of battlements, its wide hall-door approached by several steps, the dark pine-wood that rose behind it and stretched away up the hill—all these things had impressed the village child with an idea that very great and precious things must be contained within walls so thick, and precincts altogether so extensive. She now smiled at her early fancies, as she recognised their origin in a formal old house with half a dozen narrow windows, exclusive of the glazed loop-holes in the towers.

A stone bench ran along the walls on either side of the

hall-door, and on one of these was seated the old laird himself, a venerable-looking personage, with silver-white hair falling from beneath his wide-brimmed hat. On one side of him stood the burly figure of Tam Graeme, in the act of returning a leathern purse into his capacious pocket; opposite to him was a comely young man, holding the reins of a horse accoutred for the road, and, with hat in hand, evidently taking respectful but affectionate leave of the old laird.

Alice and her companion paused by an old hawthorn tree to await her father, and it so happened that this tree was close to the path that the young traveller must take in departing from the manor-house. It stood only about two hundred yards off, and Alice could trace in the dumb show of the neighbouring group all that passed between the young laird and his sire. She saw her own father retire to a respectful distance; she saw old Tinwald lean forward, as his son, with old-fashioned piety, knelt to receive his blessing; and then the young man mounted, and rode away slowly, so far as he was followed by his father's eyes. As soon as he reached the hawthorn tree he was about to start forward at a more rapid pace, when his eyes caught those of Partan. The old sailor advanced respectfully to meet his greeting; a few words were exchanged, and the traveller passed onward, having made a slight bow of courtesy to Alice, whom he did not recognise.

Neither could she trace in the tall, pensive man, the features of that boy whom she had known long years before; who had found her on the shore playing with sea-shells, and had helped her to make a grotto in the rock for her doll; who had often afterwards sought her out, and given her little presents, and one wondrous book with coloured plates. Since those days, her memory had often reverted to the handsome melancholy boy, but she still thought of him as he then appeared, with long curling hair, a beardless lip, and eyes generally fixed upon a book.

Partan gazed after his retiring steps, observing, as in soliloquy—

“Yon's a braw chiel for a' that he's sae douce like. I hae seen him abroad the Bonito, in a gale o' wind, when the sea was curling in 'green' ower the deck, and the spars bendin' like a whip, and the crags o' Bute unner our lee;

and he wad be as calm and more grave than ye're ain bonny face wad look in kirk time. An' it's my opinion he lo'ed the danger for its ain sake. But here comes your father, and I doot he has been furnishing mair siller to the auld laird to speed the young ane's travel."

Alice felt pleased and proud at the suggestion; the natural heart of man, still less of woman, conceives not the mystery of usury; and the embrace with which she welcomed her father was warmed by respect for his benevolence, and, perhaps, by gratitude for having assisted her early friend. It was assistance dearly purchased, however; for the old laird, who kept the state of his affairs, through mistaken kindness, a secret from his son, had already heavily mortgaged his estate to the crafty smuggler.

That evening, Tam's house shone with a look of joy and festivity that it had not worn for many a year. The best of his provision smoked upon the large oak table, the brightest of fires roared heartily in the chimney, the most venerable bottles of whisky, and mildewed jars of schiedam studded the board. Tam's tough old heart had been opened at its only tender place, and gave forth its feelings to his weather-beaten visage, which glowed with the novel joy.

Oh, woman!—whose absence was felt to be a want even in Paradise—how far more necessary is your ministry to fallen man! He may scoff at you, betray you, trample on your love; nevertheless, whatever be his treatment, you rise his guardian angel still. Whether it be, indeed, your nature that refines ours, and creates a standard of purity and honour—to which all but fools or villains aspire, though they may never reach it, or whether it be a fortunate superstition that invests you with such powers—in either case you preserve or deliver us from our coarser selves; you give us somewhat to hope for, something worthily to toil for: be it honour or mere bread that we strive to win, the daughter or the mother, the mistress or the wife, comes between us and selfishness, and ennobles our labour. We may be ungrateful for this, among other blessings, and disparage the gentle heart that is nearest ours; but still, the very worst of us believes in woman in the abstract, and her ideal haunts us as the one earthly object that our souls ever yearn after!

It was curious to see poor Alice Graeme sitting at the



father's table, agreeably surprised at a decorum and propriety that she knew not was of her own creating. Tam spoke like an elder of the kirk, though such was not always his habit amongst his confidential friends. Swilltap, the publican, was either silent or content to echo the opinions of his neighbour. Partan remained heroically sober; and even Blackbuckit, the captain of a wind-bound collier, did not emit a single oath. And yet, notwithstanding the absence of all the recognised elements of conviviality, never had Tam's table appeared so cheerful, or his smoky rafters re-echoed such merry laughter. Alice was amused by the novelty of the scene, and excited by her newly-assumed importance as the manager of her father's house. She was actually happy at finding herself under her own roof-tree, and gratified by the kind, proud manner in which her father received her sprightly sallies. Her high spirits were infectious; every one brightened up, and even poor Partan half forgot his gloom.

When Alice retired for the night to her chamber in the tower, however, I do not mean to say that her memory was sufficient to maintain her influence. On the contrary, I fear that the potent spirit, like that in the "Arabian Nights," unimprisoned from bottle and jar, soon got the better of their deliverers; and that in toasting the health of fair Alice, the toppers made considerable inroads on their own.

Those were times in which hard drinking was carried to an extent incredible to us, though not perhaps to our grandfathers. Imperfect as are the statistics of the seventeenth century, they testify to a consumption of ardent spirits greater than what is now consumed by a tripled population. Civilization and refinement are fatal to the Still; they create an infinite variety of small interests, and dissipate into a thousand channels those violent passions for which savages can only find a vent in debauchery or war. Scotland, however, is geographically a spirit-loving country, notwithstanding the staid respectability of its inhabitants. A little further north, and alcohol loses much of its effect on the oleaginous organs of its devotees; a little further south, and the fiery spirit becomes unfitted to the climate, and unacceptable. Ireland, like Scotland, is in a most trying spirit-latitude, and the misery and the high mettle of its



people increase the temptation of the joyous Lethean dram. Some of us can remember when private stills were appendages as natural to an upland farm as a wine-press to a vineyard, and poor Ceres too often lost caste, and sunk into a Bacchanalian drab.

The people of the "western counties," as they were called, passed their lives in times of sore anxiety and cruel excitement. All great national afflictions used, somehow, to produce great intemperance; and the government of Charles II.—still more that of his bigoted and cruel brother—was afflictive enough to justify any amount of whisky in the eyes of those who sought its dangerous comfort or support. Drummond's "Dragonnade" was then in full force in Galloway and the adjoining counties. Hill-preaching was proscribed as one of the deadliest sins against the State; and not only the preacher, but any of his hearers, were liable to military execution while they fled, and to a drum-head court-martial when they were arrested. Their sentence was decided by officers imbued with the lenity of Lauderdale, and the decorum of the Cossack, in whose school their Drummond and Dalzell had fitly prepared themselves for the service of King James. Their troopers lived at free quarters on the peasantry; and the slightest resistance to their inordinate desires was punished either with the destruction of their humble cottages, or the infliction of the lash, the boot, or the thumbkin upon their bodies.

Tam and his guests, however, had just now forgotten, in conviviality, this and all other sources of vexation, when the tramp of horses was heard, and the hilt of a sabre almost immediately afterwards thundered at the door. A volley of fierce oaths followed, and Tam was fain to rise and open to those who thus came to demand entrance "in the King's name." A non-commissioned officer, with half a score of troopers at his heels, burst in, cast his eyes round the room as if to examine the inmates, and then called to "his scoundrels to begone and look to their horses; he would see to their quarters by the time they were done stables."

The sergeant then, moved to suavity and good-humour by the savoury smells that greeted his nostrils, gave Tam a friendly poke in the ribs that sent him spinning to the far

corner of the room, damned all his guests for a set of white-livered Puritans, and seizing a bowl of toddy, applied it to the mass of moustache that concealed his mouth. That orifice must have been capacious, or capillary attraction very strong, for, after a brief application, the bowl was laid down in a reversed position without wetting the table.

"That'll do well," exclaimed the trooper, approvingly; "it's just what my fellows like. You may make a bucket-full of it now, at once, to save time. For you," he added, turning to the guests, "I would advise you to get home, for you'll find yourselves wanted there." So saying, he pointed to the door, and the fugitive toppers could observe there were recent stains of blood upon his gauntlet. That discovery added to their haste, and they withdrew, each to find his house occupied by guests similar to those they had left with their friend Tam. Partan alone lingered about the farmhouse; he had no particular sleeping-place, except the forecastle of the Bonito; and now, half sobered by alarm and indignation, he determined, as he said, to keep "a spell of watch."

The rest of the sergeant's party were soon seated with him at Tam's table. They told truculent stories with high glee—addressed each other by the names of various fiends, (in derision of the Puritans, who assumed sacred names,) and quickly dispatched what was left of the interrupted banquet. They then began a deep carouse; pledging loudly the health of King James, and confusion to all that their host held in veneration. Meanwhile, that personage looked ruefully on from his chimney-corner, thinking, in his (comparative) innocence of heart, that such drinking must soon bring itself to a conclusion. A sudden thought at length seemed to strike Sergeant Blastus, as his comrades called him,—

"After business," he exclaimed, "we may think of pleasure. What base satisfaction it is (after the first bowl or two) to be content with drink alone, when woman's crowning company may be had by asking. Harkye, old cadaverous, I saw a light in your window up there, and could twig there was a pretty figure inside of it. Jump, you old dogfish, and produce her, or, by the soul of the king, I'll give you three inches of this carving-fork by way of spur."

Tam was by no means what could be called a worthy man. On the contrary, in his youth he had seldom lost a chance of committing any pleasant crime, or in his age, of overreaching; but he had a stout Scottish heart for all that, which was now sustained by generous whisky, and by the novel sense of a father's responsibility.

"Young man," he said, firmly; "I will not. Ye hae devoured my substance, and set at nought a' the right of a free-born Christian, which I wadna say ye be justified in. But before ye affront my child's hearin' wi' your blaspheming immorality, ye'll hae to trample on her father's corpse." And, so saying, he set his back against the door that led to her apartment.

The sergeant laughed, contemptuously—"That's a simpler matter than you think for, old surly," he said, grimly. "But, come—we've had enough of that sort of thing this afternoon, and I want to forget it in pleasant company; so if you won't do the honours of your house, why, I must help myself." Having thus said, he strove towards the door; when Tam called out at the top of his weak voice,—

"Ailie, child! pit the double-bars anent your door, and whatever ye hear, I charge ye, on your soul, stir not till morning—and——" Here he was interrupted by the grasp of the sergeant on his throat; the next moment he was flung under the table, with such force as to render him insensible. The sergeant then ran up the stairs, and attempted to force the upper door, but it was proof to his strongest efforts. Alice, meantime, shrieked loudly for assistance through her narrow window: but, alas! there were similar cries from other houses, and the whole village, now lighted up by the flames of a poor fisherman's thatched cabin, presented the appearance of having been given up to pillage. The baffled sergeant was met by the jeers of his now drunken comrades. Swearing a tremendous oath that he would not be baulked, he snatched a burning fagot from the fire, and applying it to the stairs, called out to Alice to come down quickly, or die the death of a witch, as she was. Already the smoke had entered the poor girl's chamber, and she thought that her last hour was come; when, suddenly, the window was dashed in, and Partan's voice called eagerly to her to escape. She did not hesitate; and the sailor, carrying her in one arm as if she were a



little child, let himself quickly down by an old bowsprit, which he had found lying before a fisherman's hut, and had hastily placed against the wall below her window.

Just then, as the sailor was hesitating which way to fly with his charge, an officer, accompanied by a young man in plain clothes, galloped into the village. A trumpet sounded its loud call, and immediately troopers, in various states of inebriety, were seen issuing from the houses round, hastily arranging their dress and accoutrements as they fell into their ranks beside the trumpeter. Great as was the licence of that soldiery at times, their discipline was of the sternest description, for every man well knew that Drummond's provost-marshal's did their work without appeal. Scorning all other control, their own officers were generally most promptly obeyed by these men.

The officer who thus summoned his wild followers was a young man, scarcely turned of five-and-twenty. His dress displayed all the richness that the costume of the time permitted, and was of the peculiar fashion then worn at the court. His countenance, though now flushed with anger and the light of the burning houses, was naturally unused to any display of passion; frank and kind; but the sight that he then witnessed,—one evidently new to him,—was enough to rouse all that was stern in his nature, even if the young man by his side, who was pale as death, had not eloquently adjured him to restrain their course of ruffian violence. There is something more sad in the wreck and ruin of poor men's homesteads than in the sack of the stateliest houses. The latter have something of the air of a fortress, and in their violation may be something of power overthrown; but in the ruined village everything pleads for pity, everything seems helpless, hopeless; the beds, so bare of furniture, flung out upon the road; the naked children, the piteous infirmity of the old, the poor little stock of provisions, the bit of firewood,—all that in daily life lies hidden in sad secrecy, now rudely exposed, wasted, jeered at by pampered and bloated bandits,—we dare not call them soldiers.

The troopers from Tam's house, as they were the most drunken, were the latest to appear,—the sergeant last of all, and in a ferociously bad humour.

"I knew it," he muttered to his comrades, as he reluct-



antly buckled on his sword ; " I knew that whey-faced courtier was no more fit for us than a cow for a bull-fight. Here's the second time he has spoiled our little amusements, but by——" He was interrupted by a voice of thunder, commanding him to fall in ; but some evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of him : he looked round upon his comrades, and received a faint cheer for his resistance.

" Cornet Seignory ! " he exclaimed, " I protest against this interference—against men being thus distur——"

" Fall in ! " was again shouted, in a voice which every man but the sergeant felt was ominous.

" I tell you, sir," he exclaimed again, " by——" He was again interrupted.

" Seize that mutinous rascal," shouted the young officer ; but his men hesitated to obey.

" Then his blood be on your heads ! " said the cornet, solemnly, as he fired his pistol,—and instantly the tall, powerful trooper fell from the stately attitude he had just assumed into a mere heap upon the ground. His fate had been deserved, even in a military point of view, for the drunken troopers had already begun to waver and murmur ; and in such a case mutiny soon spreads. The effect of the sergeant's punishment was instantaneous ; the troop instantly formed into as strict order as was possible in their reeling state. They were struck, not appalled, by their young officer's determination. They had not believed him capable of it, and he rose immensely in their consideration as, with his remaining pistol in his hand, he rode slowly along the line, to mark if there were still any waverers.

Alice gazed on the whole scene with dread and admiration. The young cornet appeared to her school-girl imagination in the light of a hero ; yet the same hurried glance was able to comprehend his companion, young Tinwald, in its admiration ; for his self-possession and his self-command seemed to her almost supernatural. Her next impulse was to look round for her father, but he was nowhere to be seen. Tinwald anticipated her thoughts. He earnestly requested that the troopers might be employed in extinguishing the flames, and he himself rushed into the Peel-house to seek for the old smuggler. He found him slowly coming to his senses ; and by the time that the old man was able entirely

to recollect himself, the village was restored to some sort of order, and the flames extinguished. The troopers who had refused to arrest their sergeant, first dug for him a hasty grave; and then all, except a strong patrol, headed by the young cornet himself, were allowed to return to rest in the least obtrusive manner they could assume.

## CHAPTER VII.

Francesca, sweet, innocent maiden! 'tis not that thy young cheek  
is fair,

Or thy sun-lighted eyes glance like stars through the curls of thy  
wind-woven hair;

'Tis not for thy rich lips of coral, or even thy white breast of snow,  
That my song shall recall thee, Francesca! but more for the good  
heart below.

Goodness is beauty's best portion—a dower that no time can reduce!  
A wand of enchantment and happiness, brightening and strengthening  
with use!

One the long-sighed-for nectar, that earthiness bitterly tinctures and  
taints;

One the fading mirage of the fancy, and one the Elysium it paints.  
D. F. MCCARTHY.

THE next morning, long before the *reveillée* sounded, the village was astir, but no one yet attempted to repair their damages. Daylight dawned upon a lamentable scene, which was then too common to excite much commiseration, though Sir Standon Seignory, the young cornet, was new to such spectacles. Deeply moved by the misery of the poor villagers, he rode from house to house, dispensing out of his purse such liberal comfort, that most of the fishermen would have welcomed another assault but for the humiliation of it. They regarded with astonishment an officer who, though clad in the king's dread livery, appeared to feel pity and sympathy for the people. His own soldiers, had they witnessed their officer's liberality, would have looked upon him with contempt.

Before long, the troop was mustered and rode away; their cornet being the last to leave the village, followed by the reserved, but deeply-uttered blessings of the people.

Young Tinwald accompanied him for a short distance, and expressed his admiration of his conduct very heartily.

"I have no doubt, however," replied the young officer, "that old Drummond will look upon it in a very different light. His favourite expression is, that the mettle of soldiers should never be checked, as it cannot be restored. It may be so. I was set upon this service against my will, and I care not how soon I leave it, if I can do so without dishonour."

"And may I ask," said Tinwald, "how you, with your gentle, generous feelings, could ever have become engaged in this bloody service, especially as you have a high position, and a large fortune, that must make you independent of any favours to be obtained from king or courtiers?"

"You know," replied Sir Standon, "that my father was a zealous courtier, and before he died, rejoiced to see me settled, as he thought, in the late king's favour. Somehow, one gets accustomed to like a life of courts,—to think everything outside its sphere insipid. I found some favour with King James, and might have held my appointment in peace; but one day I happened to express my surprise at the extreme measures pursued against this unhappy country. My speech was reported to our king, (whom Heaven preserve!) and his majesty took umbrage at it. The next day I received an order to repair to this my regiment, in which I had long held a commission, though I had never seen it. As it was on actual and somewhat dangerous service, I could not hesitate to join. Last week was my first experience of military life. The day before yesterday I was sent on detached service, in order, I suspect, to try me; and that poor devil of a sergeant was employed as my bear-leader; so perhaps I was wrong in visiting his offence so severely. But I felt that I had no help for it; and besides, he richly deserved such a fate for his unsparing cruelty to a wretched set of Cameronians, whom we were called on yesterday to disperse. I think he cut down half-a-dozen with his own hand, after I had had the recall sounded."

"He was most righteously punished, in my opinion," replied Tinwald; "and if my humble testimony can avail anything, I pray you command me."

"To say truth," said the officer, "it would do me no service, though I thank you for your offer. Nay, though



contrary, perhaps, to the strict letter of my duty, I will confess to you that your name is on the list of the suspected. You have been 'delated' of harbouring rebels, and abetting their obstinacy. For the sake of old acquaintance, I must conjure you to be cautious about this matter in future, for our rulers are as insatiable in fines as they are ruthless in other respects. With this I must bid you God speed, for I have to meet my commanding officer at Traquair by noon, and I must press on my people to be in time."

He joined his troop. They moved on rapidly over the hill, across the Lochar Moss, their steel caps and brilliant accoutrements glittering in the morning sun. Tinwald gazed after them, and then, as he turned his horse's head towards home, exclaimed, "Pity that such a brave pageant should suggest nothing but deeds of oppression that sully their cause, and cruelties that degrade their valour. And yon poor youth, their leader, with his fine but unstable character, how much he is to be pitied in being condemned to such a service!"

Sir Standon Seignory, who was thus compassionated, was a baronet of ancient family and large estates in Yorkshire. He had visited Edinburgh as page to the Duke of York, during that prince's brief but odious government of Scotland. One evening, the page, with another of the duke's attendants, was set upon in the streets of Edinburgh, and had been rescued by Tinwald and some of his young associates at college. Thence sprung an acquaintance which, after a long interruption, had been renewed on the previous day. As Tinwald was journeying from his father's house, he had met the advancing troop commanded by Sir Standon; the latter had courteously explained his commands to quarter for the night at the old Manor-house, and Tinwald had consequently returned to do the honours of his home. The uproar in the village had alarmed them just as they were retiring to rest, and hence their sudden appearance in the height of the disturbance.

On his return to Sandilee, the young laird found the people busily engaged in repairing the disasters of the night before. They wrought cheerfully at their work, especially the fisherman, the flames of whose cottage had lighted up the scene. He now boasted that he himself set



fire to it rather than endure the insults and sinful language of the troopers, which he feared would bring the rafters down about his ears. "And two hundred pounds Scots" (£10), he added, gleefully, "that the man of sin paid me, will make her a bonnier shieling than she ever was afore."

Old Tam was sleeping off his terrors on a temporary bed on his kitchen-table, and his daughter was sitting alone on the sea-shore. There she meditated ruefully on what seemed to her like a troubled dream, and wondered whether every night in the country was like the last, and whether people's rest was always broken by such demons, and the disturbance atoned for by such heroes as the cornet and the young laird. How grand they had looked, as the fierce fire-light glared on them, and all the angry faces of the soldiers! What a story it would all be for Isobel!

While thus she was musing, the fatigue of the past night gradually prevailed over her. The waves were murmuring softly and monotonously at her feet; the soft south wind played upon her cheek, and stirred her tresses gently on her breast. Sleep crept over her senses, and gradually relaxed her attitude into that which harmonized best with her fairy-like figure. Beautiful as a dream herself, she softly entered into the land of dreams.

The way from the village to the Manor-house lay along the shore; the tramp of Tinwald's horse produced no sound from the silent sand. The rider dismounted, and approached Alice unperceived; he was at first alarmed on finding her there alone, so pale and still and unconscious. But as he gazed breathlessly on the unexpected vision, he saw with delight a faint colour flushing through the whiteness of her cheek, whether it was the warmth of sleep, or a dim dreamy sense of his presence that brought it there. He bethought him that it was—that it might be—right to watch over her for a little; perhaps to offer his services, or at least to inquire how it fared with her after her recent escape. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, some strong and subtle spell seemed to steal into his heart. He had never before felt the existence of that organ, except in its beating. He now recognised a sort of aching sense pervading it; something palpable seemed to press upon it. According to the rigid mode of education that then prevailed in the sect to which he belonged, he had been almost as

much secluded from female society and presence as if he had been a monk. All the vague intuitive thoughts concerning women that had from time to time visited his imagination, now assumed a visible and most lovely shape. The fascination rushed in upon him at once, like the Solway's tide, breast high.

Meanwhile the sleeper's rest became troubled; her spirit became conscious of the presence of the earnestly-gazing eyes that were invisible to her corporeal consciousness. Tinwald, with a strong effort, retired softly, and at last rode away, leaving a dream behind him with her, who returned to deep sleep when she felt that nothing but earth and sea and sky were round her.

The old man was overjoyed to find his son returned; still more so when he professed himself contented to remain at home, and take care of the household gods. For the lad had been ever prone to rambling, and at times had even betrayed longings to visit distant regions of the earth, that in those days appeared to be surrounded by unspeakable dangers. This erratic tendency was "the only ae thing he ever faulted in douce Willie," in whom he vested all the pride that his old heart could hold.

And well might he be proud of him; for Scotland, in all her brave array of worthies, boasts no peaceful name more honourable than that of William Paterson. All vulgar fame of him was soon lost in the misfortunes that clouded over his bright star; but the star itself shines on for all eyes that will seek for it, in its own high region of pure and benevolent speculations which float above the world's bewildering and misty atmosphere.

But it was not for his genius or his grand conceptions, that the old laird honoured as well as loved his son. It was for the spotless purity of his life, for his high sense of honour, his disinterestedness, his self-control. His learning was extensive, but unostentatious and unpretending, as becomes the true dignity of a scholar. His sobriety was such that he was never known to taste any beverage but water,\* and yet his energies were indomitable as they were concentrated and calm. The absence of all selfishness seems to have been a positive defect in his character; it involved the want of that ever-earnest, striving, combative

\* See Dalrymple's "Memoirs."

spirit, that "o'ermastering will" so generally essential to the advancement of all worldly interests.

The personal appearance of this singular man was, as it were, an index of his moral qualities; tall and upright in figure, with clear blue eyes, a forehead high rather than broad, an energetic nostril, and a grave benevolent-looking mouth. Such was the man who revealed to the poorest and most persecuted nation in Europe the most brilliant colonial speculation that ever engaged the human mind.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Nature never made  
A heart all marble; but, in its fissures, sows  
The wild flower Love; from whose rich seeds spring forth  
A world of mercies and sweet charities.

BARRY CORNWALL.

TIME passed on, and all traces of the trooper's visit to Sandilee had disappeared. Rumours of dark atrocities, such as the execution of the "Christian Carrier"\* and the "Two

\* John Brown, of Lanarkshire, received this appellation from his religious life and irreproachable character. His only crime was non-attendance at the public worship of the Episcopalians. Claverhouse himself found him, as he was at work upon the moor that surrounded his lonely cottage. When examined, he confessed the fact of his non-conformity, and Claverhouse ordered his instant execution. The poor fellow knelt down upon the ground before his own door, and prayed earnestly; his wife and little child shrieking for mercy at his side. For once, even that soldiery shrank from the office of executioners. Claverhouse in a fury drew out his own pistol and shot the "Christian Carrier" dead before his prayer was done.

The "Two Margarets" were aged, one eighty years, the other only eighteen; but they had the same constancy. They refused to conform, and were hurried away to the Solway shore, where the tide rises very rapidly. There the older woman was fastened to a stake near low-water mark, and the maiden to one higher up,—so that she saw her old companion first slowly and painfully drown: but she would not recant. As the water rose to her own knees, and on to her bosom and her throat, she still sang psalms and refused to listen to the voice of those who conjured her to yield. At length her voice was hushed by the waters. Then, half-drowned, she was dragged on shore and once more offered life, but in vain; she was still firm, and was flung into the Solway to perish.



Margarets," from time to time reached the village; but its own remoteness and insignificant population saved it from similar visitations.

Tam Graeme had never wholly recovered from the sergeant's rough handling, and now seldom left his house. He withdrew from all active business, and it is believed that his professions of piety were no longer hypocritical. Whether it was the presence of his daughter, or the serious considerations engendered by the nearer view of death, that produced this change, might be uncertain even to himself.

But though his outward life became decorous, and his habits of intemperance reformed, the Tempter still retained one strong hold in his heart. The passion of covetousness increased as others lost their strength, and the poor sinner's meditations were shared between future gain and past guilt. Partan had unintentionally increased his craving after gold into a passion. In one of his drunken fits of confidence, he had revealed to the old smuggler that he knew of a certain rich treasure buried by the Spanish Main; and visions of that treasure haunted Tam's imagination perpetually. Indeed, but for this, he would probably have separated himself from Partan altogether, as disreputable, and a bar to his progress in well-doing; for Tam was selfish even in the most unselfish of all things—his Christian creed.

Partan, therefore, not only maintained his seat in Tam's chimney-corner, (though he never darkened the kirk door,) but, unfortunately, was still supplied with an unlimited allowance of his fatal beverage, in the hope of eliciting some further revelation of his important secret. However, he preserved the most profound silence, saying, when pressed upon the subject, "that it was the deil's treasure laid up by the deil's men, and wae wad he be that howkit at it now." Moreover, he had made a solemn vow never to cross the seas again, "and sae, there was an end on't." Tam was of another opinion.

Meanwhile, young Tinwald had adapted himself to the habits of country life, and divided his time between his favourite studies and the care of his father's farm. The old laird observed this with infinite satisfaction, only chequered by fear that his son would become acquainted with the embarrassment of his estate, and lose heart under such



a discovery. His hope had once been that his son would enter into holy orders, and thus secure for himself an independence, as his grandfather, who died Bishop of Glasgow, had done before him. Episcopacy was still the law in Scotland, and promised preferment for one so rarely qualified to support it as William Paterson. But the young laird was not thus minded, though some of his meagre biographies have represented him as a preacher. He had too much sympathy with his suffering fellow-countrymen, to join himself to such a body as then disgraced their sacred calling by persecution; and so, though a true son of the Church, and, moreover, grandson of a bishop, he preferred retaining his layman's independence.

Besides all this, the love of travel,—the most unquenchable of loves,—had taken possession of his heart. He pined in the narrow limits of his native parish; and desired to enter on a wider sphere of observation, with a longing that nothing but filial piety could overcome. As he saw more of Alice, however, another feeling began to weave round him an almost imperceptible coil, and rendered the air that she breathed, the soil that she trod, more endurable—nay, more precious in his eyes. He often found himself strolling by the sea-shore with Partan, though he ceased to make long voyages in the Bonito. He had always listened with avidity to the buccaneer's stories of the distant lands which he so desired to visit, and now he took a greater interest in the old man, because he was almost domiciled with Tam Graeme's fair daughter.

In short, the young student was more than half in love, and more dangerously so, because he was unconscious of it.

Partan, at this time, enjoyed a double share of popularity, for Mistress Alice was also fond of listening to his wild stories of the Spanish Main. That romantic region was then a fertile source of dread interest, for few Britons engaged in lawful pursuits had ever approached it with impunity. But the village girl knew nothing of the crimes associated with its very name, and she was keenly alive to its romance.

The Bonito was now laid up upon the shore, and Partan's chief occupation consisted in watching affectionately over his favourite "boatie," and occasionally repairing her delicate frame. Often in summer, while thus employed, Alice

would carry her spindle to the shore, and as she spun, would listen to the old sailor's stories until she had wormed out of him many an adventure that was never intended to be known beyond the bright blue sea or palmy shore on which it had occurred. By degrees the names of Morgan and the fierce Olonois, and the exterminating Montbara, and other buccaneers, became familiar to her imagination as undoubted heroes. Of course their atrocities were passed over, or closely veiled by their reformed follower, and only their supernatural bravery and occasional fits of generosity dwelt upon. At times the garrulous old sailor (for he *was* garrulous to Alice, though silent and surly to most others) introduced young Tinwald into the category of his heroes, and described how he united, in his own nature, all the glorious qualities of a buccaneer and the excellences of a "gude Christian."

The frequent introduction of this personage into Partan's stories, by no means detracted from their interest to Alice. Every young heart is as a shrine which feels a painful sense of vacancy until some image, real or imaginary, is enthroned there. Partan's hero was at once raised to that sweet perilous position by the village beauty; and having so adopted him, she was never weary of hearing his praises sung by the old seaman—"Sae wise was he, and sae gracious; as bauld as a gamecock and as gentle as a doo."

It was thus that Partan himself soon became an object of interest to the lively and imaginative Alice. He had the reputation of being misanthropic,—a character of all others least intelligible to a young and kindly heart overflowing with love to all created nature. He was an object of mystery, too, for no one knew from whence he came, and his accent alone betrayed his Scottish origin. In his youth he must have been a man of large and comely proportions, though premature decay and dissipation had bent his frame, and a wound or some other accident had almost disabled his left leg, and given him an ungainly gait. He was never known to converse willingly with any of the villagers; when not employed, he would sit for hours on some solitary rock, gazing at the sea: those who at such times caught glimpses of his countenance, declared that it wore an aspect of ferocity—they might have said more truly, of despair. In outward observance, the old seaman's

life seem blameless, but for the one old fault, which in those days was scarcely deemed a vice. He could not resist the temptation of strong liquors, whenever, or by whomsoever offered; and this was scarcely to be wondered at, for, under their false support, he would rise out of his usual despondency into the bold and manly bearing that once must have been natural to him. To the thoughtful eye, such lucid intervals were sadder than his darker state.

Tinwald, who exercised a sort of missionary vocation amongst his people, had often tried to rescue his humble friend from this besetting sin, but of course in vain. Such a reformation can only be effected by the sinner himself, and requires energies on his part that he can command no longer; hence its hopelessness. Nor was our young philosopher's mind altogether at ease on its own account. A vague sense of remorse haunted all his thoughts connected with Alice, and he had few that were not so connected. It appeared to him just possible that she might come to care for him; and if so, what might be the consequences? His father's pride would never listen to his son's marriage with the child of a disreputable and obscure old sailor; and his own irrepressible yearning to travel imposed another obstacle, though not so strong a one.

Many swift-footed months had gone by, and notwithstanding all these considerations, the young laird found himself growing daily more intimate with Alice Graeme, and gradually became a frequent inmate of her father's house. Unrestrained by any of the prudential considerations that disturbed his mind, the village girl gave herself up without reserve to the pleasure of his society.

A lovely, loving child of nature was this Alice Graeme: agonised by trifles, heroic under trials; scornful of the restraint of others, timid and diffident where her own sense of delicacy was concerned. Longing to love and to be beloved, yet severe towards herself and wayward with her lover, when an object worthy of her aspirations was discovered: yet she only saw him through the colouring prism of imagination that has beguiled so many, from Eve downwards. She saw Tinwald moving upon the earth as one superior to all mankind; his figure appeared to her too noble to be disguised in the common garb of mere humanity; his far-ranging thoughts, his grand conceptions,



were the standard by which she measured his soul, and its dimensions seemed to her, though graceful, yet gigantic. Had his manner towards her been lofty and condescending, she would have bowed before him in deferential love. But her woman's pride and sense of privilege was awakened and cherished by Tinwald's humility towards her. Why should she not accept the crown that a heart like his would place upon her brow? Why not ascend a throne which such a sovereign spirit had offered her? In short, she felt inclined to play the queen—the tyrant—if only for the power of descending hereafter from her high estate graciously to bless her subject.

And strange to say, this treatment suited Tinwald. It gratified even *his* chastened pride to feel that his allegiance was accepted by one who bore herself as if she had a right to receive it; whilst it absolved him from the painful sense of having won affections that he might never be able lawfully to claim. "Let what may betide," thought he, "it is I alone who can suffer; she looks on me with condescension, or at most with compassionate sympathy. I am free to act as my destiny seems to dictate, without incurring any penalty but that which my own heart may suffer from abandoning what is loveliest to it of all earthly things."

This sad security of her lover was the price that Alice paid for the gratification of her vanity and waywardness; and such will be the case oft recurring whilst the world endures. These two young spirits were each awed and deceived by the fancied superiority of the other; and therefore Tinwald, the young philosopher, thought he might freely enjoy all that he could obtain of the society he loved, and do no wrong. Reader! did you never labour under a similar delusion?

One summer Sabbath evening, Alice had wandered forth upon the shore, to watch the sunset and enjoy the contemplative silence of an hour when all earth and sea seems settling to repose. On passing a projecting rock, she came suddenly and unperceived on Partan. He was leaning moodily against an old anchor that had almost crumbled away in its own rust. The sunset was shining softly on his weather-beaten visage, and threw the shadow of his gaunt figure in strong outline on the sands.

Alice was struck by the picture that he presented. But



she soon ceased to enjoy its picturesqueness when she observed the pained and sullen expression of the features on which heaven's loveliest light was shining so serenely. That worn old face, however, lighted into a welcoming smile when Alice approached him: making a rude sort of reverence, he said "that he had just been thinking to seek out Mistress Alice and to ask her advice." Then without further preamble he proceeded to say, that he was getting old, and sometimes very infirm, and he did not know the hour when he might be released from earth.

"Noo, leddie," he continued, "amang mony a darker secret, I hae ane that might belike turn to good, ant came frae other lips than mine. Your father, leddie, wad gie his ears to hear tell o' a treasure which I ken lies buried in a certain spot in the West Indies; but it might be better for him, seeing he is sae auld, not to larn what wad fash his avaricious saul, and unsettle ony bit o' peace he may hae found."—Here he was interrupted by Alice, who exclaimed indignantly, "You may mean well, but you strangely forget yourself."

"Would God I could!—would God I could!" exclaimed the old man, with passionate bitterness. "Weel, I mun crave yer pardon, leddie. I'm little wont to gie or tak' saft words; and if yer pure heart see nae harm in't, I'll e'en tell yer father, the nicht, and let him do as he wull wi' it. 'Twad harm him less, may be, to trade awa' the bit boatie to the West at ance, than to be smuggling on these coasts and not mak' as muckle in a hunder year as I sall pit him in way o' winning in ae hour. An' he kens something o't already."

"Speak not of it this night, at all events," answered Alice; "it is the Sabbath, when all earthly thoughts should rest."

"Aweel, aweel, leddie, be it sae; gude is it for sic as *can* rest; I'll just bide a bit, and consult the young laird about the matter first."

Soon after this interview, Partan and Tinwald met at the old smuggler's house. The latter was ostensibly detained there by the weather, which, until lately, he had been accustomed utterly to disregard. The tempest howled without, and the Solway roared; but within, the cheerful blaze rose high, and the old seafarers, one in each ingle nook, smoked

their pipes, and sipped their toddy, and spun old yarns of such storms long ago upon the high seas. In front of the fire sat Alice, spinning at the humble yet graceful wheel, which paused from time to time in its pleasant whirr whenever the laird joined in the old men's talk. Gradually, however, the young people became absorbed in their own conversation, and the old seafarers fell into more confidential chat.

"And sae," muttered Tam to his comrade, "ye wull no tak' the bit boatie ayont the seas to the Lugies and seek for the buried gowd? You're aith, heh! I hae heard enough o' that aith agen crossing the line. Ye wad no be sae strict 'gin it were agen whisky ye war pledgit."

"I'm no an elder o' the kirk," retorted Partan, "or aiblins I might counsel ye to hae mair respec' to a sworn aith. But an ye maun hae the grave-gold howkit up, ye maun e'en do it yersel'. I will specify the spot till ye, and a small pairt will aye content me for my share. I get auld, and hae few wants the now, forbye what the aits and barley can supply at a sma' rate."

Tam filled the old sailor's beaker to the brim with the fiery spirit that had made a wreck of as stalwart a form as ever trod a plank. Partan looked round a little bashfully, but seeing Alice and Tinwald's attention engaged with one another, he extended his trembling hand to receive the delusive poison. As he gulped it down, his dimmed eyes recovered their lustre, his hand ceased to shake, his voice sounded no longer hollow from his sunken chest; he looked, spoke, and perhaps felt like a man. His destroyer had given him a lucid interval, as usurers from time to time feed the extravagance of their destined victims.

## CHAPTER IX.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Hath never passed away ;  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

COLERIDGE.

THE wind now blew a gale, and the Solway roared more fiercely beneath its fury, but the fire only burned the brighter, and Alice's sweet voice was carolling an old ditty to Tinwald, whose ear was deaf to every other sound. Tam was too intent on the topic of the buccaneer's buried treasure to heed either song or storm, and Partan, already in the seventh heaven of intoxication, was carried back in imagination to the scenes of his youth upon the Spanish Main. So busy was he with these crowding memories, that Tam found it necessary to recall him to the subject of the treasure.

"How was it, comrade," said he, in a low confidential tone, "that you never spoke clearly to me o' this matter until last nicht?"

"I never thought to have telled it till ony ane," replied Partan; "but somehow, when I was in my drink, I got thinking on yon bonnie lassie, and how that that evil treasure might turn to gude in sic hands as hers; an' if I died this nicht (and I'm but a puir broken down carle, God help me!) the knowledge of it wad be lost a'thegither; and now that my heart's open, I'll tell you, Tam, what cost me a fearful exper'ence to larn; an' when I'm gane, or when ye find an able and willin' callant to do your wark, he'll just find the treasure as easy as he'd find the North Star on a frosty nicht.

"Ye'll mind that the French buccaneers were aye a shuperstitious set o' deils. I wot na weel which were waur, their profanity or their papistry. Now, ye yersel' took but a short turn amang us, and did na learn half their ways. One trick they had, that if a man got hold o' ony considerable treasure he wad hide it on some lanely spot until he was free of the Brotherhood; and could seek it in safety to gang awa' till Europe, and spend it like a Christian amang wine and women. Now, ye'll see it wasna

easy to have this treasure watched by the living, sae they were desirous to hae it in safe keeping o' the dead; and I often heard tell that they made their Ingian slaves, or some Spanish pris'ner, dig the hole and bury the gold, and then they cut his throat upon the spot, and his wraith was believed to haunt it for aye after. Ah, Tam! I ken some spots that, far frae papish as I be, I wadna come near by nicht for 'a' the gowd aneath the sun,—spots that by day look all green and lovely like; but by nicht, ah! they be peopled wi' ghaists, moving to and fro, shadowy-like, and sounds unearthly and faint to the ear, as the shadows to the een. Many a man has laid down treasure there, but few have ever howkit it up again.

“But to my ain story. I dinna muckle like to think, far less to speak on't. But ye're a bauld chield, Tam; and gin ye hae it aince, ye'll keep it safe eneugh, I reckon. Ye ken where the Gulf Stream rins weltering amang the string o' islands and rocks by Gracias?—Weel; east by nor' o' the Cape, there lies a wheen sma' rocks, called Caxones, or Kakonies by the Ingians. There's five o' 'em stand thegither, like the pops on a die; and the sea rins in whirlpools a' round the inner island; and the jagged coral gies it a bluidy look; and the deadly blue sharks, and the cruel cat-fishes, and the slimy tangle, are a' shimmering in the welterin' waters. The centremost island isn't aboon half a mile ower; it's shaped amaisht like a coffin, and covered o'er wi' a ghastly gray sand, and a few stunted trees twisted all shapes, in agony like, by the hurricanes. One of them is a cedar-tree; and just a dozen yards east of it there lies sic a skeleton as man never saw afore.”

Here the old buccaneer bent forward towards his friend, who shuddered in mere sympathy, as the former dropped his voice, and continued:

“That skeleton has neither leg-banes nor arm-banes, yet it lies jist sic as life left it; an' its gruesome teeth are clenched on the neck o' another skeleton lying crosswise by its side. Eh! that I should tell o' what has been haunting me this mony a year!”

“But the treasure, Sandy,” interrupted Tam, who was by no means a slave to imagination; “what the de'il hae the uncanny banes to do wi' the treasure?”

“The accursed gowd lies buried aboon thretty paces off,



bearing south by west fra' the skeleton. Him that hid it could gang nae farther wi' that deadly grip upon him.

"In those days I sailed as boatswain's mate in the Black Bess; we was about half English and half French aboard; and if hell's a waur place than that same ship, the deil maun hae a sair berth o't. Our surgeon was a Frenchman, I believe; if he was ever born naturally at all, for never a man had less o' woman in him. He was an awfu' bein', and the men were mair afear'd o' his curings than o' a' the enemy's wounds. He wad examine a puir fellow's banes and quivering flesh as if it was a pretty pictur', and no leevin' nature; and yet nae man dare question him. One day we took a Spaniard, and as we thought, a' her men had walked the plank. The medicine kist, wi' ither spulzie, fell to the surgeon's share; but when it was opened, he found nought withinside save a miserable mulatto that had hidden himself there. Well, he was dootless sair vexed, but he only laughed a horrid laugh, and said to the tremblin' creetur, 'Ye needna fear, friend; ye're fa'en into gude hands. I'll na kill ye, I'll only operate on ye.' The puir soul thought o' naething but the saved life, and fell at his knees, thanking him with tears o' gratitude. That day the surgeon let him alane, for he had wark eneugh wi' our ain wounded; and sae it was the next day. But at last, he wanted amusement, and sae he just cut off the mulatto's right leg, to try some new experiment. Weel, he war a cleever chiel, wi' a' his devilry; and he soon made his patient sound agin. But the voyage was a lang and weary ane; so, to try some ither experiment, he cut off the ither leg o' the creetur. I winna tell ye how the mulatto looked, nor what he said; but we aboard the ship war nae chickens, I promise ye, and yet we were terrified at what used to pass atween them twa; ane wi' the tongue, and the ither wi' the knife. I dinna rightly ken a' the ways that the surgeon had o' takin' his diversion at intervals, for we a' got as far out o' the way as we could whenever he went nigh the mulatto's berth. But, when we were near Tortuga, on our return frae a long cruise, the mulatto was naething but a mere trunk only; arms and legs a' gane, and yet wi' devilish art and cruel skill he was still keepit alive.

"At last it happened, as we were cruising off the Caxones, that the captain had a tulzie wi' the surgeon; the haill crew was lang sick o' him, and when the captain proposed that he sud be marooned on yon islan', every man in the ship shouted for joy; a score o' hands hasted to hoist out the boat. Even the mulatto body tried to cheer, and the surgeon heard it, and smiled on him ance mair.

"*'We* won't part, at all events. By the laws of our Brotherhood, I have a right to my own property, Captain Morgan,' he said; 'and I claim this my prisoner and patient, with my chest.'

"Sandy, that surgeon was a bauld man! He was quite willin' to go to that lanely islan' laded wi' the curses o' the crew, and only that puir ruined body to keep him company. This deil incarnate then went below, and pretended to pack up instruments and papers, and things in his kist, but I watched him closely, and know that there was a sight o' gowd and precious stanes there; besides biscuits, and brandy, and fish-hooks, with ammunition and pistols; and for all they gi'ed him but five minnits for the job, he packed his kist as cannily as though he had ta'en a month to do it. Weel, we landed him and his kist, and though we tried hard agen it, we were forced to land his mulatto creetur' too; for, you see, if we broke one part o' the Brotherhood's rules, there wad be nae hope for the rest. So we lifted the kist up against the lonely cedar on the island, and set the mulatto doon hard by.

"I dinna like, to this day, to think o' the last look he lookit at us, as we gaed awa'. Wad ye think it? I kissed the puir pale laddie (as I couldna shake him by the hand), and I was tempted to put my knife intil him for mercy, but I daured na; I feared that surgeon deil, sitting there on his kist, looking round that lanely isle, independent o' us a', and, as we thought, of doom itself. We hurried to get away. I was the last man leaving the land. I dinna ken how it was, but, just as tho' the deivlish surgeon had the ordering o't—for all he could not see us where we sat—the whilst I was casting off the painter, the boat capsized in the surf; the water was all whiskit into foam; the sharks were thick as herrins; my three shipmates went down, and I never saw them mair. Oh! it was terrible to be left,

coming on nicht, upon that island, with the fearfu' surgeon and his prey. But I was fascinated to keep them in sight. I crept along the sand, and under the shade of the mangroves, inch by inch, until I got a better view o' him. There he was, fancying we were a' awa'; for he was thinking o' himsel' alane, and never lookit after the boat. He had emptied the chest, and was sorting its contents: biscuits, powder, gold pieces, doctor's tools, jewels and pearls by handfuls, pistols and books—sic a confusion! He had, afore this, digged a hole, well nigh as deep as himsel', in the saft sand, and into this he tossed all the gold and precious stanes, leaving just room eneugh for a body, and a wee bit sand to lay o'er it. He then sat him down to enjoy himsel' wi' a biscuit and a drap o' brandy; then, lighting his pipe, he turned his uncanny een on the mulatto. 'I've nearly done wi' ye,' that look seemed to say; 'but ye maun serve me ae gude turn mair. I'll finish you here, and you'll jist haunt this spot till I can come back for what's in it, at my leisure.' The mulatto did not look daunted as those terrible een keeked into his face; the bitterness of death was passed wi' him, nae doot; nor yet when the surgeon lifted him (he was light eneugh!) upon the sand near to the treasure. The creetur weel ken't for why he was put there. 'Deevil!' he moaned out, faintly and defiantly, 'you've but a short time longer to torment me; I hear the death-rattle coming now.'

"The surgeon bent down his ear close by the dying man. I saw the fire o' vengeance flash into his glazing een; his dismembered body bent for a moment, like a fish springing fra the ground; I heard a husky noise. The surgeon strove to loup an' get himsel' on his feet, but the mulatto was fast to him, and lifted wi' him. He had seized him by the thrapple wi' his teeth, and when the surgeon tried to pu' him awa', he only tore his ain flesh. I couldna hae gaed up to them if I would. I buried my face in my hands and ran away. But a dreadful sound was in my ears, lang lang after those who made it were still eneugh. It was then a' but dark. I dinna ken how that terrible nicht was past. I believe I was daft; I kept pacing the shore, till the boat frae the ship took me off the next day. When I came to mysel', I told it to the captain, and wanted him to go back, but he said we were unco far awa', and bade me speak o't



to naebody. I believe he thocht to seek after the treasure himsel'. I was landed, soon after, at Tortuga, sick o' brain fever, or sommut, and the Black Bess foundered in a hurricane with all hands. Years passed by afore I could manage to get back to Deadman's Isle, as we ca'ed it, wi' a canoe and a couple of Indians. I found the maimed skeleton lying alongside o' the perfect one, whose banes war stretched in a' directions, as if still in agony. The gumless teeth of the ane were still clinched whar' the throat o' the ither was ance; but the red ants had picked a' the lave o' them quite clean. I left the Indians in the boat, and worked sair at the treasure, but a sun-straik fell on me, and I was carried awa' by the Indians, half dead; and, before I recovered, I made a vow never to approach that island ony mair, but to leave to the deil the deil's spulzie."

"Hoot, toot, man," exclaimed Tam, as he refilled his pipe, "ye war wrang there; if it war a righteous deed to make spulzie o' the Egyptians, because they were enemies o' Israel, muckle mair blessed wad it be to make spulzie o' the deil, whilk is the enemy o' all mankind, and o' gospeling Scots in particular."

Partan made no reply; his spirits were exhausted, and his chin fell upon his breast. Alice, with horror in her looks, gazed on the old buccaneer, and with almost equal fear on young Tinwald, who seemed fascinated by a story which transported him to scenes that he had long dreamed of. Tam, too, felt influenced by the tale in his own way. Nudging his drowsy comrade, he whispered, "Ken ye about, man, what might be the amount o' the surgeon's treasure, or an average on it?" But Partan was asleep; in a few minutes he sank down at full length upon the settle; and, from the restless state of his slumbers, the lookers-on might well guess that his dreams were haunted by no good angels.

Tam, seeing that nothing more could be got out of his comrade at present, lighted his little lamp, and limped off to bed; wishing the young laird a "Gude nicht," and enjoining Alice to put the fire out, and see that the door was fast. Still Tinwald lingered, though he had risen to take his departure. Alice looked at him timidly, and then said, as she turned away towards the fire—

"I see—I see, that your mind is still fixed on those dreadful countries beyond sea. Yet they seem accursed of



God and man; and what can be their attraction for you, who care not for gold, and abhor violence? As well might the red deer seek to harbour with the mountain wolves, as you with such men as poor Partan seems to have risked his soul and ruined his body by consorting with."

"It is pleasant to me to think that you can care what becomes of me," replied Tinwald; "but I feel that sooner or later my destiny lies among those people. From my very boyhood I have longed to visit them, and, if it may be, leave some token for good behind me when I am gone. I know not whether it be what is called a missionary zeal that impels me; but sure I am that it is no selfish or avaricious spirit that has thus prompted me to forego my country, and all that is dear to me. Yet the Western World is not the purgatory that you believe. Each of its islands is a paradise of beauty, and of all other things that Heaven indulgently bestows, and man seems destined to pollute. It must be by some hideous mistake that Christian men first plunged those once happy islands into misery; and, going on from crime to crime, have themselves arrived at a pitch of wickedness which staggers credulity. But fierce and cruel as those buccaneers may be, they are still human. There must be some virtue left where there is such heroism; and what an innocent glory it would be to recall even one of them from ruin, and by degrees to regenerate the beautiful and wretched countries they oppress!"

In this manner the enthusiast continued to dilate upon his hopes and plans; rather for the sake of continuing his conversation with Alice on a safe subject, perhaps, than from any hope of converting her to his views.

It was almost daylight when he reached his home. His father had taken it into his head to be uneasy about his absence, and had sat up for him. As soon as he presented himself the old man's fear changed itself into wrath; nor was his indignation allayed when he discovered the cause of his son's dissipation. "He might," he said, "have long suspected it: but he never could bring himself to believe that a son of his could stoop to the prospect of a low and sordid alliance; or, to what was so much worse, that he would not name it." All this and much more did the old laird utter and anathematise.

The next day, his son gravely and respectfully renewed

the subject; confessed his desire to make Alice his wife, and endeavoured to argue his claim to have some voice in such a matter.

If the old laird was silent during this long address, it was only because he was half choked by indignation. When at length he found words, they approached too nearly to a ban upon his son, and his son's choice, to be unnecessarily repeated. Suffice it to say, that Tinwald went forth from his presence, discomposed for almost the first time in his life; yet, with "auld world" filial piety, resolved to sacrifice his happiness to his father's will.

## CHAPTER X.

To thy noble heart  
The harder would appear the truer duty.

SCHILLER.

IN man's labyrinthine relations with woman, there is no path but one, which does not, sooner or later, lead to the Minotaur of self-reproach. And of all these, there is none more perplexing than the means of inoffensively withdrawing from affections of which you have no right to presume yourself possessed. In this, as in other cases, the most sensitive and honourable minds, are, unconsciously, the most cruel: they will not act so ungenerously as to elicit proofs that they are loved; they will not run the risk of placing themselves in a false position by assuming it. And therefore they betake themselves to a more cruel course than either; they try to starve out the garrison, which not having openly revolted from, they may not storm. They withhold all the nutriments that the old love lived upon—kind words and kinder looks, and watchful attentions; they stop up all the many channels by which one heart pours itself into another. Thus, it is presumed, it was with Tinwald. He would not humble Alice by repudiating her love, which only in the most secret recess of his own honest heart he allowed himself to suspect. He tried by distance and cold demeanour to turn it into indifference towards him, or even into indignation. He arrived at this re-

solution with no slight effort; but having once convinced himself on which side his duty lay, he allowed no feeling to parley on the other. He felt in the depths of his soul the value of this love—that first, purest, and truest, that either might ever know; but he would not, for all that love's sake, sacrifice to it what he considered to be the welfare of its object; his only remedy was—estrangement.

He therefore withdrew himself from the village and its little interests. He devoted all his time and energies to improving a tract of land called the "Lang Farm," by newly-invented modes of draining and embankment; and he once more began to mingle in the private meetings which frequently took place in Dumfries, to concert measures for resisting the intolerable persecutions that then prevailed. On one of these visits to the county town, he encountered Sir Standon Seignory, no longer wearing the king's uniform.

"Yes," said the *ci-devant* officer, in answer to his look of inquiry, "the cockade is dismounted. Claverhouse has given me my *congé* as I expected; and I only await here the issue of a court-martial which I have demanded, before I retire into private life. Now let me warn you once more that you are observed and tracked by the bloodhound spies of Government; if you are once arrested, Barbadoes or the thumbikins, to say nothing worse, is your inevitable fate."

Tinwald thanked his friend, but, in the spirit of the time, felt only nerved to bolder measures by the warning. Sir Standon then went his way, and many years elapsed before the young laird again beheld him.

That night Tinwald returned through one of the autumnal tempests that sometimes visit the vale of the Solway with peculiar fury. His course was considerably impeded by the violence of the wind, and the night had far advanced when he reached his father's house. Having stabled his good steed, he looked out upon the storm before retiring to rest, and became conscious of an unusual stir in the village. Fearing lest it might prove to be another inroad of Drummond's troopers, he hastened towards Sandilee.

Almost instinctively, he made his way first to the Peel-house, where he heard the well-known voice of a fisherman, named Madden Ray, calling to Tam and Partan to "come



out and hearken; for there was gruesome sounds from the sea, and minute guns that were stilly now." Tam was neither disposed nor quite able to move from his warm bed at such a summons; but Partan, who now habitually slept in his chimney-corner, staggered out into the storm, and down to the shore through showers of salt spray. Tinwald and Madden accompanied him, and beheld a sight that was terrible even to their practised eyes. The sea, thrown mountains high, and tortured into strange awful shapes by the force of the whirling wind, was lighted up at intervals by a wan moon, as the black rushing clouds for a moment revealed her pallid face within its shroud. Most of the villagers were assembled on the green; some driven from their fragile homes by fear of the falling rafters; and others, attracted by sympathy for the ship perishing in their wild and fatal waters. About a mile from shore, there was a sandbank, heading a long range of quicksands, to this day well known by mariners. On this bank some asserted that a ship had struck; others, that she had passed it by, and that they had heard her guns far to leeward. The mountainous seas, blinding spray, and uncertain light rendered it almost impossible to distinguish any object. All that could be seen, even close at hand, was but by glimpses; all that was heard were but ejaculations. Partan, after a few minutes, seemed thoroughly recalled from the effect of his potations. One excitement counteracted the other, and he was now roused into a seaman's interest in the scene before him. He lay down upon the shore and kept his eyes steadily fixed in the direction of the sandbank. The first gleam of light that passed over the sea revealed to him that the black hull of a large ship was stationary in the midst of the tossed billows.

"To the boat! there's a brave ship struck!" he cried, as he started to his feet with wonderful alacrity, and limped away towards the little harbour. But none followed him. The fisherman continued to gaze in awed silence on the stormy sea, which every moment appeared to grow more furious, and to shake the very shore with its mighty waves.

"Is there nae Christian man amang ye that will run a risk to save a sailor's life?" exclaimed Partan, reproachfully.



"Here's I for one!" shouted Madden Ray, the fisherman who had first summoned him, and whose children were crawling about, trying to steady their tottering little feet in the storm.

"Hoot awa, man!" screamed his wife; "the chiel's daft, an' sae are ye, to face the wrath o' Heaven in sic a night!" and a pair of stout arms were folded round the volunteer's neck, while two or three smaller pairs encircled his legs.

"Is there nae ne'er-do-weel amang ye?" shouted Partan again, "that will take chance wi' me to save yon puir perishing folk; and maybe women and bairns amang 'em, in the waves?"

Swilltap, the publican's son, stepped forward at this appeal, but was instantly knocked down by his indignant sire. Tinwald then raised his voice and conjured all for the love they bore him, for the honour of old Scotland, for the sake of Heaven, not to leave strangers to perish on their shore without one brave effort to save them. "We want but one," he continued, "but one who can hold a helm or pull an oar."

"It's nae use; it's nae use," sternly exclaimed the oldest fisherman; "nae boatie in Scotland could live in sic a sea. It's God's wull sent the creatures into yon extremity; God's wull be done!"

"His will be our speed then!" exclaimed Alice, who had only waited to muffle her delicate form in the plaidie, and had joined the group. "'His will be done!' as master Ray says, let *us* do it. Partan, 'the battle is not always to the strong;' you ken weel that I can hold a tiller, and if you and the young laird row, we may yet be in time to save!"

The villagers had remained impassive to the adjuration of mercy and of Heaven, but one electric impulse seemed to stimulate them all as Alice spoke. The old fatalist was the first to fling off his doublet, and thrust it in his wife's face; all down to young Swilltap followed his example and moved towards the boat.

"Not sae, not sae, bonnie leddie!" was the cry; "there be hands, though not hearts here, better fitted for sic work." They seized upon the largest of the fishing-boats, and were about to launch her from the blocks when Partan interfered:

"Not her," he shouted; "as master Ray says, she wadna live; but the Bonito boatie will swim as long as twa planks haud thegither. Come! wi' a will, lads; heave all!" and the gallant little craft was hurried from her rest into the water, that leaped and foamed even in this sheltered cove. Tinwald jumped on board, and others would have crowded after him, but Partan stopped them, and chose only three of the youngest and stoutest.

After a little preparation, they were off, followed by a cheer that stuck in the throats of friends, parents, and lovers who tried to utter it. In a few minutes, a bit of a spritsail was run up, and the Bonito, after some impatient curvets in the calmer water, bounded like a gallant courser into the raging sea. As she rose over the first few waves, her tiny sail was visible above the foam, but then became lost in the dark confusion of the elements.

The minister of Sandilee had by this time reached the scene of action, and readily availed himself of the occasion to summon his little flock to prayer. Only snatches of his words were heard through the storm, but the full hearts around him could well supply the rest.

He was yet speaking when the first streak of dawn appeared. The face of the preacher became distinct; then the shore, and at length the tossed sea, opened to the view. Every eye was turned towards the sandbank, and the hull espied by Partan's practised eyes at night was now visible to all. The Bonito was nowhere to be seen.

But soon the shouts of her brave crew were heard. She had performed her daring task, and returned to the little cove just before daybreak. The result of her adventure had been a single man rescued from the wreck; and as he was found with handcuffs on his wrist, the old superstition against the rescue of drowning men revived in full force. None of the fishermen, hospitable as they naturally were, showed themselves desirous of receiving so suspicious a guest; so with one accord they bore off the exhausted and half-drowned man to Tam's house. There Alice procured for him all the assistance in her power; for her father was snug in bed, and was determined not to be disturbed. Tinwald attempted to force some spoonfuls of brandy down the stranger's throat; when suddenly coming to himself, he rose and cast a keen, quick, fearless glance around him.

Then seizing the bottle of brandy, he poured out a beaker-full, and tossed it off, to Partan's great admiration, if not envy. The draught seemed to restore him almost instantly. He first made a graceful acknowledgment to Alice, and then thanked his deliverers in a few well-chosen, manly sentences, though uttered with a slightly foreign accent. He glanced as he was speaking, down upon his wrist, where the mark of the irons was still visible, and added, as if in explanation :

"You have saved not only my life, but my liberty. The ship that I commanded was wrecked near the Azores about a month ago. I escaped, with some of my crew, in a small boat, and after some days we were taken up by one of our enemies. We were ill-used ; one night we tried to retake her. We failed : my comrades were hanged, and I was only reserved to grace the yard-arm of the Spaniard, when she entered Cadiz. A gale of wind came on ; we lost our rudder ; scudded before the wind for a week. It grew calm ; we got an observation ; found ourselves at the back of Ireland ; steered with a spar, to give it a wide berth, hoping to fetch the Texel, and refit. Another gale ; this time from the nor'ard. Ran before it : luffed up for shelter into this river, or whatever you call it ; found it worse than the open sea. We struck ; all hands took to the boats ; I only left ; boats swamped ; crew lost ; I, thanks to your gallantry and kindness, only saved."

This explanation was given with such apparent frankness as to impress all present with its truth. Partan alone seemed to have some misgivings, but said nothing. Weariness soon put an end to further conversation. Alice retired to her room ; Partan to his berth in the Bonito ; the fishermen to their several homes ; and the stranger accompanied Tinwald to the Manor-house as his guest.

## CHAPTER XI.

Nothing he does or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than himself.

SHAKSPERE.

MAN scarcely affords a wider range for development in his intellectual, than in his physical nature. There is hardly a wider moral difference between the mature philosopher and the schoolboy, than exists physically between the town-bred, lounging dandy, and the seaman, inured to effort, hardship, and danger from his childhood: the former suffers acutely from a scratch or bruise, the latter seems almost insensible to any external injury short of that which maims him: he has become, as it were, annealed in the fire of adversity, and is indifferent to sufferings that would be agonizing to untried nerves. In the history of the buccaneers, we find curious proofs of the invulnerability to which the human body may be brought. The great majority of these men no doubt perished in the ordeal of their probation, but those who survived it almost realized the fable of Achilles. Impassive to climate, disease, and hardship, indifferent to wounds, capable of enduring incredible abstinence from food, they faced the wild bull in the forest, the shark in the seas, and made sport even with the deadly alligator. As for their exploits among their fellow-men, they seem to transcend all fiction. Huge galleons captured, and their crews destroyed by the demoniac strength and resolution of half a score of them in an open boat; wealthy, well-fortified cities sacked by a ship's crew; whole provinces laid waste and plundered by a mere handful of these desperadoes. Such facts abound in the naval histories of the time, and would be incredible if they were not borne witness to, as well by their enemies as their friends.

There is a striking anecdote of them which is told by Oexmelin in his peculiar manner, and which Partan described with the veracity of an eye-witness. In illustration of the foregoing remarks, it may as well be mentioned here, as it was the rescued stranger who succeeded in eliciting it from the old sailor. Partan held aloof from this man as much as possible, and took no pains to conceal his dislike; but this was so much a habit of his, that it was scarcely



observed. The stranger seemed resolved to ingratiate himself, however; and though Partan was unapproachable either when fairly drunk or quite sober, there was an interval between these states, during which he was so much disposed to communicativeness, that he was often induced to converse with those most whom he disliked. The stranger, whether from real interest in such things, or because they made Partan amusing to him, delighted in "drawing out" his reminiscences of the West Indies and the Spanish Main.

One day the stranger inquired if it was true "that the Caribs were cannibals, and whether they really did use to cook the brain in the skull, and the rest of the victim in joints from day to day; throwing what your butchers call 'trimmings' to the children."

"Hech, sirs, it's ower true," rejoined Partan; "and it's often I heard that some o' their Christian captives was glad to git a bit o' the same trimmings,—screeds o' flesh and banes that's wastrie frae the flesh in makin' the meal tidy. I hae heard that when Edward, the Bruce's brither, was invadin' Ireland, his foragers were sae sair famished, that they, too, cookit the flesh o' the slain Irish kerns in skulls."

"I have no doubt," rejoined the stranger, "that those Scotch savages were barbarous enough for that or aught else; but thou must know, O cunning antiquarian! that skull was a word then used for a steel cap, or helmet, and often was applied to such auxiliary purposes, without disparagement of its nobler use. Your 'skillet' and 'scullion' are derived from that."

"Like enough; but I heard the cannibals ate the great buccaneer, L'Olonois, alive: tyin' him till a tree, and cutting off his flesh and cookin' it before his eyes; an' if e'er man deserved such entertainment it was that incarnate deil. But I mind a Portingale filibuster that was partly devoured, and saved after a'; but then it was only by a crocodile, or alligator, as some ca's them; sae he was saved the idea of bein' consumed by cannibals."

"What's that cock and bull story?" inquired the stranger; "let's have it, by all means."

"Hear till him," replied Partan, "wi' his cock and bull! It war na sic thing, sir; but a crocodile and an honest

Christian that was in it. It was lang ago, in the year seventy-nine, when Ironhand was making a raid into Hispaniola; we had some unco dour kintra to cross, and mony dark, suspicious braes, wi' uncanny-looking streams below. Weel, for the maist pairt we marchit well thegither, for we ken't that all creation, man and beast, war as well keepit at a distance; but now and then a daredevil would rin out of line to pu' a banany, or speer after the Indian lassies, or some siccan refreshment; and one Bacalho, a Portingale, strayed away a bit, and thocht to make a short cut to join on to us. When we campit for the nicht he was missing, however, and some of us went to look for him; and after a long time searching about, we heard him swearing, as usual wi' him, but only in a faintish voice. At last we fand him, by the aid of moonlight, on the bank of a deep stream. He had dragged himsel' by his arms (for his legs were spoilt) to the foot of a tree, and pullin' a dice-box out o' his pocket, he was playin' one hand again' the other to amuse himsel'. A great crocodile was lying near, quite dead; and eh, sirs! but the Portingale was vera proud of having killed him. Afore he said aught of himsel', he just began to glorify in the death of the beastie. It ran after him, he said, and caught him by the legs, and tried to carry him to the water, munching his legs as he went along for refreshment; and the Portingale stabbed out baith the beast's e'en; but it wadna let go, and sae it dragged himsel' almost to the water edge; when the Portingale, getting really vexed, driv' the point of his dirk, by a great effort, into the creetur's brain, and so he killed him. 'But,' he added, 'I doot me I have paid sair for the fun.' So when we carried him to the camp, the surgeon found the legs chawed away, sae that he could na tell the bit banes from the flesh, nor the marrow frae the fat. Puir fellow! naething could be done for him but to make his end pleasing, and it took twa quarts of rum to effect that, for he was aye hard to liquor; but fortunately he had a strang thirst upon him by reason of the fever of his wound."

Partan had many such stories, which seemed to prove that the buccaneers were very unlike the rest of the human race in power of passive endurance, as well as in more active bravery.

The stranger who had been rescued from the Solway

would have been qualified to belong to such a band, if one might judge from the appearance of hardihood exhibited in his countenance, and of *hardness* (as that term is used in hunting phraseology) in his frame. There was mingled with all this, an air of grace and courtliness that contrasted curiously with the sterner characteristics of the man. He evidently was not wanting in that refinement which is only acquired by intercourse with polished society. His usually reckless confident manner he could change in a moment into one of winning softness; and his scornful and sarcastic tone into those of sentiment or tender passion. He had evidently seen much of the best and worst of life, and was qualified to play his part in either.

Such was the character of a man, very celebrated in his day: his portrait represents him with a profusion of light brown hair and moustaches, dark piercing eyes, and a figure of the most exact proportions consistent with great strength.

Tinwald, like most generous, unselfish people, was prone to what is now called hero-worship. He was easily blinded, by what seemed noble and magnanimous, to the specious vices that often lie hidden under those magnificent masks. The gallant bearing of this stranger, his courtesy to the old laird, his active and energetic mind, and above all, his familiarity with foreign lands, gave him at once a deep interest in the young student's eyes.

"L'esprit léger impose toujours sur l'esprit méditatif," says a cunning observer of human nature; and the truth of the aphorism was manifested in the case of these two men. The stranger soon perceived his advantage and endeavoured to turn it to good account. His practised observation assured him that Tinwald, though young and inexperienced, possessed a mind of no common order; and, though with far different aspirations, it was as active and ambitious as his own. For some days he appeared to be quite contented with his new friend's companionship, while at intervals he would give himself up with characteristic ardour to field sports. He was an unerring shot, and soon was able to kill a salmon with any angler in the stewartry. His excursions became longer each day; and at the end of a fortnight, Tinwald was not quite well pleased to hear from Partan that he had become a frequent visitor at the Peel-house.



"In truth," said the sailor, "I wad we had left yon chiel upon the wreck. He's na gude company for auld Tam, and waur for the young leddie. But the interlouser has got hold on Tam's weak point, and says he'll gang ower sea and fetch for him the buried treasure, and what not."

"And who or what do you suppose this singular man to be?" Tinwald inquired anxiously.

"I suppose just nothing," replied Partan; "I'm weel sure it 'll be ane o' the Brethren o' the Coast, as they ca' themselves; he kens the Spanish Main and the Indian islan's as weel as mysel' amais; and there's other tokens that I'm no free to spak' on."

"Then the sooner he goes after this treasure the better," observed Paterson. "What can he find to delay him in this stricken country? It must seem dull enough to a man who has seen so much of the world and lived so stirring a life as he has done."

"Aiblins he thought of some ither treasure," groaned Partan. "It's no aften in gay places that gay gowd lays hid."

It occurred now to Tinwald that somehow or other it was his duty to see how his guest was going on at the village. He had been instrumental in any danger that might accrue from the presence of the stranger there, and misgivings as to his true character began to suggest themselves. In short he loved Alice as well or better than ever he did; and though he had resolved to sacrifice that love, and even took a certain stern pleasure in trampling down all insurgent happy thoughts of her, he still persuaded himself it was his *duty* to watch over her!

It was quite time that her father should have some assistance in that office. The stranger had been heartily welcomed to Tam's chimney-corner; for, fond of money as he was, the old man had never been able to rid himself of his native Scottish disposition to hospitality. The stranger availed himself of this with frankness and heartiness, and appeared to feel as perfectly at home in Tam's house as he made himself everywhere else. An air of superiority, however, manifested itself in everything he did; and if Tam, notwithstanding all his own shrewdness, stood in awe of the unassuming and courteous Tinwald, still more was he impressed by the off-hand commanding



manner of his new guest. This was laid aside whenever he addressed Alice; then his observations were more pointed, his voice subdued; and all his bearing towards her evidenced an appreciation of her sex in general and of her own peculiar excellence.

Shortly after their first acquaintance, Tam, anxious to fathom his guest by the soundings he was best acquainted with, challenged him to a potent bowl of Glasgow punch. The stranger willingly accepted the invitation, and Tam soon found himself beaten at his own weapon. Unconsciously won upon by the stranger's conversational powers, he forgot his usual caution; he first grew garrulous, then very drunk, and his guest obtained from him all the information he desired. Partan had still sooner succumbed to his evil genius, and before an hour, the stranger left both the old seamen in a state of unconsciousness; gazing at one another across the table with an air of stupid reproach, as their conqueror walked off without the slightest apparent result of the deep potations he had quaffed. He then sat down by Alice, who was spinning in the porch, and soon engrossed her attention by stirring narratives of many a wild adventure, related as if they had been matters of every-day life, which indeed they were to him.

After that evening, Tam tried to resume his caution and reserve, but it was too late; his guest spoke with unrestrained freedom of Tam's affairs, and even of the Deadman's Isle. He offered to take the Bonito and to pick up the buried treasure, in the most frank and easy manner imaginable; declaring there was no more difficulty in the expedition, than in a cruise across the Solway, and that it would afford but a slight return for his preservation and kind reception.

The stranger thenceforth had become a favoured guest at the Peel-house; and it soon appeared that in his confident attempt at conquest, he had himself been conquered, notwithstanding all his experience and knowledge of the world, by the simple village girl. He devoted himself to her whenever he obtained an opportunity. He addressed her in his most earnest and impressive voice; he sought to invest his very ambiguous profession with a chivalrous and romantic interest in her eyes; and he sang to her wild but

melodious sea-songs, that had already won many a heart for him in far other scenes.

Alice, however, was amused and interested, but nothing more. The brilliant stranger won her attention and innocent admiration; but her inner thoughts were still with the gentle and melancholy student; all the more, perhaps, because he had now withdrawn himself almost wholly from her society. Formerly he had been used to visit the old castle of Caerlaverock every evening at sunset, but he was now no longer seen there. And Alice, pained and surprised, but helpless, grew gradually pale and pensive; whilst the stranger claimed in his heart her pallor as the white flag of surrender to his suit.

Thus matters stood, when Partan communicated his suspicions to Tinwald in the manner we have described. The old sailor considered the matter of so much importance, that he made it the occasion of his first visit to the Manor-house. As he was returning to the village, rather the worse for whisky, he met the subject of his suspicion, who at once turned with him and joined his walk.

"Master Partan," began the stranger, "you and I have met before, in a very different place. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," was the laconic reply.

"And you know me?" resumed the stranger. "Come, speak up, man, and don't be afraid."

Partan looked at his questioner with a glance, for a moment as haughty as his own. "Afeerd!—and why for? I would I had sae little to do wi' my fear, as to throw it awa' upon sic as you or any mortal man. I *do* ken ye, CAPTAIN LAWRENCE; and I ken ye for as bauld and bluidy-handed a chiel as ever sailed 'neath the Red Flag."

The stranger answered with a light-hearted laugh; and giving Partan a familiar slap upon the shoulder, turned along the cliffs which there overhang the Frith. The old sailor limped rather unsteadily along the narrow and dangerous path, forgetful of all things but that which now filled his mind.

"Yes, yes!" he resumed; "I mind ye ower weel. I mind ye when first ye joined us, a pretty lad, wi' a saft singing voice; and years after, when ye joined us at Tortuga, as captain of the Tiger; and at the plunder o' Vera Cruz,

whare ye carried aff that puir bonny Spanish lassie, and hid her awa' in the woods there. An' I mind muckle mair, too, that I wad hae tell't lang syne to ithers but for the aith of the Brotherhood, whilk I'm fule eneuch to be bound by—but no too far; and I tell ye the now, Captain Lawrence, that if ye darken this puir village langer than ye need to provision and gang away in the Bonito, I'll pitch the aith back to the deil wha deveesed it."

"Nay, nay! old friend," rejoined the Captain, "you had better go and deliver back your oath in person!" And so saying, he flung the old seaman from the cliff into the sea. As he fell through the air uttered no cry; but his look of despair struck even Lawrence, who crossed himself whilst he followed the body with his eyes.

"It's strange," he muttered to himself, as he strode away, "how living ashore corrupts men. I remember that old caittiff as bold a flibustier as ever handled a cutlass. He can't have been above half-a-dozen years here, and yet he has learned to preach like a Puritan, and die with a look that sickens me. 'Drunken dog! he tumbled over the cliff in his liquor,' the honest bumpkins here will say. No one saw us meet, and I shall resume my *chasse*."

The stranger turned inland over the hills, and pursued his sport. Partan had truly recognised him as Lawrence, the most youthful, daring, and successful of the buccaneering captains of his day. Born in Paris, of good family, he was endowed with great talents, and had acquired all the accomplishments of the time; he had fallen into bad society, committed murder, been condemned to die; reprieved on account of his high birth, he was transported, and sold as an *engagé*.\* He had soon acquired sufficient consideration to

\* The *engagés* were a sort of apprentices. They were generally criminals whose punishment had been commuted to transportation to the French colonies in the West Indies. If they happened to be sold to the planters, their fate was generally cruel enough; and the mortality, caused by their forced labour under a tropical sun, was very great. But those sold to the buccaneers led a life of incredible hardship and suffering. Slaves of the most reckless irresponsible tyrants, sharers in all their desperate encounters, and only permitted to feed on the offal left after their banquets, their lot was far worse than that of the dogs whose condition and estimation they shared. Nevertheless, having served their term of apprenticeship (generally three years), their masters were bound to furnish them with a dress, a knife, a



become a buccaneer, and his career thenceforth was one of uninterrupted success. His daring was conspicuous even among the desperadoes of the coast, and an approach to chivalrous feeling and conduct which he had occasionally displayed, gave romance to his character. He loved music and poetry, and had always a band of trumpets and other instruments on board his ship. After a brilliant career, he had been decoyed to Holland by his rival freebooter, the celebrated Van Horne, who made his wife write to invite him thither. He had been forced to fight the injured husband, had killed him, and was being transported to slavery in one of the Dutch settlements, when he was wrecked in the Solway. He is now pursuing some wild-fowl on the Nith, while his victim is lying on the Solway shore; and so we leave them.

## CHAPTER XII.

\* \* \* How hard it seem'd to me  
When eyes, love-languid, through half tears, would dwell  
One earnest, earnest moment upon mine;  
Then not to dare to see! When thy low voice  
Faltering, would break its syllables—to keep  
My own full-toned—hold passion in a leash—  
And not leap forth and fall upon thy neck!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It was fortunate, perhaps, for the supremacy that Tinwald still possessed in the affections of Alice, that he had entirely withdrawn himself from her society. He did not, therefore, enter into personal rivalry with the accomplished stranger; and the being of her own imagination was naturally superior to any actual individual, in the esteem of the young village beauty. If she ever appeared to lend a willing ear to the stranger, or too willingly permitted his companionship, it was in the dangerous hope of re-awakening in

musket, and ammunition. They generally then became buccaneers on their own account, and as they must have had extraordinary stamina to survive their probation, they often became renowned ruffians.



the young laird the interest with which he had, until lately, regarded all that related to her. Still he held aloof from her. She was never absent from the old castle at sunset, but he was never there; and it was strange how lonely the absence of one person could make it feel! Then she found out that he was often there at other times, and she thought it was not, perhaps, altogether for the ruin's sake that he still haunted the old trysting-place. She thought if she could only once see him, that all would be right again. She could not account for his estrangement; but with her faith in the nobleness of his nature, she would not attribute it to any reason that she ought to resent. Therefore she, too, began to frequent the old castle at unusual hours. In the innocence and singleness of her own heart, she saw no wrong in seeking the presence of one who possessed it wholly. Wayward and wilful she was, and perhaps not without a spice of native coquetry; but in her love she was simple and truthful as a child.

Partan had left Tinwald in an uncomfortable mood. He then felt more keenly than ever the sacrifice he had made in resigning Alice. It was one thing to give her up romantically; and to fancy, in spite of himself, that she was sharing his regrets; but it was quite another matter to give her up practically, and to see her become perhaps the bride of an unworthy rival. Yet he had no right to interfere with, or even to advise her. He resolved to see her once more, and to judge for himself before he decided on what course to take. While thus musing, he found himself at the old castle, which lay between his home and the Peel-house. There he sat down in a window-niche, and tried to think dispassionately; but the associations of the place were too much for him, and instead of meditating on the affairs of Alice, he thought of herself alone. How strange it is that a real presence can rudely displace an imaginative one. An ideal Alice was at one moment cherished by Tinwald, and seated by his side. Alice herself, tangible, beautiful, and warm-hearted, stood before him, and instantly the lover was displaced by the philosopher. The grass-grown courts and ivy-muffled walls of the old castle yielded no echo to her light footsteps as she glided in, doubtfully and diffidently, now that she knew the young laird was there. The setting sunlight threw his shadow on

the sward, though he himself remained unseen. She could distinguish his shadowy arm supporting his shadowy head, and both were as motionless as the broken arch above him. She too stood still, hesitating, and doubtful how to approach him. At length she tried to sing a note or two of one of her old songs, as if she thought herself alone; but her voice failed her. Her heart beat painfully; she clasped her hands upon her breast to hush it, and the rustling of her plaidie, in the stillness of all around, roused Tinwald's attention. He looked up, and saw struggling in her lovely countenance love, disappointment, fear. Her pale silent lips, and tearful downcast eyes, told more than voice could have done, had it been in her power to speak: her whole cause, such as it was, was pleaded in a moment. The young philosopher, from his childhood, had practised the sternest self-control, and even now his heart did not betray its life-long discipline. He stifled its strong passion, all the stronger because so repressed; and the hand that was placed on that of Alice had no tremor in it. A meaner mind would have indulged in the luxury of a lover's sorrow,—would have professed its passion, its sacrifice, its despair. He could not doubt that her love was his, but he seemed as if he knew it not.

"Alice," he said, "you and I have long been friends, very kind friends together; but you are no longer the pretty child that might wander without observation wherever and with whomsoever she chose. You are now a comely maiden; the eyes of all our people look up to you and admire you: their tongues, too, may be busy about you if you be not circumspect, and more too; as becomes a young and lovely woman who, having no mother, must be her own guardian. All this means, Alice, that we ought not to meet alone, pleasant as it is to me; and kindly as it is on your part to be content to share your society with one who only waits for an opportunity to leave his own country, perhaps for ever."

By the time that the young stoic had ceased to speak, Alice had recovered herself. Pride came to her assistance; the thought of the wide difference in degree between her and the laird for the first time flashed across her mind, and she answered proudly,—

"Your words sound like reproof, but wherefore, I dinna

ken. I am here to-day; I was here yesterday. This auld ruin has always been as free to me, or any other village lassie, as to any laird or scholar in the land; but if ye think I am trespassing, not on this spot, but on yourself, dinna fash yourself, for mony will be the day before I come again into your cauld shadow. As to your ganging awa',—if you suppose that every lassie that comes to Caerlaverock Castle is rinning after you, you are quite right to escape from them ower sea."

Having thus expressed herself, as she thought, very heroically, Alice, with a proud toss of her comely head, fled from the presence she had so earnestly sought. But quickly as she went, Tinwald could hear the sobs in which her feelings soon found relief: yet he remained motionless.

While this scene was enacting, Lawrence was sitting in Tam's chimney-corner. He thought he might as well hasten his departure, for fear of any possible discovery of Partan's violent death. He now formally proposed to Tam to sail in search of the buried treasure, as soon as the Bonito could be made ready for sea. She had only to run down to Bristol in the first instance, and there she could easily procure a crew and whatever her longer voyage might require. To this proposal Tam assented with a readiness that surprised the buccaneer. But in fact he was impatient to see his guest under weigh: there was no use in refusing him, for Lawrence already knew where the treasure lay, and he was not a man to be baulked of his purpose. And then, as his infirmities increased, Tam's caution gave way to his covetousness. Besides all this, the levity of the stranger, and the unwonted festivities of which he was the occasion at the Peel-house, began to disparage Tam's reputation in the eyes of the serious villagers. Therefore his assent to Lawrence's proposal was given; the latter offering to pledge himself "on the dagger," the buccaneer's most binding oath, for his fidelity and quick return.

"And you know, old friend," he added; "that whatever our pretended faults may be, we never deceive. But there is one important part of the bargain. I love your daughter to distraction. If I bring back this treasure, I must have your leave to marry her—I know what you would say—provided that she's willing, of course. I like her, as I've said;—I like her: I like your country here, your grouse and salmon, and everything in short, except your sermons.



That article, however, won't prevent me from settling down here, and buying a few lairdships; and by keeping clear of that cursed Covenant (I beg your pardon), and taking the sermons in a mild proportion, I think I may prove a very edifying character after all."

Tam was not taken aback by this bold proposal. He desired greatly that his daughter should be a "leddie," and able to hold up her head amongst her mother's haughty kinsfolk. He thought that Lawrence was the most perfect gentleman in the world; and if he had only the possession of the treasure which lay buried in Deadman's Isle, to back his dashing manner and appearance, Tam did not see why he should not hold up his own and his wife's head, with those of any in the land.

"To be sure," he thought, "the man drinks a hantle spirits, but he never confuses his head; and then he swears in an awfu' way, but it's only the habit of the seas; and he lo'es na the kirk, but then that's for lack o' knowledge, and nae doot he'll take to it weel gin he is mair sib wi' it. After a', if the lassie dinna like him, no harm's done; and he may as weel gang to sea in a good humour wi' us a', to bring him back agin."

Hereupon the bargain was ratified as usual with a deep carouse. Lawrence sallied out of the smuggler's house in high spirits, flushed though not flustered with the potations which had scarcely left his host sense enough to guide him to bed. As the sanguine sailor strode along the lane, shadowed by sweetbriars, that still leads to Caerlaverock Castle, he beheld Alice, sorrow-stricken and dejected, returning home. In such a state, woman's mind becomes plastic, her wounded pride is grateful to the first healing words of kindness, and flattery cannot spread her meshes at a more dangerous moment. The sailor approached her with ardour, tempered by sympathy for her distress, to which, however, except by his manner, he made no allusion. He little guessed or cared for the cause, but his knowledge of human nature told him it was favourable to his views. He instantly subdued his own nature to Alice's mood; his daring eyes were downcast, his manly and sonorous voice was sunk to a low deep tone, his usually reckless bearing was exchanged for one of diffidence. For some time he walked by his intended victim in silence; then he apologised almost timidly for having intruded on



her privacy, but added that he was about to leave Scotland immediately, and sought for this opportunity to take leave. Then, seeming to gain courage as he proceeded, he hurried into an eloquent rhapsody of love, declared that he had her father's permission for doing so, spoke of himself as a lost, wild, hopeless wanderer, who might yet be saved if one pure and noble spirit would take pity on him, feel for him, and—and *pray* for him! Alice was so completely taken by surprise that she did not venture to speak, or even to look up; if she had, she would have detected an ironical curl on her lover's lip, as he wound up his appeal to her mercy and her love with that last word.

But poor Alice in her simplicity believed it all: it was too much in accordance with what was in her own truthful heart to be doubted. It was the sort of appeal which most surely comes home to a woman,—for she delights in conversion, the darker the criminal, the greater of course the triumph. Moreover Lawrence was handsome, daring, brilliant in conversation, and full of that fire which is catching as the real element. To sum up in a few words the result of a long dialogue, Alice consented to his suit, she scarcely knew how or why. Poor child! such revenge was her one weapon against him she loved, and she madly used it;—though, like the bee, its power of inflicting pain was purchased by its own destruction. If Lawrence's keen observation had ever detected any kindly feeling on the part of Alice towards a rival, he now forgot it, or appeared to do so. He went straight to Tinwald. He told him joyously, and in the same breath, of his betrothal, and of his intended expedition; at the same time he urged his friend warmly to accompany him to the Spanish Main; to visit that new world of which he had often spoken with such enthusiastic desire to behold.

There is a wide difference between voluntarily abandoning an object, and having it wrested from us without hope of recall. This Tinwald now keenly felt; though he might have expected that Alice at some future period would become another's wife, he was not prepared for such a sudden transfer of her affections. In his ignorance of woman, he could not imagine that Alice's acceptance of Lawrence, only proved, however paradoxically, the strong recoil of her affection when flung back from himself: a great passion is far more unmanageable than a petty one.

Tinwald paused before he replied ; and when he spoke, it was of the expedition only. In the bitterness of his heart, he grasped eagerly at the remote and romantic danger and excitement of scenes he would formerly have sought in a philosophic spirit. The political efforts in which he had taken part, for the renovation of his country, seemed now unavailing : Fletcher of Saltoun, and the other leaders, had expatriated themselves. For all these reasons he assented to the buccaneer's proposal, provided that he could obtain his father's permission to do so ; and he thus completed Lawrence's triumph. The sailor not only appreciated the assistance and the society of his new friend, but he secretly did not quite relish the idea of leaving him behind with Alice.

A day of anxious thought and painful presentiment followed for Tinwald. A wide gulf seemed suddenly to have yawned between his past and future life. He shrank from the thought of leaving his father, but his destiny appeared to him to demand that sacrifice ; he might return ere long ; he might have it in his power to repair the fortunes of his house, which he had recently learned were utterly broken. At length evening was come : it was the rich, mellow evening of a Scotch autumnal day. The sunset illuminated with its glory every spot on which it fell — firth, glade, woodland, and promontory. All that lay in light was golden ; all that lay in shadow was purple or deep violet. Even the formal old manor-house grew picturesque, as the last rays of sunlight ruddily flushed its narrow windows, and threw its high gables into fantastic shadows. Behind this mansion rose a lofty hill, purpled towards its summit with heather, and flecked lower down with corn-fields and patches of oak and birch copse. Below, lay the Solway, now stilled into sympathy with the calm sky above it and gleaming like silver, except towards its southern margin, where the undulations of the English coast were mapped upon its surface.

The old laird was, according to custom, sitting on the stone bench in front of the manor-house, his frame bent forward, his hands resting on his cane ; he seemed gazing on the vast and magnificent view that lay spread before him, but he saw nothing ; his whole soul was turned inward to its own sad visions, as he hearkened to his son's earnest pleading for permission to enter upon the life of

adventure towards which his inclination drew him. This was a sudden change for the old laird's prospects to undergo. He had persuaded himself that his son had become reconciled of late to the country life he led : he even hoped that he might still enter the ministry : when suddenly that son reveals to him that his heart is as strongly as ever set upon the pursuit of a vague and distant career, full of danger and obscurity, and that the opportunity of commencing it is even now impending. In a few short moments the father was called upon to cancel the schemes of many years, and strive to rebuild them upon a widely-different foundation. He reflected, however, that the youth's heart was in his words ; that it still smarted from his contradictions of its dearest wish ; that he had himself exhausted his patrimony, and left to his heir the necessity of making his own way in life. And the poor lad's prayer was modest ; it was only "to be allowed to seek his fortune ; to go forth upon the world unfettered, and free to follow whatever path destiny might open to him : he trusted that a short absence might suffice, and that he might then return to his father's home, happy with the glory of having done some good to those distant nations who had long possessed his sympathies ; and perchance be blessed, moreover, with such worldly wealth as was needed to restore his family to its ancient condition. This plan, which the young man's ardour already thought was consummated, his father received with such sorrowful misgivings as years and disappointment had instilled. The more glorious the visions of the sanguine youth, the more gifts and capabilities he displayed, the more did the old man mourn for the waste to which he believed them doomed.

To be brief. The force of youth and of paternal love prevailed over the father's weakness and the father's fear. The consent was obtained. The youth hastened away to make his preparations ; his thoughts, in their tumultuous career, trampling down the memory of Alice, and unmindful, because ignorant, of the broken hopes and well-nigh broken heart of him whom he was about to abandon. Thus it has always been, and thus it must ever be ; otherwise there would be little progression in our race, and youth's active energies would be bounded by the narrow orbit and cautious slowness of old age.



The old laird watched with mournful eyes his son as he strode forth, endeavouring in some measure to disguise the buoyancy which gratified desire imparted to his steps. Suddenly some kindred feelings of hopefulness gleamed across the old man's care-worn countenance, and his son was called back.

"Willie, lad!" he exclaimed, laying his thin hand upon the strong arm, that he hoped would have been as the staff of his age; "Willie, I hae been thinking that aiblins I was wrang in crossing your luv for Alice Graeme. She's a bonnie lassie, and douce and gude; and tho' by her father's side she has nae gentle bluid, she may hae as muckle gentleness in her heart as wad make her husband happy; for it's a' gentleness that does it. What need we mair, Willie? Tak' her now, wi' my blessing, and ye needna fash yoursel' anent the kirk, but bide till Heaven, in its ain gude time, gie ye a ca'. And ye sal just hae the Lang Farm to begin wi', and try your new-fangled practices wi' the iron pleugh and a'. On siccan land it maun do na less than keep ye the untill your ain gude brains sal make ye better means. What need o' mair? Stay wi' us, my laddie, in our auld house, and be happy. And gie up yon fearfu' sea to sic as be ca'd of Providence to its fearfu' venture. There, now, gie us your hand, Willie! We'll hae your kind and winsom lassie amangst us yet; and ye'll be true till her, as ye hae been to me, and your comely face will shine on me thro' the gloamin o' life, and it will licht the dark passage o' death for your puir auld foolish father."

The laird paused, and bent his face over the hand he clasped, as though afraid to lose it. Some gray hairs, moved by the evening breeze, swept over it, and more than one small tear oozed out from the dim old eyes. The son could not—dared not—resist this kindly-meant entreaty. The pang of disappointment that for a moment wrung his heart was manfully stifled. His scheme suddenly appeared to him to be selfish and unjustifiable; and when he retired for the night with his father's blessing and gratitude, he felt almost reconciled to live and die on his mortgaged patrimony, and in sight of Sandilee, with the lost treasure it contained.

The next morning he set out for Dumfries, and gladly exchanged, during a few days, the councils of the dis-



comforted patriots, for the scenes that he had left behind him in his peaceful-looking home.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Yes, give me but my choice, I'd be a bird ;  
But it must be an Osprey—a sea-king !  
Wherever gale awoke, or billow stirr'd,  
Breasting the tempest ; ever on the wing !  
Steering, when winter frown'd, to seek the spring,  
By “ vext Bermoothes,” or some Indian shore.

*Modern Orlando.*

LAWRENCE meanwhile had been exerting his extraordinary energies in getting the Bonito ready for sea. In this Partan's skill was greatly missed ; but the absence of the poor fellow himself was of little interest to any one in the village except Alice, between whom and Tinwald he formed a curious link. She, however, knew nothing of the mystery that attached to his fate. Since the hour that she parted from Lawrence, she had shut herself up in her room in sadness and sickness of heart. Tam made some few inquiries about his old comrade when he missed the key of the locker in the little craft that had so long served poor Partan as a home. And Madden Ray and young Swilltap, from curiosity, explored the adjacent shore, where it was supposed he had fallen in one of his drunken fits. Tinwald, no doubt, would have made a more energetic and wider search had he not been absent from home and ignorant of the sailor's disappearance. But no trace was discovered of the lost sailor ; and, after a day or two, his melancholy existence was forgotten.

The buccaneer had hitherto failed in procuring any seamen for such an ambiguous voyage as that to which the Bonito was destined. Young Swilltap, for various reasons, would fain have enrolled himself under his command, but his father would not hear of such a sacrifice. At last, Lawrence succeeded in discovering a couple of “ run ” sailors who were skulking about the coast, and with these men he declared himself ready to proceed immediately to the southward. His only avowed destination, as we before stated,

was Bristol; but he was not the sort of man to lay down for himself any law beyond the hour. Tam endeavoured to expedite his departure by supplying all his needs with unwonted liberality. His regard for what was left of his reputation concurred with his greed of gold in wishing his guest well away. The good people of Sandilee tolerated freely their own smuggling seamen; but the irregularities of this "interlouping captain," as they called him, brought not a little scandal on his entertainer. For though the stranger himself seemed to be beyond the reach of the influence of any liquors, however potent, he took a strange pleasure in promoting intoxication in every one else. He was a prime boon companion; and under his spell the most simple act of good fellowship soon expanded into downright orgies. Night after night, songs of by no means a serious cast, were heard issuing from Tam's domicile; and as often as the manly melodious strains with which Lawrence entertained his new followers were heard, a considerable number of villagers assembled to lament over them, and—listen to them.

One Friday night, Lawrence and his seamen, together with Swilltap and Madden Ray (who had been latterly seduced by the buccaneer into his revels), were assembled in the Peel-house for the last time. On the morrow they were to sail.

Tam's old parlour was once more lighted up by the fire blazing to the widest extent of the arched chimney; the oak table once more was furnished with all that mountain stills could produce of potent and fragrant beverages. At one end of the festive board sate Tam, grim and sententious; opposite was Lawrence, with his eyes of fire, and his ever-ready and impetuous flow of words—words that might have kindled dangerous resolves in better-regulated minds than those which there bowed before him. He was excited at the prospect of enterprise that once more opened before him. He intended, for his wild sense of honour's sake, to be true in the matter of the treasure; but before and after it was reached, there was a wide margin of possibilities. Even the thoughts of Alice grew dim before the ambition that revived in his ardent heart. He had not seen her since his declaration; he had been informed that he *was* not to see her, and he scarcely cared. But he flung

open the window to let in the sea-breezes that he loved, not perhaps without a hope that some words of his parting song might reach her ear. Then, in order to inspire his comrades with his own spirit of expectation, he raised his voice, and sang nearly as follows :

“ Come, comrades of right metal, with hearts and hands of steel ;  
Come swell one chorus merrily, though it be a parting peal :  
For the voices troll’d together now, must never blend again  
Till we’ve won red gold and glory on the distant Spanish Main.

“ Oh, pleasant are the islands that stud those glorious seas !  
Where spicy groves and honey’d flowers shed perfume on each breeze ;  
Where luscious fruits to meet us bend ; and woman’s fondest wiles  
Woo us, in vain, to linger in those soft luxurious isles.

“ There the wild bull bides our bullet, and the turtle waits our spear ;  
And the richest wines of plunder’d Spain inflame our jovial cheer.  
But these are not the joys we seek beneath the tropic sky ;  
Or, when we’ve quaffed them for an hour, to fiercer sports we fly.

“ For hoarded in those islands, and floating on those seas,  
Is boundless wealth in fortress towers and well-mann’d argosies.  
And the gold that has been garner’d thro’ lives of slavish toil  
Is the guerdon of one gallant hour, the rover’s rightful spoil.

“ Let the Spaniard man his fortress, and arm his brave galleon,\*  
The foeman’s struggle to keep his gold enhances the bright boon :  
For the prize that’s undefended, be it girl or golden gear,  
Is like carrion to the eagle and repels the Buccaneer.

“ But we lack nor strife, nor guerdon, for whereso’er we go  
We’ve the Spaniard for a booty and the world for a foe.  
Then where’s the life afloat, ashore—the calling, the career,  
To suit brave hearts like the roving life of the gallant Buccaneer ?”

The applause that followed this wild ditty was very subdued among those to whom it was addressed ; whilst the listeners gathered round the window were as vehement in its condemnation as if it had been delivered for their approval. Young Swilltap alone ventured to uphold its merits, on the strength of his father being engaged in the Peel-house, and declared that it stirred up his “ buzzom like a sow-wester did the Solway.” But notwithstanding the reprehension of the villagers, the festivity continued until they were vain to retire ; and through sheer weariness, to

\* Pronounced “galloon.”



leave uncriticised the further proceedings of Tam and his guests. Just as they were about to withdraw from the post of observation, however, they saw their young laird enter the Peel-house; and great was the astonishment expressed at "a decent man like him joining sic campsteery doing." But when he entered, the orgies ceased. Soon afterwards, Tinwald and the captain were seen strolling together along the moonlit shore; and the ire of the villagers was once more roused by the sailors, as they staggered towards their boat, roaring out a well-known song of the day:

"Each port and each town  
We still make our own,—  
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagân;  
Guadaloupe, Senegal,  
Quebec's mighty fall,  
Shall prove we've no equal in man.

Once more Lawrence endeavoured to shake Tinwald's resolution. He tried in vain, for it was founded on duty; and besides the young laird no longer felt himself attracted by the stranger. Whether it was that the true character of the man and of his profession had discovered itself, or that a sense of rivalry had inspired an unacknowledged repugnance, Tinwald rejoiced when the hour of their separation approached. He had promised to see Lawrence once more before his departure; he had come at the last hour to keep this appointment.

"Well," said the buccaneer; "if you are determined to stay behind, accept the deepest mark of confidence I can bestow. Believe me, that with my knowledge of mankind, there are few whom I could so trust under such circumstances. To your guardianship, my friend, I bequeath my Alice" (Tinwald shuddered at the expression, but was silent).

"I love her," resumed the sailor, "with a devouring unaccountable love. 'Tis strange that I never felt a passion before that deserved the name! At this moment I would willingly forego, for her sake, the life I have so long led, the career I have so long gloried in. Nay, if I now leave her, it is only in the hope to win for her a more honourable name. Once restored to the Brethren of the Coast, and upheld by such a motive, I can look forward to any prize that valour ever won upon the seas. One or two dashing



exploits may place me in a much higher position than that lout Morgan, who received a government and a title from the people whom he had forced to fear him. If the fates befriend me, I shall soon have such a name to offer to Alice as may make men wonder, not at my presumption, but at my generosity."

All this grated sorely on Tinwald's ear; but he kept its bitterness to himself, and contented himself with gravely advising the rover to alter his habits and his character, (if possible,) as the first step towards qualifying himself to be come the husband of an honest girl.

"That's all very well in talk, but impossible in practice," replied Lawrence. "Why, man, were I to join the Brethren with the cant and character of your long-winded preachers here, I should be laughed at, deposed from command, and have my throat cut before I was a week among 'em. No, no; carnal weapons (as your friends here call 'em) are the only weapons for carnal men. When the career is run, and the battle done, we may strike sail and overhaul our conscience. Till then, the Red Flag must be our banner, and nailed to the mast-head. But I had need be gone; the moon will soon set, and we must haul out to get an offing before the tide turns. Your Solway is not to be trifled with, and it seems to have swallowed up that sour old Partan, who could have piloted us out in any weather."

"What has happened to him, poor fellow?" exclaimed Tinwald. "I have not seen him since my return."

"Nor any one else," replied Lawrence, coolly. "He has stowed himself away in Davy Jones's locker, I suspect. But here's the boat. Farewell."

The buccaneer leaped on board, waved his cap theatrically towards the Peel-house, where, in the highest window, his keen eye could distinguish a female form, and the next moment he was cleaving the water towards the schooner.

Tinwald was too much shocked on hearing of Partan's fate, to think much about his parting guest; and he returned hastily towards the Peel-house, where lights were still burning, to make some inquiries about the old sailor.

Alice had been watching all that passed from her window in the tower. The moon was then shining, bright and clear, and she could perceive the two men standing by the

shore. She still thought that Tinwald was about to take his departure with the buccaneer, and that he was only returning to her father's house for something that had been forgotten. She thought that it was even possible he might wish to see her, the companion of other days, once more before he went away: yielding to the happy delusion, and obeying its impulse, she went to meet him in the porch. Women, even the most timorous, are often more adventurous in such exigencies than stout-hearted men: and Alice seemed now to have lost all sense of timidity:—poor child! she felt that it was the turning point of her destiny. Tinwald would have passed her by with a formal salute, but she laid her little hand upon his arm, and the touch arrested him like a spell. Her dark eyes, full to the brim of unshed tears, were fixed on his.

"And is it true?" she exclaimed; "and are you gangin' awa' ower the far seas and among bluidy-minded men, and a' without one parting look—one little word?"

The unsophisticated girl drew nearer to her lost lover as she spoke; her tears spread over her long lashes, and at last dropped slowly and unconsciously, as she still gazed on Tinwald's pale, unmoved countenance. He did not trust himself to speak, and she continued, as if she felt again reproved.

"Why should I be shamed to speak—I, who always told you my heart's own truth? I know they have told you that I'm trothed to another. Wae's me! it's ower true. But it was words—words only—Tinwald, and few of them—that gaed to the Southron sailor; and sure there was some spell upon me, or he'd never hae got sae muckle as that. My first, last love, was ever where it was born, and must die."

So saying, the ignorant girl in the abandonment of her grief laid her head, heavy with all its glossy hair, upon his breast, and sobbed to her foolish heart's content; too happy, she thought, if her grief, thus pillowed, could last for ever!

Tinwald loved; and the glow of unexhausted youth, was fervid in his veins; but his chivalrous sense of honour had been formed from old books, rather than from living men. He came of the stern race which had furnished Puritans and martyrs, accustomed to prize a victory over temptation as dearly as ever did conqueror over a human foe. And

then he could not and would not forget that Alice was the plighted bride of another. The very strength of the trial roused his spirit to battle with and triumph over it; he slowly—very slowly, it must be owned—disengaged himself from the too trusting and dangerous embrace; and his countenance maintained its unmoved though melancholy expression, as Alice recoiled into an attitude of pride that became her graceful girlish form well.

“Alice!” he said, gently, “I am *not* going away. I have just promised to stay and bide with my father,—and the hope of distant travel, with other hopes, is dead within me. But, Alice, I might as well be away, as far as regards all that has ever passed between you and me in the happy days of your free childhood. I thank you for your love; but it must be a sister’s love; so that when the Southron comes back, both you and I may meet him with honest faces. Yes, lassie! I would not see a blush of shame upon that cheek for all the joy that woman ever gave to man; and I would rather know thee the spotless, true-hearted wife of another, than my own bride, if any wind of heaven could whisper a reproach of you.”

The young stoic pressed the hand of Alice kindly, and turned to depart, forgetful of all his other purposes. Once more, however, he was arrested, not by the touch, but by the grasp of his lost love. Now no tear was in her eye—no supplication in her attitude—no pleading in her voice. She stood erect and proudly, and her eyes shone with indignant fire as she flung back her dishevelled hair from her brow, to set those glances free.

“Tinwald!” she exclaimed, “they always told me you were proud and cold-hearted, but I would not believe it. I am punished,—I am punished for my faith in you. I thought your gentle blood must give you gentle feeling; and never, never thought that you could triumph over, and trample on a poor, lone, motherless girl’s feelings, and put her to shame at her own door. Go your way, now,—you’ll hardly be stopped again by love as true as mine.”

And Tinwald, strange as it may seem to some of us, *did* turn away; and the sound of his firm tread along the darkening shore was long audible. Then Alice sank upon her knees, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break; and that poor forlorn heart loved Willie better than ever it



had done before. She felt that he was nobly sustaining the heroic character with which her imagination delighted to invest him; and though the thought aggravated her humiliation when contrasted with her own conduct, her consciousness scarcely amounted as yet to a sense of error.

Poor Alice now, indeed, felt the want of a mother's care. Her teachers had acted conscientiously in storing her mind with the usual amount of knowledge: they had trained her in most of the external proprieties of life; but from those instructions, all that relates to the government of the affections had been excluded as indecorous. In her father's home she had much leisure for solitary musing, and no friend to direct its tendency; thus, that insidious guest "first love," found easy entrance to her unguarded heart: and it is no wonder that when a storm arose therein, instinctive perceptions of right and wrong were for the time obscured.

The next morning there was no more trace of the schooner than of the scene that had taken place in Tam's porch. The little vessel was sailing away, nevertheless, cheerily dashing aside the waves that opposed her course; and Tinwald, equally invisible to Alice, was holding *his* course steadily onward, dashing aside every caitiff thought that interfered with its rectitude.

A month passed on, and the recollection of the Bonito seemed only to live in the avaricious hopes of Tam, the fears of Tinwald, and the remorse of Alice, who wished a thousand times a day that she had never seen the pirate's face. Tinwald appeared to devote all his strong energies to agricultural pursuits and country interests. He cast aside the reserve and seclusion that had distinguished his youth, and now mingled freely among men, at a time when most people were withdrawing as much as possible into privacy, owing to the persecution that still raged. Then it was, as tradition represents, that he received a requisition from the Whig party to serve in the Scottish Parliament; but he refused, on account of the still declining health of the old laird, who continued to feel as cheered by his presence every morning that he rose, as on the day when his son first abandoned his desires for his duty.

One evening, as Tinwald was returning home, he heard the sound of a strange voice in his father's house. On entering, he found a youth, who had evidently just dis-



mounted from his horse, and had been riding hard, standing by his father's side. The old man had covered his face with his hands, and was so absorbed in some sudden grief, that he did not perceive his son's entrance; but the stranger turned quickly round and embraced him affectionately.

"Ye'll scarcely remember me, kinsman," he said; "it's so lang since we met, and they tell me I'm something grown. Wae's me that I bring bad news; but a friend of yours, umquhile a cornet in Claverse's dragoons, bade me ride for my life and tell you to fly; they've found some correspondence of yours with Fletcher of Saltoun, and they swear they'll make sure of *you*, though he has escaped them."

The laird raised his eyes to his son: full they were of undying love, that shone with melancholy light on his son's memory in many an after year,—in many a trying scene. Tears were trickling down the old man's wan and wasted features, but he spoke in a firm voice, for the agony of grief was over:

"God's will be done! My son, we maun now part indeed; but I thank Him that He has prepared me for the blow, and that yer heart stays wi' me still. Tak' my blessin', Willie, and bide not a minute langer."

This sudden revulsion of all his prospects might well have shaken even young Tinwald's self-control; but he had been long prepared for danger, and had made all his arrangements with Scotch foresight, having even laid aside a travelling fund out of his scanty resources. He did not hesitate to obey his father; for he well knew, by recent tragical examples, that if he was taken he was lost to him for ever. He was on his road towards the Border, therefore, in an incredibly short time. The sound of his father's blessing lingered still in his ear and on his heart, as he pressed rapidly along the dark but well-known path. His young kinsman rode by his side, but respected his silence, and it was long before he found himself addressed.

"Pardon me, good lad," said the fugitive at last, "that I have given you such scanty thanks for the good service you have rendered me. And now let me ask you how you chanced to be a messenger to me, and whither you are bound?"

"You know," said the youth, "that my father has many money transactions with all parties in these queer times;

and latterly these Church-dragoons have had all their pay through him. I brought certain moneys this morning to Dumfries, to Drummond himself, and I had some business of the same sort to transact with Sir Standon, the young cornet, who is now a close prisoner waiting the king's decision on a court-martial lately held upon him. As soon as he saw me, he called to mind having met you and me together in Edinburgh, and he said to me, 'John Law, your friend Paterson's life and liberty both are in danger. Hire a trusty messenger at any price for me, despatch him on my horse, and tell him to spare it not.' I said if the beastie were a good one, I would like the ride mysel'; whereupon he smiled, and bid me take his Yorkshire mare, and keep her for my trouble. So having settled beforehand what business I had, and sent my servant with notice of it to my father, I spurred off,—and ye may be sure, by the puir mare's looks that I thought more of you than of her. Now, for your second question; the reason I am with you still, is partly to keep you company, and partly to learn of you, whether your intention is to gae beyond seas to the Indies. If so, I am determined to join you and take my chance; so long as I can see strange countries, and especially those lands of gold, I care nothing for danger or discomfort."

"Good lad," replied Tinwald, "you little know what you propose to encounter. And if your fourteen years were doubled, I would still refuse to let you follow me. Your father, John, is well to do and well respected in the world; you have quick talents with good promise before you in your own country. I solemnly adjure you to return to your home and duty. Remember that with your time before you, and your talent, you may be ANYTHING you choose to aspire to."

Much more of the same import Tinwald added; but of all his wise words the last quoted were those that alone sank into the boy's heart, and took root there, and afterwards bore wondrous fruit. After an hour's rapid riding, John Law yielded to his cousin's desire, and returned by bye-paths to his father's house at Lauriston.

Meanwhile Tinwald pursued his lonely way towards the Border. But fearing to be detected there, he stopped at a small village called Dornoch, to disguise himself. Its inha-

bitants were fishermen, who, preparing to go to sea, soon began to assemble on the shore. The persecution which then prevailed, involved almost all the Border Scots in a common cause, and a fugitive was always sure of a kindly welcome, when there were no spies or troopers near. Tinwald in a few words explained his position, and his desire to change clothes with some of the poorly-clad men whom he addressed. To this they readily assented; but as some question arose as to any of their coats fitting him, one of them proposed to take a doublet belonging to the "sick man, who was never likely to want it again."

"Puir fellow!" continued the speaker; "he's lain senseless this month, and ever syne we fand him on the stanes, there's scarce a glimmering o' life in him, but just enough to keep body and soul thegither, and that no for lang, I'm thinking."

This speech excited Tinwald's curiosity; for he had long and vainly sought for some tidings of poor Partan, and the time and circumstance now mentioned seemed to agree with those under which he had disappeared. He begged to be taken to the sufferer's presence,—and at once recognised in the spectral-looking figure before him, the wofully-changed form of his humble friend. The worthy fishermen had found him lying on the rocks at high-water mark as they were coasting home against the tide. He scarcely seemed to breathe, but they took him carefully to their village; laid him in the best cottage's best room, and had since ministered to him as far as their small means and skill enabled them. He had never spoken, and they supposed him to be some foreign sailor, whose ship had been lost among the quicksands.

Tinwald tried to make him speak, but he gave no symptom of intelligence; an occasional long-drawn breath, and a quiver of the closed eyelids, alone showed that he was not the mere corpse he seemed to be. Tinwald's own necessity was too urgent to admit of his remaining long to watch over him. With some difficulty he prevailed on the fisherman to accept remuneration for his care; he desired him to get the best medical assistance he could procure (which was no nearer than Carlisle), and as soon as he was able to be moved, to convey him to the manor-house. At



the same time he wrote a note to his father, bequeathing the old sailor to his care.

That was the last action that the fugitive performed for many a day on Scottish ground. In a few hours he had passed the border by a footpath, in disguise; a fisherman's lad riding his horse forward to meet him in Carlisle.

Of his adventures thence to Bristol we possess no account. We only know, from an old pamphlet in the Bodleian, that he there lodged in the house of a widow, his mother's distant kinswoman. With her he remained for some months, no doubt exercising himself in good offices. It appears that soon afterwards his hostess died, and bequeathed to him her small possessions. The next glimpse that we obtain of him is in a far-away land, under very different circumstances.

---

Here ends Book the First of this veracious history; still more veracious, let me add, as the plot proceeds; for now we are about to leave the transactions of private life, and enter upon scenes of which the world was once cognizant.

Having extracted the foregoing matters from the heterogeneous mass of dates, diaries, letters, and pamphlets that had fallen into my hands; and having, as I thought, displayed much edifying industry in their arrangement, I met my old highland friend at Tibbie Sheils's with some confidence. The attention with which he listened was very earnest, and made me begin to feel that my hastily-assumed responsibilities had been very inefficiently discharged. He heard me to the end, however, and then, with provoking benignancy, observed:

"I hae nae doubt ye hae written yer best, sir. But, besides minor faults which I will no stap to specify, ye hae twa major faults: ye hae ta'en up half the buik wi' the youth o' Tinwald—(or Paterson, as ye suld ca' him.) And, again, yer Scottish dialect is vera imparfect."

"With respect to the first objection," I replied, boldly, "I have but done my duty to the nature of the case. Man's real history is comprised in that part of his life of which we take least notice. What is manhood and age but a series of *dénouemens* of the romance begun in youth,—a con-



tinued extrication of ourselves from more or less false impressions that bewildered and led us astray? As men emerge into manhood, their actions and experiences become their history, and their feelings show less and less upon the surface. The practical grows predominant over the ideal, and they become fitter materials for grave biographers than for us rhapsodists. For the future, you shall find facts enough; but let the fancies (if they deserve the name) stand as they are.

"As to your criticism of my Scotch, I have less to say. No candid critic (except yourself) would expect from a mere Southron perfect command of an undefined and ever-varying dialect,—a semi-barbarous language, which the magic of Scott's genius alone had power to render classical, and which even Burns could not render musical."

"Weel, weel," rejoined the highlander, "let it stand. But dinna ca' barb'rous that true Doric whilk has been the medium to the intellectual warld o' Burns' mind, o' Allan Cunningham's, o' Hogg's, o' the Border Ballads,—not to say o' the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' Ye ought to be more 'shamed o' imperfection in that dialect, as ye ca't, than o' imperfection in the tongue of the French, or ony ither o' our nat'ral enemies. But, to speak o' mair pressin', tho' not mair serious things, here are ye, after near three hundred pages, and ye hae not yet extracted Paterson from his ain hame—frae the cradle o' his real life, as I may ca' it."

"That objection," said I, in a very subdued manner, "will be soon removed. It is seldom that one of your countrymen can be accused of remaining too long in his own country. You know the old distich:

"Had Cain been a Scot, Heaven would have altered his doom;  
Not forced him to wander, but confined him at home."

Again my highlander returned to the attack:—

"Ye'll be makin' that Spaniard the chief man of the story," he objected, "whilk, after a', is no his, but Willie Paterson's. An' it seems to me there's mair true romance in that great man's simple story than in all the fictions that ye can gather out o' Marchants and Morescoes, (as ye misca' them,) to boot."

"My good friend," I replied; "I attempt to give you

not only the history of your countryman, but as much as my poor memory and skill can furnish of his accessories—of the men with whom he worked out his destiny, and the scenes wherein his work was performed; something, in short, of all that makes up the complement of a man, instead of the few naked personal facts that may be found in any biographical dictionary. Allow me, in passing, to observe, that *Moresco* is the term applied to the Moors of Spain, in contradistinction to those of *Barbary*.”

“Weel, weel!” exclaimed the old man, “gang yer ain gait. The puir man that has patience to mak’ a buik, has some claim to the patience o’ him wha only reads it. But, for ony sake, when neist we meet, let’s hear something o’ auld Scotland, insted o’ your pagans and papishes, and a’ their ungospel doings.”

I was obliged to postpone complying with this request in the few following chapters; which at our next meeting I proceeded with to my highlander, as follows.

#### END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

THE NEW WORLD.

---

## CHAPTER I.

Swiftly, through the foaming sea,  
Shoots our vessel gallantly ;  
Still approaching, as she flies,  
Warmer suns and brighter skies.

MEYRICK.

WE turn once more to Spain.

We left Alvarez in the house of Hamet, at Seville, forgetting his sorrows in sleep. His friend Reduan's corpse still hangs suspended over his funeral pyre, warped and blackened with the blaze from which it was yet scarcely cold. The officiating priests have returned to their spiritual functions or carnal refection in the city ; and their edified flocks are dancing the fandango, and making love under the noble trees that line the Guadalquivir. Hamet has hastened away to fulfil his dying fellow-countryman's injunctions. He has learned from Edrisi of the Omarad the story that Alvarez will shudder to hear. Its import is as follows :

Reduan had still retained command of immense treasure, notwithstanding the seizure of his patron's castle. He had bribed his way to the widowed lady ; but beyond one interview, even gold could not avail him. He learned from her that she had been treated with respect, though daily threatened with the torture, being accused of Judaism, of unholy practices, and of defrauding the Spanish crown. All was to be forgiven, and her freedom restored, if she would send for her son : she had refused, and hourly expected to be put to the "Question," as it was called. Reduan knew, from dread experience, that to offer himself as witness, or as substitute for the poor lady, would only ensure his own destruction without benefit to her. He lost some precious days in vainly devising means for her escape ; and the month, during which Alvarez had sworn

to wait for him in the mountains, was nearly expired: the Moresco resolved to make one desperate effort to release the Señora before it ended. He had discovered, in a modest, inoffensive-looking brigantine at Cadiz, a daring captain, and a few resolute men who were ready to follow him "to the jaws of hell," as they expressed it, for the gold which he was equally ready to lavish on them if the enterprise succeeded. Their vessel lay ready to sail; they conveyed themselves to Seville: they followed Reduan to the walls of the Inquisition. Well mounted and armed, they were ready and willing to fight their way to San Lucar; once there, to reach their brigantine seemed to them an easy task. Reduan, disguised as a familiar of the Holy Office, conducted them at midnight to its great, gloomy gate. He was admitted on giving a certain signal and they waited for him for one hour.

They had then fulfilled their contract; they rode away to their boats, and dropped quietly down the river to their ship. Reduan had been betrayed: but the official, whose services he had purchased at an enormous rate, had kept his word; he had introduced him into the cell where the Señora was confined. Her spirit had already been released by a mightier hand. Nothing but her mortal form was left, and that had already resumed, in the repose of death, the exquisite harmony which the fatal rack could no longer distort. Her faithful friend felt almost relieved to see her thus; at last secure from all suffering, beyond the reach of all persecution. Wax tapers stood at the head and feet of the wan unconscious form, and Reduan gazed upon those changed but still lovely lineaments long and earnestly. At length he roused himself from his sad reverie, and turned to depart; but the familiar was gone; the door had closed silently behind him, and he, too, was in the grasp of the Holy Office!

After two days' imprisonment, one of his jailers gave him to understand that his days were numbered, but that if he could ensure him a proportionate reward, he would take a last message to his friends. A scrap of paper, in peculiar cabalistic signs, was thus conveyed at a certain hour to the corner of a certain street, and dropped there in the dust. Crowds of people were passing to and fro; several picked up the bit of paper and flung it down again as worthless.



Edrisi, by previous arrangement, was among the crowd; he, also, picked up the bit of paper, and after a glance at its contents, he, too, flung it down, and it was soon trampled into fragments. But its purpose was fulfilled. Before entering on his desperate undertaking, Reduan had confided to his friend Edrisi all his arrangements, and a packet for Alvarez, containing advice for his future conduct and statements of all the resources that yet remained to his once wealthy house. The brigantine was to wait for Alvarez up to a certain day; but should he come on board, she was immediately to put to sea, and convey him to the New World, whither she was bound. He was further to change his name as a measure of safety.

Such were the revelations of Edrisi: we need not follow Hamet to his home, or observe their effect on young Alvaro as we shall henceforth call him; his despair, his vows of vengeance. No one, least of all he himself, could describe his maddening sense of helpless misery, of impotent wrath.

Hamet waited calmly until the first burst of his passionate feeling had exploded; and then, in the temporary prostration that followed, he endeavoured to soothe and to direct his thoughts to safety.

The day after the *Auto-da-fé* was over, and midnight had come. The brigantine,—a large slovenly-looking craft, with yards ill squared and sails half furled,—lay in the tideway, off the town of San Lucar. Her captain trod the deck with measured steps, now and then casting a searching look all round, and then with muttered curses resuming his walk. The clocks in the city chimed, and he called to a man who seemed to be the mate.

“Nick, turn up the hands,” he said, eagerly; “and see all clear to slip moorings as soon as she swings with the tide. Our time’s up, and we’ve been here long enough and to spare. Daylight would bring us trouble, unless my eyes deceive me.”

The fore-topsail fell slowly from the brails, and was sheeted home without a sound. The mainsail gently expanded, scarcely shaking in the gentle night wind. In a few minutes more the vessel swung lazily round as the tide turned. The mate reported, in a low voice, that all was

clear; when the captain exclaimed, in the same suppressed tone,

"Hold on! there's the green light at last. We shall have earned our money, after all," he muttered to himself; "and we might fall in with many a booty worth less than ten thousand crowns."

A small boat, with only two figures in it, now grated against the ship's side: some countersign was given by one of the men, and then his companion stepped on board. Without another word, the boat shot away into the darkness. The words "Let go" passed in a whisper along the deck; and the brigantine glided away through the darkness, apparently the only moving thing in all that crowded port.

When morning dawned, Alvaro found himself fairly at sea; and though still stunned by sorrow, he was conscious of the strange sights and sounds about him. The captain and his crew no longer preserved any disguise, and the young man found himself among professed buccaneers, notable members of the far-famed and dreaded Brethren of the Coast. Deadly and immitigable foes to Spain, they had dared to place themselves within her grasp. They had easily baffled her indolent and ill-paid *guarda-costas*, and bribed the corrupt officials of the port to allow them to refit and dispose of their cargo under the very guns of their most formidable fortress. There they had sold to Spanish merchants the contents of their own ships, whose delay upon the seas they never thought of attributing to the quiet-looking brigantine, ill-managed even in harbour by four or five slovenly-looking seamen. Scarcely, however, had the brigantine cleared the harbour, when a large *chassemarée* started out from the Santo Petri Rocks. It was crowded with men, who had lain *perdu* on the coast of Barbary, while their comrades were disposing of the booty at Cadiz. They "tumbled in," as sailors say, on board their ship; and each of them, as he gained his footing on the deck, made a sort of obeisance to the captain, who surveyed them with an eager searching glance that appeared to see all that could be seen, and to inquire for something more. Fifty fierce seamen, all armed to the teeth, now swarmed on the pirate's deck, with a hum of many voices and many languages. Their captain

had, before their arrival, descended into his cabin, in the unpretending habit assumed by him at Cadiz. When he reappeared from below, not only in dress, but in aspect, he seemed to be a new man. Haughty and commanding in his looks, well appointed in his apparel, his very voice was changed. He gave orders, brief, loud, and rapid, for casting the *chassemarée* adrift, for hoisting up the guns from the hold, where they had been secretly stowed away, for bending larger sails, and, in short, for transforming the whole condition and character of his ship. The crew obeyed with a promptness and skill that proved their strict discipline and long practice: not an unnecessary word was uttered, every nerve was strained to duty, and Alvaro, the stranger, remained utterly unnoticed until the merchantman was changed into a dashing pirate. Then the captain gazed round him, below and aloft, with complacency; every sail was trimmed to a nicety, every spar was in its place, everything superfluous was stowed away, the machine was perfect in its kind, and admirably fitted for its deadly purpose.

And now the brave ship rushed away towards the far west, with wonderful rapidity; the watch was set; the business of the hour was concentrated on the helmsman, who with anxious eye and steady hand guided his great change along towards the invisible New World. The sailors wiped the sweat from their swarthy brows, and resumed their leathern doublets, thrown off in the heat of work; those who were not on duty then formed themselves into groups upon the decks, smoking, or sleeping, or drinking; dice began to rattle, songs and oaths were heard by snatches, and a general relaxation was apparent, contrasting curiously with the previous stern discipline.

Meanwhile, Alvaro lay reclined on the lofty poop, observing with grave and watchful eye his new companions. Bitter as was the sorrow that lay at his heart, he was diverted from it almost in his own despite by the new scenes in which he found himself, by the glorious element over which he was bounding, and, above all, by the warm young blood which ever beats responsively to nature's grand emotions.

At this period, the extraordinary "Brotherhood of the Sea," as they dubbed themselves—the BUCCANEERS as they were called by trembling mariners—were in the height of



their evil fame and power. They had virtually possessed themselves of all the waters and the beautiful islands that bordered on the Spanish Main. They had even carried their ravages into the Spanish territories on the continent of America, and laid the wealthy cities of the isthmus under contribution. Their exploits formed the whole history of the region where they carried on their daring trade, and were the frequent theme of romance in all the seaports of the Old Continent.

Alvaro had heard something of these terrible rovers from the contrabandista sailors of the Mesquinez ; their deeds of valour and ferocity could scarcely be exaggerated even by Spanish imagination, and the young wanderer now regarded them with intense though fearless curiosity.

He was almost surprised to find them much like other men in outward seeming. Instinct, indeed, told him that the stern looks, which for the most part they wore, must have been acquired in scenes that steel the heart and banish smiles ; but many an honoured patriot looked as grim. Almost every face was either pale with dissipation or bloated with excess ; but the imagination of the innocent youth referred such signs to the vigils and hardship of those who strive with stormy seas. Their dress (for it was Sunday, and fine weather) was strange, gay, and incongruous ; silken and velvet doublets were worn over coarsest shirts ; and gorgeous Indian shawls wrapped round the waistbands of tarry trousers. Many wore massive golden earrings, and large pearls, cornelians, or agates as buttons. Every man was dressed according to his own fancy ; and some of the buccaneers were as coarse and foul in garb as the others were magnificent, while their long hair, matted instead of being carefully curled, gave to them a wilder and more desperate appearance.

Their captain seemed to be one of the youngest of the company, but fierce passions and wild orgies had anticipated the work of years ; his bright eyes were sunken and his cheek was hollow ; and toil or exposure to weather had dashed in some gray among his rich brown hair, and had bronzed all his face except the high pale forehead, which was marked with a fearful scar. His glance was piercing, rapid, restless, and uncertain, except when now and then his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and seemed to stare on some



abstraction until an approaching step startled him, or the flapping of a sail aroused his ready attention. He walked the deck with a firm but unequal tread, apparently unconscious of the presence of his crew. His dress was perfectly simple, and showed off to advantage his spare but powerful form; the only ornament he wore was a rich Indian scarf tied round his waist, and in this were a brace of pistols with which his fingers often dallied.

The attention of Alvaro became gradually concentrated upon the young adventurer whose genius had been able to assert supremacy over the desperate crew, lately his mates, and now by their own act his slaves. Those who were not on duty, indeed, paid him little attention except by keeping carefully out of his beat; but the men on watch, whenever they approached to ask or to receive an order, did so with the most profound respect. The man at the wheel performed his monotonous duty as anxiously as if the ship was among breakers; and well he might, for the man whose place he supplied was under the surgeon's hands; his attention being distracted for a moment, the ship had fallen off a point or two, and in a moment the captain was by his side, when a blow from his iron hand laid the helmsman quivering on the deck with mouth and nostrils streaming blood: another hand supplied his place instantly, and the captain resumed his walk.

For some time, Alvaro had continued to follow the despotic rover with his eyes, as if he was fascinated. The latter, however, affected to be indifferent to his presence, though he betrayed some involuntary sense of uneasiness at being so closely watched. The young Moresco still kept his eye fixed upon him, whilst his thoughts began to wander back to the scenes he had so lately left: darker and darker they became; sorrow gave way to indignation, and indignation to a fierce thirst for vengeance on those who had left him lonely in the world. His passion for revenge, long repressed, now broke out with redoubled strength; it became a very madness, absorbing all other thought, and fear, and hope. He saw around him the sworn foes of Spain, and he felt as if destiny had repaid him for many sufferings by casting him among such associates. He pictured to himself these men, whose very repose reminded him of the crouching of a tiger. What terrible instruments they must be when let

loose upon an enemy ! What delight to see them bursting in upon a Spaniard's deck !

As these angry reflections passed over his expressive countenance, the captain fixed his eyes upon him, and read its meaning, but misapplied it to himself. Suddenly he strode up to him, and with the fierce voice and aspect before which the stoutest of his crew were wont to quail, he demanded to know the stranger's thoughts. Alvaro, sustained by the intensity of his own excitement, rose slowly from his recumbent posture, and fixed upon the buccaneer a gaze as firm and almost as defiant as his own.

"By what right," said he, calmly, "do you presume to interrogate me thus ? I am your passenger, and not your prisoner."

"Sacre cochon de St. Antoine !" exclaimed the captain, "you will find but little difference if you choose to wear that hang-dog, mutinous look before me. What if yon infidel dog paid your passage handsomely,—which I don't deny,—he did not bargain that you were to cast the evil eye upon my ship's company, or comport yourself as if you were in the presence of the black devil himself. Let me tell you that you are the first Spaniard who ever trod this deck and lived. If you wish for other treatment, you must put off your countrymen's ill-omened scowl, and try to look like an honest man."

Alvaro indignantly denied the countrymen imputed to him, and the captain's brow cleared at once with a look of inquiry.

"I was thinking of my debt to Spain at the moment you spoke," continued the young Moresco ; "they have betrayed and tortured and slain my father, my mother, and my only friend. They have persecuted to the death, and almost exterminated, the Moorish race whose blood I own. Give me but a chance of vengeance on these Spaniards, and if any man amongst you robs me of it, then spurn me as a tame and soulless slave !"

As he spoke, his eyes flashed and his form dilated ; the captain's dislike, suddenly converted into admiration, expressed itself in the kindest greeting ; his coarse and disdainful manner changed into one of frank courtesy ; and he expressed hearty pleasure in having such an acquisition to his ship's company. He then drew Alvaro into conversa-

tion, displaying on his own part a tact and wit that charmed the inexperienced youth. He first allowed the Moresco to pour out his wrongs and sorrows, and then gradually turned his thoughts into a new channel; described himself as a sort of naval knight-errant, devoted to redressing all wrongs that the Spanish people had inflicted, and descanted eloquently on the glories of his profession.

"Ours is a life," he continued, "in which all the old laws of the world are falsified, and in which romance becomes true. Ours are all the joys that earth can give, intensified by having *won*—not bought or begged them. The fairest regions of the globe are the scene of our adventures. We roam from isle to isle as the chase of our game invites us; and, like Nimrod, our game is man—the Spanish man, —who has made a hell of the Indian paradise."

The captain paused, having gone thus far, and left his words and the attractions of a sea life to work their own impressions. He desired anxiously to make a recruit of the fiery young Moresco, but he thought it better not to propose it to him as yet. After making his guest welcome to his cabin he retired, and left him to his own reflections.

The reader will probably have recognised in this eccentric buccaneer the Captain Lawrence of Sandilee.

Lawrence had run the Bonito directly from the Solway to Dunkirk, where he had sold her without scruple, and his reputation had easily procured for him the command of a more powerful vessel and a numerous crew. With this equipment he had sailed for the Spanish Main; but having fallen in with a prize near Cadiz, he had been tempted to send her, with the greater part of his crew, to Barbary, to be sold or broken up; whilst he, disguising his own brigantine, boldly entered the port of Cadiz, and there traded with the merchants for their own goods.

The first night at sea, when the weather was fine, was always celebrated by the buccaneers as a festival. At sunset, one of their number came aft to invite Alvaro to join them, but he received a refusal without offence. The wild crew respected the stranger whom their captain chose to honour, and they left him to such retirement as such a ship could afford. To his surprise and pleasure he soon heard the sounds of skilful music, and as the ship lay tranquilly on the quiet sea, it was delightful to hear the sonorous



sounds of trumpets and violins spreading softly over the water. It was one of the fierce captain's singularities to which we have before alluded, that love of music; and it was not the only taste he carried with him from a former life of refinement to his present outlawed condition. But the music did not last long; it soon gave way to less harmonious sounds, jovial songs, loud laughter, and wild jests.

How strange to Alvaro!—how strange to him in his solitude and his sorrow, appeared the bacchanalian revelry that began to rage below! The sea in all its solemnity was spread around, heaving slowly, as if its great heart were palpitating with the deep and quiet pleasure of that glorious summer night. Above, the sky in sublime serenity was flooded with angelic light, like a visible heaven arching over this poor harassed world, a final and blessed asylum for those who have finished their life's long task. The ship herself, in her calm and swift progress over the lonely and fathomless floods, was in harmony with the scene. Her pure white sails, and tall tapering masts, and the whole contour of her graceful form, made her look like a beautiful and meet inhabitant of the element that was her home.

And yet, from the very heart of her arose through the blessed evening air, such sounds of oaths and ribald songs, and angry altercation, and still more hideous mirth, as might have belonged to hell.—So passed the first evening that Alvaro spent among his fellow men at sea.

The ship steered south to fall in with the trade winds that tend to cool the tropics; and day by day she seemed to enter into a more delicious climate. Even the sorrow of Alvaro became softer under the powerful influence of a pure and constant summer air, and the soothing monotony of a life at sea. He had youth, too, on the side of his resignation, and the consciousness, ever strong in the Oriental mind, that the past was irremediable. The world, and it alone, was before him. He had the proud conviction of all-mastering talent to cope single-handed with every difficulty, and to wrest from it its prizes—such prizes as it had to bestow. Above all, he had for his nearest object revenge upon the Spaniards. He had never dreamt of its criminality; he knew not the god-like pleasure of forgiveness; he perceived in vengeance only a high duty, too much in accordance with the instinct of his burning heart.



As time sped on, he became more alive to the multifarious, though evanescent interests of the ship. He set himself diligently to learn the duties and discipline, and somewhat of the art, of naval life. He was conscious, too, that he had much to learn in that most puzzling book of human nature, from which he had been so long secluded; and every man on board became a subject for him to study. Naturally, and by habit, reserved, he was obliged to exert some force of will in order to expand himself, and to find objects of common interest with such associates. He tried, however, and succeeded. The inner citadel of his feelings was always well guarded and unapproachable; but on all outlying topics he soon became open and communicative, giving and receiving such knowledge as he might. His first questions naturally related to the order to which his new comrades belonged, and one sultry forenoon, as they lay beneath the awning with their pipes, he learned all that was to be said in favour of the wild BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEAS. Their story is now fading fast from men's memories, yet they performed important functions in their time. They were the rude pioneers of independent commerce in the remote Western seas. They made the world acquainted with the intricate navigation of their rich and beautiful but most dangerous islands, and they vindicated for the world at large a right to those regions which the Spaniards, having first reduced to unheard-of misery, afterwards attempted to monopolise.

## CHAPTER II.

Oh, they are wild and wanton men, such as the best will be,  
Who know no other gifts of God, but to be bold and free;  
Who never saw how States are bound in golden bonds of law;  
Who never knew how strongest hearts are bent by holy awe.  
MILNES.

THE greatest genius combined with the greatest daring that ever centred in the mind of man was exhibited in the magnificent enterprise of Columbus; it was crowned with such success as none before or after him can rival, and rewarded

by the revelation of a new world: a world of such beauty and rare endowments as might now appear a tradition of paradise, if the first discovery had not been so fatally followed up. The far-famed visionary "Islands of the Blest" seemed to have lain there, among the crystal waters of those unknown seas, happy from all eternity. The gentle, loving, reverential islanders, whose wants were all abundantly, yet without labour, supplied by their waters and their woods, were fit inhabitants for such a region. If, among their many people, were found some fierce and cruel Caribs, the contrast formed but a necessary shade to render the too-bright picture human, and to qualify the serene existence of the western islanders with a salutary dread. They seem to have known no other. Cold, and hunger, and nakedness, had for them no more terrors than in paradise; glowing sunshine or mellow night were always theirs: the richest fruits hung around them, fishes of all shape and hue swarmed in their waters; and for raiment, to use an eastern expression, "they were clothed with sunbeams."

The weather-beaten mariners of Spain, one and all, were astonished and fascinated by these islanders and their delicious country. Instead of the rewards and unprecedented glory that awaited them in Europe, they implored, as their best reward, to be left in the new-found land. It seemed to them as if they had attained to the Blessed Island, so long sought after; where Roderick and Sebastian, nay, Enoch, Elijah, and Melchisedec had long been secluded in blessedness from mortal gaze.

If the triumph allotted to Columbus was beyond what any other man has known, so was the sorrow and disappointment. Perhaps it was necessary that his noble soul should be purified by trial before it could attain to, or return to the humility essential to its health. Every aspiration in which the great discoverer indulged, was defeated and trampled on. Thrice he returned in disgrace, and once *in chains*, from the New World that he had rescued from its obscurity among the distant seas. The island that he loved with especial fondness, its people whom he had so cherished, alike were defaced and destroyed by ruffian violence. The exquisite beauty of Hispaniola, on which he had gazed with such delight, was converted into a scene of ruin and desolation; the generous and gentle caciques,

whom he had made his friends, were robbed and butchered; the women who had welcomed him as a supernatural being, were outraged and degraded by the refuse of Spanish prisons. He himself died in poverty, humiliation, and neglect—a vain suitor for the government of the glorious regions that he had won.

All history abounds with records of cruelty and wrong; but that of Spanish America is terribly conspicuous above all other in barbarity and crime. The most damning testimony against them is furnished by their own writers; in the complaints of the virtuous Las Casas, the confessions of Cortes, the apologies of Herrera, and the summing up of Prescott, we have a list of the deepest atrocities that were ever perpetrated under the sanction of a king.

Nevertheless, there was something chivalrous too, in the ferocity of the conquerors of the Indians. Though, in some cases, their victims succumbed beneath their destiny without a struggle, in others they fought with a desperation worthy of their cause. Their numbers, too, appeared overwhelming: their climate was a formidable ally; the white men were enervated by licentiousness and reduced by famine, yet still the white men triumphed. Mere handfuls of daring Spaniards overthrew ancient dynasties, put monarchs to the sword, and enslaved whole nations. They subdued the very soil itself, forced it to bear a foreign vegetation, to feed strange animals, and to produce perforce the crops prescribed to it, instead of the wild fruits that were wont to grow at their own pleasure, as nature planted them. By the same strong wills, the seas were rifled to yield up their pearls, the mountains their gold, and the forests their proudest trees.

But the price that the Spaniards paid for all these triumphs was a fearful one. Hundreds of them perished miserably—by pestilence, or poisoned arrows, or the most loathsome of diseases—for one who prospered; if an unbridled range and power of sensual indulgence could be deemed prosperity. By such means and such men, the maritime cities of Central America were built and peopled. It was long before the increase of their white population exceeded its mortality; but at length the Spaniards triumphed in this matter likewise; and as the red man withered away, the invader spread wide his borders. Ma-



racaiibo, Cartagena, Vera Cruz, and other towns arose. Commerce obtained a firm footing, and the gold countries beyond the Isthmus were brought into close relationship with Europe. Wealth accumulated rapidly, and the galleons and flotas, in their annual visit, found still increasing abundance of all luxuries to exchange for European necessities of life. Precious woods and gums and balsams, with great pearls and massive silver, and the arch-treasure, gold, were poured in upon the Spanish decks.

The eyes of all speculators were soon turned towards those wondrous shores. All ranks and classes of men, from the pompous hidalgo to the meek missionary, turned longing eyes towards the new land of promise. In vain they were told of its dangers, its fatality, its Indians, its pestilences, and its buccaneers,—the deadliest scourge of all. Danger and difficulty are only stimulants to the classes of which such emigrants are composed. Spain was full of ardent and restless spirits whom the Moorish wars had evoked, trained to the use of arms, and by their cessation rendered idle and desperate. What the Californian enthusiasm is now, all Central America, through its traditions, was then. The New World became stocked with adventurers, who soon became wealthy, or else they perished.

As wealth began to accumulate, desperadoes came to prey upon its possessors. The buccaneers were seen buzzing like wasps around the hives of the Spanish merchants. The chances against the fair trader became fearful. Scarcely so many chartered ships escaped to discharge their cargoes, as smugglers now get through the cordon of our cruisers. The gains, however, when successful, were so enormous as to induce seamen to run these risks, and such seamen became proportionably adventurous and reckless. The change to buccaneering was simple and frequent, and those highwaymen of the seas grew into a formidable power.

Romantic stories of all these things were constantly brought to Europe, and soon excited a spirit of adventure in France and the British Islands, as well as throughout Spain. There was a strong jealousy on the part of the English, the Dutch, and the French, against the great power which had arrogated to itself the monopoly of the golden regions of the west. This jealousy plausibly ex-



pressed itself in indignation against Spanish cruelty, Spanish bigotry, and Spanish ambition. Thus chivalry, religion, and patriotism were all evoked against the haughty nation that had converted the paradise of its new discoveries into a hell of crime, cruelty, and oppression.

Hence, whatever the condition, whether peaceable or hostile, of Spain with respect to European nations, they all considered her American possessions as a fair field for predatory warfare. But the buccaneers were by far the most formidable enemies; they were always on the spot, they were amphibious in martial exploits; enterprising on the land, skilful on the sea, and desperately daring everywhere. They combined all the cunning of the Indian with the strength and hardihood of the most manful European races. They were insatiably avaricious and utterly remorseless.

It is curious to trace the origin of these men, or rather of this people, in whom human nature seems to have run wild.

Spanish cruelty and lust of gold had rendered the lovely islands of Hispaniola almost a waste. Out of a happy population of 80,000 or 100,000 Indians whom Columbus found there, not above 400 remained at the end of the first century of Spanish rule to curse their name. As man faded from the land, wild animals increased. The early discoverers and first settlers had introduced cattle and swine, and these creatures now multiplied rapidly, covering the green savannahs with herds, and filling the forests with wild boars. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Hispaniola and the adjacent islands became yet further neglected, as the Spaniards turned their attention and their strength towards the Continent. Then ships of various nations began to touch at the Western Islands for wood and water. Sometimes their men deserted into the interior, sometimes mutineers were abandoned as a punishment. They soon found little reason to regret their fate. Their predecessors had learned from the Indians how to hunt down and dress the game in which the isles abounded. From time to time a European ship would appear and exchange the two grand necessities of their isolated lives—brandy and gunpowder—for salted meat, wild honey, and cassava bread. At length the islanders became strong enough to attract the attention of the Spaniards, who

attempted to dislodge them. The buccaneers came off as conquerors, and soon attempted reprisals, which likewise were successful. Finally, the Spaniards, wearied with the ceaseless and deadly strife, retired altogether from the western and north-western portions of Hispaniola, and formed new settlements or increased their old ones on the continent. Even thither, however, the buccaneers, grown bolder by impunity, pursued them. Every nation that entered into hostilities with European Spain, encouraged the indomitable enemy of her colonies, and thus gave a sort of dignity to their warfare. From Drake to Prince Rupert, the English especially emulated and imitated the "Brethren of the Sea," in plundering expeditions against the American Spaniards. Nevertheless, such was the vast wealth extracted by the Spaniards from their possessions on *Tierra Firme*, that they still flourished; and were able to offer every year fresh and stronger temptations to their spoilers.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the latter made another step in advance, by taking possession of the little island of Tortuga; and then for the first time begun to be called Buccaneers by the English, and Flibustiers (a corruption of freebooter) by the French. The origin of these names will appear in the course of our tale.

### CHAPTER III.

The soul oppress'd puts off its robe of Fear,  
And warlike stands, in warlike armour dight;  
And whensoever the Wrong'd would be the Righted,  
There always have been, always must be minds  
In whom the Power and Will are found united.

*Child of the Islands.*

SUCH was the condition of the Spanish Main when Alvaro was approaching it. Gradually his mind had assumed something of the character of his associates, or rather his passion for revenge had been led into the same channel. The more he brooded on his wrongs, the more he became convinced that fate had placed him among the enemies of Spain in order to indulge his passion. His imagination was wrought

upon by the stories of the great buccaneers, who had become famous on those seas. Of the terrible Montbara, who, nerved to vengeance by the Indians' wrongs alone, had acquired the epithet of the "Exterminator," before he reached the age of twenty; of Pierre le Grand, who, with a mere fishing-boat, had fought and captured one of the wealthiest galleons of Spain, and returned to Europe enriched for life; of Alexander of the Iron Arm; of the subtle Rock; of the ferocious L'Olonois; and many other heroes of the Spanish Main, of whom the hardy buccaneers spoke with respect and admiration.

Alvaro was at that age when the passions most easily take fire from the enthusiasm of others, and has least sense of what lies beyond the present hour, ambushed in the future. Secluded as he had hitherto been from all sources of excitement, his whole suppressed youth and boyhood seemed to burst forth at once. A thirst for action, intensified by vengeance, became hourly more stimulating to his fiery Moorish blood. In his eagerness to meet an enemy, he could scarcely rest. He would watch the horizon for hours, with straining eyes, and then resume his hurried walk along the deck, with downcast looks, and firm-set teeth, as if endeavouring to repress the passion which devoured him. At length one morning, just after dawn, a cry of joy broke from him. He beheld a sail, and it was such a one as a thousand questions had taught him to expect and long for. She approached rapidly, and her lofty spars and taut rigging soon announced her as a man-of-war. The excitement amongst the crew of the buccaneer became intense, as a black ball was run up to her mast-head,—and the next moment a broad bunting, of crimson and yellow, spread widely on the breeze. A cheer of triumphant defiance welcomed the well-known signal of a Spanish galleon. Instant preparations were made for action on board the buccaneer; the guns were loaded and double shotted, with a celerity which proved long-practised skill in the business of death. The lofty and lighter sails were taken in, every impediment along the decks was carefully removed; and all this was done with a zeal and despatch which showed that every man's heart was in his work. Alvaro, otherwise unoccupied, patrolled the deck with rapid and impatient steps; but when the enemy opened her fire, and her shot

began to tell, the captain ordered every man but the helmsman to go below. Alvaro complied, however, reluctantly, for the buccaneer's discipline was too stern to allow a moment's hesitation. He diverted his own suspense by observing how that of his comrades acted on their several natures: some drank brandy,—though, for once, in moderation; some chewed gunpowder, and some even betook themselves to prayer; but none made any comment upon their neighbour's conduct, nor had they much time to do so. A blast of the captain's bugle made them rush on deck, and in an instant every man was at his gun. The captain sprang to the tiller, unexpectedly put his helm down, and ran athwart the bows of his enemy: by the same manœuvre the ship's topsails were taken aback, and she lost way. The Spaniard had also taken in sail, and came on but slowly, but still had way enough to run foul of his opponent; his bowsprit crashed in between the buccaneer's masts, and remained fixed there; just before the ships joined, Lawrence poured in his broadside, raking the galleon fore and aft, and causing dismal confusion. The next moment the buccaneers rushed in by the bows of the galleon, which in those days were low and unprotected. When the word to board was given, Alvaro was the first to spring into the Spaniard's ship, frantic with excitement and deadly wrath: such leading never lacks willing followers; as fast as they could trample over the dead and dying, the invaders swept the Spaniard's deck. The captain of the buccaneer quickly led on a reinforcement, battened down the hatches,—and almost in less time than it takes to tell, the Spanish ship was won! But the carnage did not cease, for the buccaneers gave no quarter, and the Spaniards asked it not: each man fighting with desperation until he died.

By slow degrees, at last the infernal clamour ceased; shrieks of agony and shouts of triumph, and parting prayers, and angry oaths were hushed. Out of ninety stalwart men who, but an hour before, had moved in life, and strength, and hope, nothing now remained except their blood upon the deck, which they had defended to the last. Their mangled corpses were flung into the sea, and their ship was as thoroughly clear of them as if they never had existed.

Then the buccaneers fell to pillage with wonderful in-



genuity and despatch ; shouts of exultation from time to time announcing that some rich and rare discovery was made. The spoil proved to be magnificent : not only was the hold of the galleon filled with the richest silks of India, and velvets of Italy, and barrels of rare incense, but many iron chests were found, secured with bars and bolts, and filled with gold ingots and diamonds of immense value.

The prize was a very treasury of wealth and luxury ; her arrival would have been welcomed with sensation in the richest city of the world. But now, all belonged to a set of homeless desperadoes, who rioted with fierce glee on the produce of laborious art and honest industry.

Alvaro alone stood aloof from the pillage. Not only did his vengeance seem as if it would be tainted by touching blood-money, but a reaction was already at work within his nobler nature. As long as the maddening excitement of the strife had lasted, he was as unsparing as any buccaneer. Not only the memory of his desolated home and his murdered parents filled his brain and steeled his heart, but visions of hospitable caciques roasted alive by the Spaniard for cursed gold ; women impaled on the same spears with their nursing infants, whole villages of generous and trusting Indians treacherously destroyed,—all these thoughts swarmed in his mind, and seemed to him to render vengeance righteous. But when resistance ceased, he could no longer strike : battle became suddenly changed to murder, and he had eagerly striven to arrest its course. In vain ; he became himself an object of attack, and had enough to do to defend his own life. One Indian alone he had rescued from death ; and, with this poor creature cowering at his feet, he now stood aloof, with folded arms, scornfully contemplating the work of pillage. It was accomplished in a wondrously short time, and all the treasure was piled up along the deck in rich confusion. The division of the booty, according to custom, took place upon the spot, for the captor and her prize were about to separate. A hundred lots were ingeniously made by the captain and the ship's clerk : they were as evenly adjusted as possible, since the rejected shares fell to the lot of those who had arranged them. The captain had ten shares—the officers five, four, and two, according to their rank ; the common seamen had only one share each, but the wounded

had additional shares according to the severity of their wounds: a lost leg was repaid with ten shares, an arm with six, a hand with two, and so on. In an hour all was done, and the different properties disappeared in detail as rapidly as they had been procured collectively.

Then arose a stormy discussion as to whether they should continue their cruise or proceed at once to the general rendezvous at Tortuga. The argument waxed warm; and at length it was decided that the captain, who, for reasons of his own, desired to reach Tortuga, should proceed thither with the prize. The brigantine, under the chief mate, was to continue her cruise, and Alvaro decided to continue on board of her. All this discussion had been carried on with the most democratic freedom of debate; but the moment it was ended, the captain resumed despotic and unquestioned authority. With the same rapidity and energy that characterized all their movements, the ships were cast off and towed apart, the weather being still quite calm. The damages on board of each vessel were repaired; the decks were cleansed from all stains of gore; the wounded were carefully tended; and, before the sun went down, the ships separated, and slowly stood away in different directions.

The sails being trimmed, and the watch set, the buccaneers on board the brigantine began a fierce carouse. But first, to the astonishment of Alvaro, they knelt upon the deck with uncovered heads, and offered up what seemed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving, and ended by entreating the blessing of Heaven on their future cruise!

Once more Alvaro resumed his accustomed isolated position on the poop, gazing on the star-spangled sea, which he was never weary of beholding, so deeply did it harmonize with the vague, unbounded aspirations that filled his yearning soul. But now a change had come over him. He had drunk deeply of revenge, and he sickened of its fearful satiety. The lofty pursuits to which his young mind had been accustomed; the noble study of the sciences which are inseparably connected with philanthropy; the dreams of a happier, holier world, and his hope to be instrumental in the welfare of humanity;—all these thoughts came back upon him with redoubled force in the silence and beauty of that glorious night. In the fervour of the

new resolutions that followed on his meditation, he seized his sword to fling it in the sea; but it stuck in the scabbard—glued there by the Spaniards' blood. The Indian whose life he had preserved, alarmed at the movement, attempted to creep away; and that trifling circumstance recalled to him other considerations.

"Rest there, then," he exclaimed, as he unhanded the hilt; "this poor creature and I may yet require thee for self-defence; but if ever thou art drawn again for a baser cause, may the arm that wields thee wither!"

Having partly satisfied his conscience with this vow, he called to the Indian with a voice of gentleness that astonished the poor slave: he gave him some of his own refreshment, which had lain by him almost untasted; and having assured him of protection, he resigned himself to sleep in a quieter mood than he had known since the fatal evening on which he sailed from the old palace of the Retiro.

#### CHAPTER IV.

High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,  
And down they sink in everlasting sleep!

FALCONER.

PROFOUND silence now settled over the Bonne Esperance and all her desperate crew. The stern vigilance of Lawrence had given place to the licence claimed at first from a new-made captain. The watch having drunk almost as deeply as their comrades, were all asleep at their various posts. Even the helmsman nodded at the wheel, only startled now and then into wakefulness as the neglected ship came up to the wind and her sails were shaken. But the wind soon died away: the very heavens seemed to be asleep and the stars to twinkle drowsily. A vast dark curtain of clouds rose slowly up the northern sky, and soon, but imperceptibly, wrapped the ocean in a double night. Still, the drunken freebooters slept on; it might have seemed a ship of death, with a black and universal pall spread over it. The white sails towered up into the darkness like gigantic ghosts, and ever and anon small



tongues of lambent flame would hover, spirit-like, over the mast-head. The sea began to heave and swell portentously, with a long and measured motion, that lulled the sleepers into a yet deeper slumber, and all the while a strong current bore the ship swiftly and helplessly along, as in a dream.

Suddenly, the wild storm of the tropics awoke and burst upon the world of waters with terrific uproar. Thunder shook the heavens with prolonged roar, and sheets of lightning wrapped the gleaming sea in one wide flame: the waves were roused instantly to fury; but, ever as they rose, their crests were whirled away by the tornado, and scattered into clouds of spray.

The best-prepared ship could scarcely have endured that fierce and sudden storm:—but the brigantine had every sail set to the previous gentle breeze, and every hand that should have helped her was relaxed in sleep. As the hurricane assailed her, she was struck down on her beam-ends: the sea rolled over her in all its force: the decks had been strewn with the drunken revellers, who were now helplessly drowned as they lay; even the watch were only wakened by the wave that carried them away into the raging waters. Almost instantly all was over; and but two living creatures interrupted the sublime loneliness of the stormy sea.

Alvaro, like the rest of the ship's crew, had been asleep; his dreams haunted by the loud brutal songs and impious jests of the pirates. Suddenly, in his dream, it seemed to him as if those shouts of revelry were changed to shrieks, and at the same moment that he had become, he knew not how, involved in their orgies. He seemed to reel and stagger, and the bowl of wine that they had been sitting round, seemed to gush up like a great fountain, and pour down upon him and all the revellers, washing them away in its red torrents: startled by the sudden sense of drowning, he awoke to find himself in the angry sea, with wreck and ruin and destruction all around. Too paralysed to swim, he almost abandoned himself to death; but at the same moment he felt himself seized by a vigorous grasp, and dragged through the seething waters, within reach of a floating spar. There, clinging desperately, but still blinded and half-smothered by the waves, he felt gradually propelled onwards, until a comparative lull allowed him to look round. He was under the lee of the wrecked ship, whose masts had been snapped asunder like twigs, and were floating alongside her in a con-



fused and tangled mass. With incredible vigour and address, the Indian steered the spar between the ship's hull and her floating masts, and then, having made it fast to the former, he relaxed his efforts and looked round him with an air of triumph. To him the water was as natural an element as the land; to him, those who had perished were so many enemies destroyed: his preserver alone remained alive, but the order of obligation was reversed; he was now the patron—the deliverer of his deliverer;—and that proud consciousness swelled his broad breast with manly triumph. And yet all this time he and Alvaro were holding on for their lives under the lee of the wreck, while the storm still shrieked over and around them. The waves, risen to mountain height, now threaten to roll the sheltering hull right over, and now to jam them against the mass of tangled masts and rigging which floated only a few spars to leeward. Suddenly, some shrouds from above parted, and the ship righted so violently, as to snap the line that held their spar, and the next moment they were drifted to the timbers that formed a sort of rude and struggling raft. But now Alvaro had recovered his strength and presence of mind, and having divested himself of his cumbrous clothes, he made almost as good use of his opportunities as the Indian. They soon struggled along the shrouds that still attached the floating spars to the ship's lee-chains, and then they found themselves on board and sole masters of the ship. Dismembered of her spars, and buoyant as a cork, she rode the waves gallantly, and the sea-beaten survivors felt themselves in comparative safety.

Daylight soon burst forth from the stormy east with tropical suddenness, and Alvaro could not, in all his misery, but admire the splendour of the scene. The tornado was already subsiding, and the waves assumed a purple hue, here and there dashed in with gold colour from the dawning sunshine, and flecked with the silvery foam that still sparkled on each breaking wave. Ten thousand scattered clouds, like spirits of the storm, bespread the blue field of sky with their broken battalions in tumultuous but gorgeous confusion, as they fled away before the dawn.

But the exigency of the moment soon diverted the attention of Alvaro to other objects. The ship's deck had been washed clear of every moveable. Nothing but stumps

of the masts remained : even the wheel was gone overboard, although held on to the ship by one of the tiller-ropes, in which the drowned helmsman was tangled and still seemed to struggle in the vexed waters. No other remnant of the crew was to be seen : the wounded in the late action had all gone to the rendezvous in the prize, and every man who could rattle a dice-box, or raise a goblet to his lips, had been on deck where he had fallen asleep when the revel ended.

Alvaro was, therefore, the sole owner of that wealthy ship, which he would then gladly have exchanged for the meanest galley out of Spain. But he soon roused himself, to make the best of his situation. With great labour he and the Indian contrived to get a top-gallant mast and sail on board, with such cordage as they thought might be most necessary. They then cut away the masts and rigging which encumbered and endangered the ship's side. Their top-gallant sail was soon rigged on its jury-mast ; a long tiller was fitted to the rudder ; the breeze came fresh and strong from the eastward, and Alvaro had soon the happiness of finding himself once more borne steadily along the waters.

The delight of the Indian knew no bounds ; and when Alvaro called him his preserver, and declared him free, he danced wildly about the deck, shouting and singing, and making such extravagant demonstrations of delight, that Alvaro was obliged to reassume all his authority, in order to restrain him.

The day passed swiftly by—each hour becoming brighter, and the air more redolent of the delicious climate they had run into. The wind blew steadily. Provisions of all sorts abounded in profusion, and Andreas (as the Indian called himself) declared that he only wished his present life to last for ever. By the time night came, he had learned to steer with intuitive quickness, and he and his patron relieved each other henceforth every two hours.

The next morning they saw land under their lee ; but it was only the little island of Anegada ; and Alvaro determined to hold on for the Island of Haiti, if not for Hispaniola. Many of the lesser islands were reported to be inhabited by Caribs ; and the appearance of a lonely Spaniard, or indeed of any white man, would have been the signal for his slaughter.

Three days were thus passed, when Alvaro saw with

delight the blue peaks of mountains rising above the watery horizon. He steered for them as directly as he could with a single sail, and by the following morning he found himself only a few miles from one of the loveliest islands in the world.

A balmy breeze wafted him over waters of the most crystal clearness. Many a fathom down he could perceive the rich landscape of the sea, enlivened with myriads of strange fishes glancing to and fro among the coral cliffs, and feathery foliage, and broad waving leaves of gigantic seaweed. Here and there, breadths of golden sand intervened, with huge shells of all lovely colours gleaming in the watery light. But this paradise of fishes seemed like all others, to have its demons too; for now and then the huge shadowy form of a shark would glide athwart the subaqueous scenery, and the hideous cat-fish, with its great quivering spiky fins, would steal from a coral cave, and disperse some glittering shoal in all directions, or a mantle-fish spread its white, black, bat-like fins, and clasp a captive to its stomach-mouth. But all these events only increased the interest with which the young stranger gazed on the watery world, for the first time laid open to his view.

Nor could he long allow his tranced attention to rest upon the scenes below. He had to choose his home in the magnificent island before him, and where he first touched he must remain: but so great was the beauty and the richness of all the country that he saw, that he scarcely cared where his lot might be cast. He left his ship to take her chance, and she drove on gently towards the land, while her careless pilot drank in with greedy eyes the beauty of the land before him. The sea shone on either hand, from far, like molten silver, gleaming out in many a tiny bay from the dark bases of the purpled promontories. Emerald valleys spread away from the water's edge, and suddenly curved up steeply into palm-covered hills, overtopped again by piny mountains, reaching far away until their blue summits almost melted in the bluer sky. Groves of lofty cocoa-trees were grouped among the meadows, each thick with creepers, from whose tangled verdure hung clusters of purple blossoms. Among the tufted steeps of the hills, sparkling cascades were bursting through the verdant gloom, and hidden again by foliage or gray rocks, until they shone revealed in quiet rivers stealing to the sea. As the



ship approached yet nearer to the shore, the mariners could see flocks of parrots and blue doves fluttering from grove to grove, and the air was musical with the songs of innumerable hidden birds, and laden with the fragrance of myriads of flowers. Trees grew to the very water's edge, over which hung tempting fruits, making beautiful shadows in the sea.

Still Alvaro held on his course, as close as possible by this enchanting shore. At one time rocks, at another too thickly matted woods, induced him to keep away. At length a well-sheltered nook with deep water and silver sands, and high overshadowing rocks, determined his capricious choice; and there he ran his storm-beaten vessel in, fortunately when the tide was at the full.

Days of anxious labour followed. The coast thereabouts appeared to be quite uninhabited, and Alvaro expected that the first gale of wind would dash his ship to pieces. He believed himself (as indeed he was) in the island of San Domingo, and he knew that there must be some buccaneers in the neighbourhood, or not very far off. Though he looked to them for future assistance, he was not quite sure that they would respect his newly-acquired property, and he determined to hide away the cargo of the brigantine, so that he might hereafter have recourse to it, if necessary. The Indian, always grateful as at the moment when he was rescued from the pirates' swords, exerted himself, however reluctantly, to the utmost of his power; and in a few days a limestone cave had been cleared out and rudely fortified, hung round with silk and velvets, and its recesses filled with the more precious articles. All the provisions that would keep were carefully stowed away; and then the cavern was closed up, and the ship made fast to the shore.

## CHAPTER V.

Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed  
The flesh enough?

*Age of Bronze.*

ALVARO at length felt himself free to sally forth from his fortress and his labours, and to explore the wondrously beautiful world upon which his destiny had thrown him.

His heart bounded as he moved along. Almost a man in



years, he was still a child in feeling and experience. Everything was new to him; above all, the rapturous sense of perfect freedom, which he then, for the first time in his life, experienced. His humble friend, the Indian, felt almost equal though graver pleasure in being restored to liberty, and to wilds which reminded him of his ancient home. He was one of the Bravos, as the Spaniards called the natives of Darien; a gallant race, which had alone successfully resisted the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. He was the chief man of his tribe, and had been treated by the Spaniards as an independent prince as long as he remained in his native fortresses, surrounded by his unconquerable people. But in an evil hour he had trusted to Spanish faith, which, though chivalrous towards Christians, was never held binding towards Pagans,—the anathematized of the Pope. On visiting the Spaniards at Portobello, he had been arrested for some imaginary crime committed against the Catholic king. The Spaniards, desirous of securing so formidable an enemy, had demanded a ransom far beyond his power to pay, and had ultimately condemned him as a slave. This man is a historical personage in that time, and must have possessed character and talents beyond what are usually conceded to savages. He was respected, even among the buccaneers, for his probity and courage; and he could speak Spanish, French, and a little English, besides his own language. He now devoted himself to Alvaro, with the most faithful but not servile friendship; and long afterwards, in his native mountains, he proved that he did not even then forget what he owed to his preserver.

With this companion, Alvaro set forward to the westward; his pathless way led through scenes of exquisite beauty. Steep ravines, with rushing streams, sometimes impeded his progress; but everywhere he was surrounded by richly-flowering shrubs, and often shaded by majestic trees. Verdant valleys were intersected by tall rugged rocks, rendered more picturesque by thickly-clustering parasites, round the pensile blossoms of which myriads of beautiful insects hovered; the woods and the very air above him were populous and vocal with sweet-voiced birds of brilliant plumage. All this was as delightful to the unvitiated taste of the young recluse, as it was new. His love for Nature was virgin and unsophisticated; her myste-

rious loveliness was to him as a revelation, and he enjoyed it with passionate delight. Nor did his expedition fail in many an adventure that gave life and animation to every step he took. But these we must omit for more practical details.

On the morning of their third day's march, the explorers were descending a thickly-wooded hill, when Andreas suddenly stopped, laid his finger upon his lip, and listened attentively:

"It is the horn of the filibustier!" at length he exclaimed; and moved on as if quite satisfied. As they emerged upon the plain, they beheld the buccaneer in his primitive and most innocent character—that of a hunter.

There were half-a-dozen of these people gathered round a huge wild boar, which lay still gasping in the agonies of death. Wild, fierce men they seemed, with beards unshaven and faces bronzed almost to a negro's hue. A leathern cap, with a long peak in front,—a blood-stained leathern tunic, worn loosely over cotton drawers, which reached only to the knee,—with buskins made of undressed leather, composed their whole attire. A long musket, and a formidable hunting-knife, with a powder-horn and bullet-bag, and a small bugle suspended from the neck, constituted the remainder of their equipments. Three huge blood-hounds, such as used to chase the Indians, even through running water, by the scent, lay upon the grass, with outstretched tongues, and eyes glaring on the dying boar.

Alvaro paused for some time to contemplate these strange beings, whose story was so rife in European ears. He then advanced fearlessly from the shadow of the trees. As soon as he showed himself the hounds started up, and rushed towards him; the hunters, too, sprang to their feet, and instinctively looked to the priming of their muskets; then, observing that the strangers were but two, they called off their hounds, in a voice like the roaring of a buffalo; and when the brutes reluctantly desisted from their meditated onslaught, the men flung themselves once more upon the ground, and resumed the appearance of careless ease. Alvaro addressed them in French; explained in a few words his relationship to their comrades; described the battle, the separation of the two ships, and the wreck of the brigantine. He did not, however, think it necessary

to speak of the safety of the ship's cargo, but declared that he was able and willing to pay liberally for their services and assistance in procuring him a passage to Carthagena.

The buccaneers welcomed him cordially. Every man on board the brigantine had been well known by them, and they briefly and emphatically regretted their loss: but they spoke of the catastrophe with a characteristic apathy or stoicism which they seemed to have derived, with other habits, from the aborigines of the island. They proposed to Alvaro to conduct him to their boucan; and leaving four of their number, with their *engagés*, or slaves, to convey the carcase of the boar, the other two proceeded towards the sea, at a pace which tasked the utmost powers of Alvaro to maintain. At length they reached their village, consisting of a few rude huts and light tents; these, however, in that genial climate, were sufficient to furnish them with all the shelter they required. One of the largest of these sheds was a storehouse, where they kept provisions ready to exchange with passing ships for brandy and gunpowder,—their only foreign necessities. Wild honey, and cassava, and cocoa-nuts, were collected there in considerable quantities; but their chief articles of sale, as well as of diet, consisted in long strips of wild bull and boar flesh of a vermilion colour.

A tent was immediately allotted to Alvaro; the Indian was sent into the woods to pull fresh fern for his bed; and meanwhile the buccaneers proceeded to prepare their dinner. The wild boar had now arrived; it was flayed with wonderful despatch; its flesh was then separated from the bones, cut into long strips, and laid upon the *boucan*.

This Indian grate, from which the formidable freebooters derived their name, was very simple. It consisted of four upright stakes, about six feet apart, and four or five feet high. Upon these a number of green poles were fixed crosswise, and thereon the meat was placed. Then a fire was kindled beneath, and, when it was well lighted, the bones and offal, and sometimes the skin, of the animal, were gradually added to the fire, so as to keep it low and steady, and to fill the smoke with ammonia, the meat being turned from time to time, to insure its thorough saturation with the effluvia. The flesh thus roasted shrunk slowly, and assumed the desired vermilion hue, when, after some hours,



the fire was allowed gradually to expire, the meat was fit for use.\* It was about the thickness, and twice the breadth of a harness-trace; the savour was admirable; it remained good for almost any length of time.

This meat, with wild fruits, and some Indian corn, was the only diet of the buccaneers.

The life of these men was spent in the open air; they were free from care and the anxious thoughts that bend the frame far more than toil can do. Their life was one continued enterprise: they were incredibly strong, hardy as the wild bulls they hunted, and desperately daring. When compelled by wrong or want, or induced by the spirit of adventure, to take up arms and scour the seas, they became the scourge of the Spaniards, the avengers of the Indian.

In the evening, when half a hundred of these strange islanders were collected round their watch-fire, blazing up among the lofty cedars, their groups were fearfully picturesque. Their leathern frocks were deeply stained with the gore of animals slaughtered in the chase; their visages, half covered with untrimmed beards and grim moustaches, were browned and hard as leather; their hands, still begrimed with blood and gunpowder, were busy portioning out the meat, or arranging beakers and bottles for the supper. Their fierce eyes glimmered in the flame, as they passed and repassed before it. Wild jests and oaths were bandied about, and angry orders to the *engagés*, who were pitching the small light tents of newly-arrived Brethren in the background, or cleaning muskets, or feeding the hungry hounds. As the sun sank redly in the sea, they all rose gravely, and the next moment they were on their knees, praying fervently to the Virgin, and chanting the vesper hymn! Some few, who were English and Protestants among them, turned away, perhaps contemptuously; but they respected, by silence at least, their comrades' piety.

No sooner were the vespers ended, than the meal began. Few of the hunters were absent, although two of them had

\* In the same manner, it is said, the Caribs used to roast their prisoners, binding them alive upon the *grille*, and tempering the fire with such devilish care that the torture was prolonged for hours. The cookery was then considered perfect, and a "*jeune femme, bien boucannée*," as the French translated it, was the most recherché of cannibal luxuries.



received wounds that would have been thought severe by other men. A wild boar had ripped up the thigh of one; but he had closed the seam, and bound it up with withes tied lightly over palmetto leaves. Another had had his leg crushed by the horns of a bull; but having bathed it in the brute's warm blood, he had been carried to the feast, and now lay upon the ground as contentedly and with as good an appetite as the rest. These were trifling things, but they showed Alvaro what sort of stuff his companions were made of. They now fed fast and furiously, drinking brandy plentifully at the same time; and at the end of an hour they were all prostrated in drunken sleep. Alvaro gazed upon them with astonishment and interest, not altogether unmingled with respect. He could not sleep. The prospect of his future life rose up before him. Sometimes he was almost tempted to join these wild men, to endeavour to humanize them, and to found an empire by their prowess. Soon after midnight, however, his meditations were interrupted. A grisly hunter (the oldest of the party) began to stir, and at length, with a muttered imprecation on himself and all mankind, staggered to his feet. He kicked the dying embers of the watch-fire, which suddenly blazed up, and fiercely lighted his ghastly face and bloodshot eyes. He threw a hurried glance around him, and seeing Alvaro awake and watchful, he nodded kindly to him, pointing contemptuously to his comrades lying round, whose drunken sleep he had so lately shared. He then moved to a little spring that gushed up through the rocks and mosses beneath the cliff; and having drunk amply from a calabash, he bathed his face in the water, which dropped crimson from his bloody hands. Having completed his scanty ablutions, he shouted to his comrades that it was time to be upon the move, in order to reach the hunting-grounds by daybreak. Alvaro now learned that a great hunting-match had been determined on by the buccaneers, in order to provide meat for one of their ships, which was almost daily expected to arrive for provision and recruits. The man who had addressed him was held in respect by the freebooters, on account of his experience and audacity; but they acknowledged no authority on shore—unless, indeed, they were attacked by the Spaniards, or on a freebooting

expedition, when they patiently submitted to the sternest exercise of discipline, which experience had taught them was alike essential to safety or success.

Their captains were then elected by vote; and, once chosen, their authority was unbounded. Always the most daring and subtle of a daring and subtle crew, these captains performed wonders with their scanty forces. The wealthiest and most populous cities of the continent were laid under contribution or plundered by them. For thousands of miles, over land and water, around their stronghold, their flag was held in terror.

The old buccaneer now sounded a loud blast of his bugle, and his wild comrades started to their feet with wonderful celerity, looked to their muskets, kicked up their unfortunate *engagés*, and unshackled the bloodhounds; then, after a short conference, they broke up into parties of five or six men each, and disappeared into the forest in different directions. Alvaro, wearied and footsore with unaccustomed travel, determined to remain where he was for the present. Before long he heard shots, shouts, and bugle calls, and the deep voices of the bloodhounds among the hills. He could even hear the thundering rush of the wild cattle, as they were driven through the narrow passes, where the bullets of the buccaneers fell fast and true among them.

## CHAPTER VI.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung  
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;  
There came of every race the mingled swarm;  
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass;  
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm,  
Sprang from the woods a bold athletic mass,  
Whom freedom leads and brotherhood combines.

CAMPBELL.

FOR the next few days the hunters and their boucans were kept busy. Alvaro tried the sport. The chase of the wild cattle proved only too exciting; he almost feared to become a buccaneer in spite of himself. There was, indeed, a

strange charm about the life they led. The perfect absence of all care and responsibility,—the labour just sufficient to make repose welcome,—the high health that again stimulated to labour,—the stormy and frequent excitement alternating with periods of unbroken calm to which the delicious climate lent a double enjoyment; all this seemed delightful to the young Alvaro, new to him as were all such pleasures. As time passed on he made wider excursions, and visited the Indian villages, where the few remnants of that ill-fated race still preserved all their attractions, though they had lost, alas! most of the virtues that their first discoverers had found amongst them. Their glowing sun, (no wonder they worshipped it as a god—a god of tremendous power as well as of beneficence,) which infused into all lower nature such luxuriance and brilliancy, had so perfected the human form that Apollo might be proud to own them as his children. An untaught grace and natural dignity resulted from their symmetrical proportions. The light that shone within their large dark eyes was an effluence of the exuberant life within. Even to this hour those Indian islanders have transmitted to some of their posterity a type of the most perfect beauty known.

On one of the hunting excursions into which Alvaro was drawn, he received a severe wound from a wild boar. A buccaneer might have laughed at it, and dragged his maimed limb back to the boucan fireside and the evening's carouse; but the untried nature of Alvaro could not bear up against his agony. He caused himself to be carried to the nearest village, and there he was received with all the generous hospitality that characterized the gentle savages of Haiti. They hastily built for him a hut of canes, covered with palmetto leaves, apart from the noise of the village; and when the terrible fever of that climate came upon him, he was supplied with every luxury and anodyne that simple Indian skill afforded. The freshest, juiciest fruits were ever ready for his parched lips; calabashes of spring water were constantly poured on the broad leaves that formed his shelter, and on the grass around, in order to cool the air; and when at length consciousness returned, he observed a youthful female form ever moving softly round him, and ministering to his slightest necessities with a soothing gen-

tleness, to which only woman,—whether saint or savage,—can attain.

Avooa was the daughter of the village chief; she was conspicuously beautiful, even among her beautiful race, and her loveliness took the warm unguarded heart of the young Moresco by surprise. Woman was as yet an unknown danger to him, and he braved it until it was too late. He recovered from his fever, but he still lingered around Avooa's home; and the young Indian was ever watching for him, having given up her whole heart—her very soul—to him; for the poor savage knew no other heaven but that which the presence of the white stranger revealed to her.

At length the Rubicon was passed: Alvaro married her, after the fashion of her people, and took her away to his tent by the sea-side, leaving her father such a dowry for her that the Indians talked of it in other islands, and all the people looked up with respect to a girl who had brought so high a price.

The same spell that the artful queen of Egypt exercised on Antony, this simple savage wrought upon her accomplished lover: Alvaro gradually found his magnanimous visions fading from his mind. Time fled by unnoticed as he hunted in the primeval forests, or rested under the shadow of a vast banyan-tree, where he and Avooa had made their home. The sea was close by, swarming with fish for food, and gorgeous shells and fantastic seaweeds to make gay their verdant bower. The light labour that was to be done was performed by the faithful Andreas, who thought no office beneath him. The buccaneers, though some distance off, afforded from their stores the few European necessities of life.

Alvaro would have been but too happy in this dreamy life, if he could have forgotten altogether his early aspirations,—if the training of his mind had not imbued him with a longing for enterprise,—a grasping appetite for action.

During the illness of Alvaro, the expected ship had touched at the island and departed, leaving her sick and wounded to recruit their strength. She was now expected to return, after a long cruise among the bays of the isthmus, and her arrival was anxiously watched for. At length she was signalled; and, instigated by curiosity, Alvaro and his



young Indian found themselves among the crowd upon the shore. The proud Moresco, however, could not tolerate the bold admiration that the assembled buccaneers bestowed on Avooa, and he soon withdrew her from their gaze; but it was too late.

When the first boat landed from the ship, Alvaro was again upon the shore, and shared in the general interest with which the islanders regarded the unusual appearance of a prisoner,—for quarter was rarely given by the buccaneers. The captain stepped ashore, and motioned to this prisoner to follow. He then announced that he had spared him on board a Spanish prize, because he was an Englishman; but that, as he refused to join the Brotherhood, any buccaneer who chose might buy him as an *engagé* for a hundred dollars. The prisoner looked upon the buyers who crowded round to examine him with a calm unconscious air of superiority that struck Alvaro forcibly. He was of a commanding presence, though his blue eyes beamed with philanthropy, and the strength of character impressed on his countenance bespoke great power of endurance rather than any more active passion. He was young, but he wore an appearance of resignation and deep thought and anxious care, as with folded arms he endured the scrutiny of the buccaneers: they examined and discussed his capabilities as they would have done those of a horse or hound. Alvaro, who felt irresistibly attracted to the stranger, and proportionably annoyed at these insults, at once stepped up to the captain, paid him the hundred dollars he demanded, then extended to the prisoner his hand, and told him he was free. The buccaneers looked upon this bargain at first with curiosity, and finally with indignation. Innovation of any kind was very unpopular amongst them; but an assumption of generosity and condemnation of slavery, above all in a mere interloper, was not to be endured. Moreover, this reformer had evidently great wealth, which had not, they thought, been shared according to buccaneering principles. Wherefore then should he enjoy buccaneering privileges?

While they were thus angrily debating, Alvaro led the stranger to his home beneath the banyan tree, gave him such refreshments as he could procure, and then requested from him an account of his adventures.

An Oriental, whether he be Moor or Spaniard born,

dearly loves a tale ; it suits his imaginative but dreamily-indolent mind, to set it flowing along the current of another's thought, and find it wafted into new ideal regions without an effort. The evening hour, too, was come ; the glorious evening of the tropics, when a meditative tone steals over the spirits, as the "starry influences" spread along the sky. The two Europeans lay upon a bank sloping towards the glittering sea ; the blue smoke from their pipes rose straight upward in the motionless air, fire-flies gleamed and flashed round about them and above them, and the waves broke softly in phosphorescent foam upon the sand below.

Avooa, gracefully crouched beneath the columned foliage of their roof-tree, watched every movement of Alvaro with her intense and loving eyes ; and a brace of blood-hounds prowled, or rather patrolled, about their master's sylvan home, in a grave and conscientious sort of manner.

Thus the stranger began his story under the most favourable auspices. Would that the reader's interest could be increased or conciliated by some such pleasant influence !

As with national caution, the narrator of the following particulars suppressed much that afterwards transpired, and as the French in which he spoke was far from perfect, it seems better to relate what is now matter of history, historically, than to do so, as Alvaro might have heard it.

The stranger was one in whom I must hope that the reader already takes some interest. He was the Willie Paterson, locally called Tinwald, of Sandilee : he is now three years older in point of time, but "very much his own senior," (as an Irishman once observed of himself,) in point of experience. We took leave of him at Bristol, where he remained for some time, finding abundance of occupation for his active mind. On hearing of his father's increasing illness, he had returned in disguise to Sandilee. He was in time to fulfil the old man's prayer, that he might see his son's face once more, and that it should be the last earthly object visible through the gathering mist of death.

He found that Partan had almost recovered from the injury he had received. There had been pressure on the brain, which, when removed, left few dangerous symptoms, except those which weakness and former intemperance superinduced. He had been carried, according to Tinwald's directions, to the old manor-house, and, as Tinwald learned

from the house-keeper, Janet, the laird had found great interest at first in nursing him, as his lost son's legacy; and, ultimately, in his society. Of his fall from the cliff, Partan could give but a very confused account. Being at the time flustered with strong drink, and so suddenly rendered insensible, he could not swear that Lawrence had thrown him down, and he would not even assert it on suspicion. Nor did Tinwald seek to remove the doubt; though it struck him as remarkable that the captain affected ignorance of any accident having befallen the old sailor. There being no assignable motive for such an outrage, however, and no clue to its commission, he thought it better to search no further into the case. Perhaps, after all, it was a hallucination of Partan's, caused by the wandering of his brain, and his enmity to the buccaneer.

Old Tam was still smoking in his chimney corner, grown very old, and perpetually gloating on the gold which he expected by every tide. Alice was away with her aunt at Annan. Her friend Isobel had been left an orphan, and was to return with her to the Peel-house in a few days: for that arrival, Tinwald had no desire to wait. He did not wish to trust himself with another interview, as he considered that her troth was binding as a marriage vow. Therefore, as soon as he had performed the last duties to his father, he longed to leave the manor-house.

No living departure ever leaves such a sense of loneliness behind it as the departure of the unconscious form of our still cherished dead; and sadness and sorrow always revive an innate desire for change of scene. Paterson had now no tie to home; for that sacred word applies to hearts not hearths. He turned his thoughts once more to the western islands, of which he had heard so much; he felt as if called to exercise a sort of missionary profession there, as he had already done among the smugglers of his own coast. He thought his efforts might, perhaps, avail something even among the buccaneers, whose romantic history interested him; and among the Indians, whom the touching story of Las Casas had taught him to compassionate. Dwelling on these and such like thoughts, he brought himself to believe that it was no longer his vocation, even if permitted by the government, to remain in his own home—to speed his plough, or haggle about sheep at lowland fairs.



Accordingly, having, after his own fashion, held a solemn fast and vigil with much prayer, he commended himself to a new career. He sold all that he possessed, except the old manor-house and garden; for a Scotsman always loves to have a "bit inle he can ca' his own" in the land he is always prompt to abandon and to which he longs to return. Having, therefore, confided his household goods to the care of his foster-mother and house-keeper, Janet, he bade adieu to his home for long, long years.

He proceeded first to Hamburgh, then the greatest mercantile city in the north of Europe. There he applied himself to acquire the most recent geographical information, and to study the French and Spanish languages; neither did he omit researches into the principles of trade, notwithstanding his higher object.

Here he again met with his kinsman, John Law, of Lauriston, who was already employed in a place of trust. This young man's keen, intelligent, inquiring nature, found in that of Paterson something kindred in spirit, though very different in sentiment. The ambition of the youth was soaring but selfish, that of Paterson was magnanimous and disinterested, founded on the character of the old worthies and ancient sages, with whose writings and histories he had been familiar since his childhood. Nevertheless, the boy's enthusiasm unconsciously ministered to his kinsman's; and while giving it, perhaps, a more worldly turn, kept it continually awake.

After about a year's residence, he passed on to Brussels, in hopes of obtaining there some introduction to Spain, which country he next proposed to visit, as initiatory to its Indian colonies.

Passing on to Paris, whence the fame of Colbert had filled his ears, he made a considerable stay in that voluptuous city, the splendour and misery, extravagance and poverty of which were then unequalled. Here his cherished plans were kept alive and enlightened; for Louis XIV. patronised the buccaneers, whom, notwithstanding his own connection with Spain, he was pleased to see in the heart of his great brother's colonies. At this period the flibustiers were in almost tranquil possession of great part of Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and the whole of the little island of La Tortue. From Paris, Paterson proceeded across the Pyrenees



to Bilboa and Seville. He found the Spanish nation already in a state of such decline, as appeared to him could only have fallen on a lately great and prosperous people by a special judgment of Providence. The Indians' wrongs seemed also, to his ardent imagination, to be visibly avenged by the terrific storms, floods, and famine that were then desolating the fairest provinces of Andalusia.

Full of eager expectation, he set sail in a galleon for Carthage, but encountered so many adverse winds, that the crew were prostrated by fatigue and illness, when they were encountered by the buccaneers. To them the galleon fell an easy prey; all on board of her, except Paterson, were put to the sword, or forced to "walk the plank." He was, we have seen, spared, being an Englishman, and belonging to a people with whom the buccaneers affected to be on good terms. But when he refused to enter "The Brotherhood," and to take the oaths required by them, he was condemned to slavery, and as such, had formed part of the captain's booty, and been sold accordingly.

## CHAPTER VII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips, but still their bland  
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt  
With love that could not die ! and still his hand  
She presses to the heart no more that felt ;  
A heart, where once each fond affection dwelt,  
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair !  
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—  
Of them that stood encircling his despair,  
He heard some friendly words ; but knew not what they were.  
CAMPBELL.

THE story was ended; very different in its details, and doubtless far more graphic than ours. The narrator suppressed, as unimportant to his hearer, many of the facts here set down; but he impressed upon what he did relate much of his own character and peculiar sentiments. Alvaro was struck with observations which, though new, seemed familiar to him; and with many high-hearted thoughts to which he proudly found an echo in his own breast. He

listened to Paterson as to some eloquent lecturer on humanity, rather than as to a mere narrator of some of the humblest events of life.

When the speaker ceased, the ripple of the waves and the rustle of leaves began once more to be heard in the deep silence that ensued.

Alvaro at length found words, and expressing, at the same time, admiration and sympathy for the stranger's sentiments, concluded by saying,—

"It would seem that we are the only two Europeans in all this beautiful island-world, who are not leagued as robbers. Let us be friends: let us look upon our meeting as decreed by some favourable fate; and henceforth accept me as a fellow-labourer with you, willing to strive for good against the great evil that is everywhere manifest around us."

"It is bravely said," replied Paterson; "and brave, kind thoughts were never meant to expire on the words that uttered them. It may be, that my captivity, like that of Joseph, has been sent in unsuspected furtherance of my prayers. But, hark! Hear you not something like the stealthy motion of a canoe through the water? Did I not know that yonder fierce buccaneers were well able to keep their own coast clear, I should feel inclined to fear a surprise from hostile Indians."

Alvaro, also, had caught, as he fancied, the sound of a paddle, but he knew that all the natives were his friends; and the bending foliage of the mangrove trees, drooping over the water, prevented anything beneath them, or in their shadow, from being seen. He resumed the easy attitude from which he had been roused, on finding that the silence was undisturbed.

But the Indian girl's attention was not so quickly lulled. She had been long listening with rapt attention to the unknown words of the stranger, which appeared so deeply to interest him who was all in all to her. Her heart was very sad, with the foreboding that a summons had now come to bear him far away from the happy island that had always been her home, and had lately been her heaven. She watched with deep, womanly instinct the upturned future-seeking glance, the resolved look, which Alvaro gradually assumed, as he listened to the dreams and plans

that had brought the northern stranger from afar: she read, in his unusual aspect, changed thoughts rising in his mind. Vague feelings of fear rose, at the same time, in her heart. She had heard of wondrous worlds beyond the blue seas that surrounded her, but they were as the land of spirits to her imagination; she trembled when she saw that a thought wondered from her and her island home.

And all this time, as she looked and listened, another undefined sensation was stealing upon her. Her ear, attuned in her wild solitudes to the faintest sounds, now detected something unexpected on the evening breeze. We can see the group in imagination, though so long since past away. The sea, all glittering in the full abounding moonlight, which likewise tinged with its silveriness the plummy palm-trees and the forests far away; and the blue mountains, that shut out whole regions of the starry sky. On the verdant, grass-grown shore, fringed, except on one sandy spot, by mangroves, reclines the sun-browned Morresco,—his countenance radiant with awakened thought, his eyes upturned to the stars, listening in rapt attention to the fair-haired stranger, who put into words the ideas that so long had haunted his heart. The Indian girl, with eyes sometimes fixed upon the speaker, and sometimes with far deeper watchfulness upon the listener, and sometimes glancing nervously all round into the darkness of the surrounding forest. The bloodhounds, half subdued by the soft, enervating languor of the breathless air, yet disturbed by some restless instinct. Hark! again that stealthy ripple in the water. A boat emerges from the shadow, touches the sands, and an Indian draws it upon the beach, and approaches them swiftly and cautiously. It is Andreas, who whispers in his master's ear. He has been listening, from a place of concealment, to the buccaneers. Inflamed with drink, they have spoken aloud their hatred of Alvaro—their foul-mouthed admiration of Avooa. Alvaro heard the Indian's story unmovedly: he had already experienced enough of the buccaneers' wild life to have acquired something of their recklessness. He knew that they hated him: it was well; he hated them in return,—and was even then meditating how to free himself for ever from their association. He listened with impassive features to the Indian's information; and then, repeating it to his new friend in an un-



moved voice, waited for his counsel. Whilst he spoke, the waves still rippled on the gravel, with a soothing, quiet sound, the night-birds sang cheerily in the woods far off, and the lights of heaven shone softly down, as if they would permeate the earth with their divine influence. But he had scarcely ceased, when the hounds, with a wild, fierce yell, spring from their lair. A shriek—a woman's shriek—is heard, and, before Alvaro could snatch up his weapon, Avooa is clasped in the arms of a buccaneer, and borne away. Half-a-dozen muskets are levelled at Alvaro, and the hounds' gallant challenge subsides into a sullen moan of agony.

Paterson would fain have reasoned and expostulated; but Alvaro was already gone. The musket-shots, uncertainly fired by startled and drunken men, plashed through the trees, and far off into the sea; two of those who fired them lay prostrate—struck to the ground by the tiger spring of the young Moor. The shrieks of Avooa led him on, up by a steep path, where the precipice hung beetling above the sea. The ravisher is reached,—his throat is in the spasmed grasp of the Moor,—he reels upon the narrow path, and totters over the precipice, but still he clings to the Indian's lovely form. In the recklessness of rage, Alvaro spurns him from the cliff, as he attempts to snatch Avooa from his grasp, steadying himself by holding to a young tree. The bough gives,—it breaks.—A moment, and they are all gone—together hurled down, over crag, and bank, and crushed trees, until they reach the shore, and lie huddled, a mere human heap, upon the sands below.

Meanwhile Paterson and the Indian, concealed by the smoke of the muskets, had rushed to the boat, and reached the shelter of the mangroves. The drunken buccaneers lost sight of them, fired a few shots through the trees, and then returned to their tents and boucan. They had not intended to destroy Alvaro and his *protégé*, but to take them prisoners, and sell them as *engagés* to the "Brethren" in Cuba. Paterson and the negro pulled swiftly round to where they heard the boughs crashing underneath the cliff. They found those whom they sought still motionless; the buccaneer had fallen undermost; a rock had laid his skull open; they left the caitiff's corpse to the mercy of the rising tide, and carefully removed the inanimate forms of



Alvaro and the poor Indian girl to the canoe. Then they pulled silently along the shore to the eastward. As soon as they had reached a safe distance from the buccaneers, they laid down their oars and attempted to revive the sufferers. Both still breathed: Avooa only gave a few deep sighs and turned towards Alvaro, as if seeking refuge; her head rested on his neck, almost covering his pallid face with the masses of her rich black hair. When Alvaro recovered consciousness he laid his hand upon her heart—it was still for ever. The Moresco bent over her prostrate form; he shed no tear—he covered his face with his hands and sank down beside her.

Andreas motioned to Paterson to take up his oar, and they pulled away rapidly, still to the eastward. Before morning, they reached the rock where the ship had been stranded the year before. Scarcely a fragment of her remained, but her boat had fortunately been laid high and dry upon the beach. Alvaro in silence carried the corpse of Avooa towards the cavern, where they had left their stores. There he fondly and tenderly laid her on piles of the softest silks, and his comrades left him kneeling by her side. In about an hour they returned; they had made a grave beneath a tall palm-tree which served for a landmark many a mile at sea. And there they laid the poor Indian girl in her silken shroud, to take her last long rest.

For some days, they remained near the cavern, fitting the boat for a long sea voyage as well as they were able. Alvaro slowly recovered from his wounds, and, after his deep prostration, gave such symptoms of revival that his companions thought it would be a relief to him to return to activity. After some council, it was determined to sail to the eastward, weather the island, and bear away for Jamaica, where they were sure of shelter from the English who were settled there. The dangers of so long a voyage in an open boat were considerable, but nothing compared with the chances of falling into the hands of the buccaneers.

Having taken from the spoils in the cavern such jewels and other matters as could most easily be concealed about their persons, and having victualled their boat from the ship's stores, they launched her at sunset so as to be unobserved by any chance stragglers, and rowed till morning, relieving one another by turns at the oars. Their little

vessel was curiously fitted up. In herself a mere fishing-boat, and rudely built, within she was furnished as gorgeously as Cleopatra's barge. In the absence of iron, they had been obliged to use silver and golden plates and fastenings, hammered rudely out at night, with rocks for an anvil and cedar fires for a forge. In the absence of canvas and thread they were compelled to make their sails of satin and their cordage of silk. Their mouldy biscuits were secured in a chest of sandal wood, their junk was laid up in ivory cabinets. Crystal vases held their brandy and fresh water, and velvet cushions formed the seats of the anxious seafarers. So they sailed away through darkness and danger, surrounded by signs of wealth and luxury, and by the raging indomitable sea!

## CHAPTER VIII.

But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,  
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;  
Their days of danger and their nights of pain,  
Their manly courage e'en when deem'd in vain :  
The incessant fever of that arid thirst  
Which welcomes as a well the clouds that burst  
Above their naked bones, and feels delight  
In the cold drenching of the stormy night.

*The Island.*

AFTER many hardships and dangers, our adventurous mariners weathered Cape Engaño, and ran ashore at the little island of Saona to replenish their precious water-casks at its fountain. They then stood boldly out to sea, and after a run of one hundred and fifty miles, touched again at the islet of Alta Vela, giving the coast of Haiti still a wide berth. Another long stretch brought them to Point Gravois, whence, though in want of water, they were deterred from landing, by observing the well-known fires of a boucan. A strong wind drove them out of their course to the northward, where the currents of the windward passage tried their little craft sorely, and the sun of the tropics burned down upon them, inflaming the thirst that already was consuming their parched throats. They began to look eagerly

for land, but in vain. Just as the moon rose above the horizon, they observed what seemed a speck in her bright orb—she rose and it was gone. It must be land they thought, and stretching towards it with sail and oar, they found themselves close to the little island of Navasa before sunrise. But it mocked their hopes; it was a mere mass of rocks; there was neither stream nor fountain there; nor, as far as eye could reach, was there any other land. The sun shone in all his terrible might, and nothing but the most dreadful death appeared to await them. They returned to their boat, and looked on one another in despairing silence. At length the Indian chief murmured in accents almost inaudible from his swollen tongue and parched lips.

“Señor! you saved my life, it is yours. Indian veins have much blood, the heart it flows from is yours; drink from your own fountain.”

So saying, he plunged his knife in his arm, and held the crimson welling stream to the mouth of his master.\* Who can tell how great was the horrid temptation to the dying Moor—how heroic his abstinence from that unnatural draught! He seized the brave arm and bathed it in tears, as he hastily bound up the wound with a strip of his own sleeve. Then silently he took up his oar, and without a word being spoken, he and Paterson pulled out to sea once more. But the sun still shone with terrible power upon the waters; the very breeze seemed scorched to death; the arms of the feverish men became more languid at each stroke of the oar, and at length they ceased their apparently unavailing labour. Thus they floated for some time in the silence of despair; when suddenly the boat was stirred, though there was no breath of air. Strong bubbles danced about on the surface of the sea, and the water that came welling up from some great depth was of a different colour from that which surrounded it. Alvaro dipped his hand into it,—it felt cold. In almost delirious, doubtful joy he plunged overboard, and his companions with surprise beheld him swallowing copious draughts of the water. They quickly filled a goblet and drank too. Was it a miracle—or was there indeed a well-spring of sweet water in the salt wilderness of ocean? Pure, fresh, and sparkling

\* A fact.



as the diamond fountain that rises on the Dead Sea's shore, that fountain shone and sparkled, and such it is to this day. The mariners were saved. They filled their water vessels once more, but still they lingered by that wondrous fountain. At length a breeze springing up, they set their silken sails and bore away to the westward.

The next morning the summit of a lofty ridge of hills was visible. They were the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, and the boat was steered for the nearest point of land. The beauty of this "Land of Streams"\* is exquisite, as you approach it from the northward. Even now, when its very name is associated with ruin, disappointment, and decay, you are impressed with a sense of its smiling prosperity, which nothing but the universal voice of its inhabitants contradicts. It was then in its youth of promise; just rising into consideration. Its exceeding fertility, as well as beauty and fortunate position for commerce, had already procured for it many enterprising settlers. Plantations and fair gardens bespread the beautiful and well-watered plains that lay between the mountains and the sea. The Anglo-Saxon language gave voice to Anglo-Saxon feelings there, and inspired that energy of which the world has felt the effects even to its utmost bounds. There English homes began to smile, and English chapels rose, and the noble Liturgy of England's Church gave to her prayers an inspired form.

One of the first of these settlements was the little town of Manoa, long since deserted and crumbled into ruins. Its relics, which now alone greet the seafarer's eyes, and harbour only dangerous and loathsome reptiles, once formed the abodes of striving, industrious men, and sheltered all that made their now-forgotten lives then dear to them.

The weary mariners gazed with delight upon that favoured land. They had ample time to observe its beauties, for the breeze that had waited them so far began to fail as they approached the shore, within twelve miles of which the air at noon is almost always still. All around is calm. No tide is felt upon that coast; the heat is tempered by the lofty mountains, and the exhalations of its many streams. Those exhalations, hovering in the quiet atmosphere, catch

\* *Xaymaca*, or "stream land," is the Indian name of this island, from which our appellation is derived.



the sunshine, and seem to retain it, tinging the light with lovely hues of violet and orange-colour as the sun declines. And from the depths of those coloured mists and emerald lawns, stands out in strong relief dark masses of wide-spreading cedars and cocoa-trees, as if planted with most artistic skill to make the lovely landscape altogether perfect.

At length the sandy shore was visible, and its very shells; and thereon were groups of the settlers watching eagerly the strange-looking craft, with sails of purple silk, and velvet awnings over its sea-washed, weather-beaten crew. They landed, and Paterson knelt reverently down upon the shore in prayer. Alvaro and the Indian stood by in silence, perhaps respecting the feelings of their Christian comrade, but betraying no outward sign of sympathy, whatever vague feelings of devoutness may have swelled within their breasts.

They were soon surrounded by eager inquirers, who straightway gave them warm welcome, and the chief magistrate claimed them for his guests, ordering his slaves to transport the contents of their little bark to his cottage. A banquet was given in their honour, and in the evening, when the cool land-breeze began to fan the lofty trees, they sat under the broad verandah that screened them from the dangerous dews, and all the English inhabitants assembled round them to listen to Paterson's relation of their escape and perilous voyage. He of course suppressed all that related to the immediate cause of their quarrel with the buccaneers; nor would it have been prudent in that assembly to denounce the Brethren of the Coast, who were looked upon in rather an honourable light. Their dealings at Jamaica were always transacted in a fair commercial spirit; they were the scourge of the Spanish enemy, and, by the sale of their spoil, the chief promoters of the island's prosperity. Paterson took care, therefore, to dwell upon the fact, that it was with the mere hunters or matadores they had disagreed; and that the only ship, frequenting the coast they came from, was manned by filibustiers, and not by buccaneers.\*

\* FLIBUSTIER was a corruption of the English word *Freebooter*, unpronounceable by Frenchmen; BUCCANEER was a corruption of the French word *Boucanier*; and, by a singular perversity, the English

His narrative was very favourably received, therefore, and some days were passed at Manoa pleasantly enough by the adventurers; at least by Paterson and the Indian; for Alvaro wandered away into the woods from sunshine until dark, nursing his deep uncomplaining sorrow in solitude. They next resolved to proceed to St. Jago, then the chief city of the island. There they expected to obtain information as to the state of Terra Firma and the Isthmus of Panama: Paterson agreeing with his friend that they could no longer remain in countries frequented by the buccaneers. He thought it was necessary for Alvaro to adopt some pursuit that would occupy his mind and give employment to his energies. Commerce then offered the best and worthiest, if not the only honest career that was possible to an adventurer and a stranger; besides the constant excitement and boundless prospect that it opened. He had lately devoted much attention to the principle of trade, and Alvaro, by his early education, his generous nature, and the large capital at his command, appeared well adapted to develop its resources in a useful and brilliant manner.

The friends finally resolved to repair in the first instance to Carthagena, where a merchant, named Don Felipe Martinez, held large sums in trust for the house of Medina. While waiting for a passage thither, they were informed that the Governor, Sir Henry Morgan, desired to see them, and to hear from their own lips a narrative of their adventures. This singular man had himself been a buccaneer of the highest renown to which ferocity, ruthlessness, and daring could attain. He was originally a Welshman, of a humble family that claimed very long descent. He had run away to Bristol, embarked for Barbadoes as a common seaman, was sold at Jamaica as an *engagé*, became a buccaneer in the natural course of events, was soon chosen captain, and finally appointed "Vice-Admiral" by Mansvelt. He was more feared than any rover of the seas, except L'Olonnois. The whole isthmus stood in awe of him; and after his successful sack of Panama, he might, with common honesty, have banded the entire Brotherhood of the Coast

adopted the French appellation, and the French assumed the English one, calling themselves *flibustiers*. Therefore, Paterson cannily availed himself of the old national prejudice by pointing out that his enemies had belonged to this latter denomination.

under his standard, and reduced all Spanish America. But his avarice prevailed over his ambition. He cheated his followers, and sailed away from the fleet with by far the greater part of the plunder he had acquired. And yet—the infamy of dishonesty being superadded to the atrocities of his former life—he was made a knight, and appointed Governor of Jamaica by the ministers of Charles II., the basest Government that ever disgraced England. But their policy seemed justified by the result. Charles at that time desired to be on good terms with Spain, and in order to conciliate that kingdom, he resolved to disown and discountenance the buccaneers. Morgan, as Governor of Jamaica, was in a capacity to annoy this Brotherhood severely. He felt for his former comrades all the hatred of an apostate, and the malice of an informer. He was as inexorable to their appeals as he had formerly been to those of honest men; he never spared those who fell into his hands; and though in all other parts of the island they were welcomed, a brief examination and a halter was the sure fate of those who were detected at St. Jago.

The ex-buccaneer, however, had now assumed a serious character; and who can venture to say that his conversion was not, in its way, sincere? After the fashion of several ancient and illustrious evil-doers, he moreover built a church and endowed it.

It naturally takes some time to undo the ruffian habits acquired in a life-long apprenticeship to crime, but Morgan appeared to have begun the task when he was recalled to England. There he soon afterwards died of consumption, and the worry attendant upon constant accusations against him for acts sanctioned by the Government. Thus, having been rewarded for his crimes, he was persecuted to the death for his honest conduct.

Paterson was summoned to the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, at the period when his authority was highest. He found the ex-buccaneer seated in great state, surrounded by his officers. He was a portly person, with a broad face, especially in its lower parts: he had a projecting under lip, a mouth and chin expressive of great determination, a small straight nose, moustaches short and bristly, eyes very wide apart, shaded by lowering eyebrows and very fat lids—a countenance, on the whole,



devoid of ruth, or fear, or grace; the possessor of which must have found it a harder matter to reform himself than most men would have done.\*

This redoubtable Governor received Paterson very graciously, and listened with interest to the brief detail which the prudent Scot alone considered necessary. He inquired with greater curiosity about the buccaneers than his informant found it quite convenient to satisfy. He then asked Paterson abruptly what opinion he had formed of his government.

"Your Excellency," replied the Scot, "will perhaps excuse my frankness in questioning one of its acts, while, with equal frankness, I express my admiration of it in others?"

The Governor nodded assent.

"It excites my curiosity," continued Paterson, "to observe that England, the most powerful of colonizing States, appears to keep her negroes in a darker state of oppression and ignorance than any other. If I am not misinformed, the slaves here are forbidden on pain of death to attend any divine worship or listen to any instruction."†

The church-founding buccaneer smiled grimly as he replied, "Good fellow, do not meddle with matters above your comprehension. Those scoundrels are dark without, and let 'em remain dark within. If once they become Christians how could we treat 'em like brutes, as they are, and as they must remain for the prosperity of the colony? Your congregations for low people are mere excuses for plots and insurrections."

"Well then," persisted Paterson, "the buccaneers are already Christians. Perhaps if some lenity and encouragement were shown to them, they might improve and become honest subjects. At the island of Cayenne they have settled down and become good colonists."

The Governor upon hearing this, grew earnest. He said that Paterson must be a bold man to talk thus to him who

\* I subjoin an account of his dress, for the sake of those who may be curious in such matters: "He wore a doublet of rich orange brocade, slashed at the sleeves to show the purple lining. A broad embroidered sword-belt, with broad fringes across the shoulder, a laced cravat round his short neck, and a huge wig curling down his shoulders."

† A fact.



knew them so well. He maintained that they were worse than hopeless, as was any prospect of turning them from their evil ways; that to go amongst them to preach to them would be an immediate step to martyrdom, without any other result. "It is true," he said, "that many of them are much given to brayer: put it would be less awful to hear their natural curses. They will bray to all their saints before they begin to drink; and when they are drunk they will call one another by names of evils, and imitate hell for bastime. I was obliged to put a stop to it on board my ship at last, for I lost some of my best hands by shutting themselves up in the hold, and burning sulphur and trinking burning brandy, to make themselves, as they said, merry after the fashion of evils."

Paterson observed that perhaps if some better course of life were open to them, they would take refuge in it; instead of having recourse to such demoniacal orgies as could only be suggested by despair.

"Ach yes," rejoined the Governor; "if there was an English city, like Carthagera, on the isthmus, that would build, and buy, and sell, and make ships, and man them, and make a constant healthy stir of business, instead of stagnating, like those pestilent Spaniards; then the buccaneering business would soon cease. Bad times make bad men. A large and honest open trade would do up the piracy very soon. Put, till that is made, breaching is no use to them."

Paterson saw much force in the Governor's observations, and they increased a desire on which his mind had long brooded, which was, to establish a great colonial city on the isthmus, which should communicate with a similar one on the Pacific side, and thus join the commerce of the two worlds in that one spot. Alvaro caught at the scheme, and the two friends resolved, in the first instance, to establish themselves at Carthagera. Thither they soon proceeded in a smuggling vessel; by means of which, both Spaniards and English obtained all that was obtainable of their respective neighbours' forbidden produce.

This smuggling vessel was a fast sailer, as was very needful for her safety. Sometimes, in her voyage from the English settlements, she was pursued by the Spaniards; sometimes, on returning from the Terra Firma, she was chased by the buccaneers. Like the Flying-fish, whose

name she bore, everything that moved upon the waters was her enemy. But her speed had hitherto defied all pursuit, and she now transported Alvaro and his friend to their destination. Andreas, of course, accompanied them. He had, in former times, guided Sir Henry Morgan to the sack of Panama; and he now carefully kept out of his sight, fearing that this reformed Governor would hang him for his former services.

The ambition of Alvaro was to put into execution the plans he had long dreamed of, and which Paterson had matured, concerning a vast system of commerce;—a system which was to embrace all countries and their produce; to acquire a knowledge (without reference to distance) of where any article was to be most cheaply procured, and in what part of the world it could find the highest price. These points ascertained, the intermediate questions of the cost and risk of transport was of minor interest. The system was to have its centre at Carthagea, and gradually to launch out into the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and along the sea-board of both countries, until it comprised the world.

In furtherance of this great design, Alvaro had considerable wealth at his command; Paterson great knowledge and experience. The former was too generous and too just not to acknowledge in his friend's qualifications an equivalent to his own capital; and the latter was too conscious of his own disinterestedness and high object to feel the obligation as a burden. Indeed, but for him, their commercial career would probably have been very brief. Alvaro would fain have bounded forward, and attempted to grapple with all difficulties at once: the more cautious Scot insisted on carefully pioneering, by deep thought, before action was allowed to follow. Even among the generous and frank mercantile community of Carthagea, Paterson would feel his way, step by step, until he found each path that they were to tread was secure; and then he would freely allow Alvaro to rush forward in it with an energy that astonished the languid natives, and carried all before it. In stirring and incessant action, the Moresco sought oblivion of the many sorrows that preyed on his young heart. In intense thought and speculation, the Paterson of Carthagea endeavoured to forget the Willie of the Lowlands, the temptation that had almost shaken his plighted faith, and the manful absorption

of his deeply-seated love. He always thought that he saw a truer impulse of the heart of Alice in her acceptance of the brilliant stranger, than in the effort she had made to win back her first love, when he had been forced to renounce her. He knew little of the sex; indeed, he knew but one; and from such slight experience, how could he divine the truth in the contradictory workings of a woman's fitful emotions! He could not understand, or even suspect, under what various disguises love will hide, or how pride will induce it to deny itself.

Perhaps it was well, in a business point of view, for the two young partners, that their affections were thus anchored on distant objects; for otherwise the luxurious society of Carthagera, and its proverbially beautiful and genial women, might have unnerved them for devotion to the great task they had set themselves, and which was now fully entered upon.

Alternately, Alvaro and Paterson made long excursions into the interior, and along the shores of the Pacific; no dangers daunted them; no hardships could subdue their energy. The jealousy of the Spanish king had hitherto restrained all foreign enterprise, and preserved for Central America all the mysteries that shroud an undiscovered land. The old Indian roads were falling into ruin, and becoming choked up with the rank vegetation that the alternate heavy rains and powerful sun engendered. Mighty forests had already buried the magnificent old cities of the Aztecs. The cacajou and the balsam-tree now harboured brilliant flocks of the harat and the tulcan, in the court-yards of Palenque and Copan. The cedar-tree grew up through the cedar roofs; the wild balsam, the tamarind, and the cassia-tree, filled the ancient gardens, and restored the reign of the forest, where it had long been overthrown. The scorpion, the lizard, and the serpent alone inhabited the palaces.

But neither forests, nor rivers, nor untamed savages could bar the progress of Alvaro and his friend. Wherever they went, they left a link behind them,—a connecting interest, that ramified for thousands of miles, and found its centre in Carthagera. The wealth which Alvaro had brought with him into America, was laid out with liberal and wise



lavishment. Not in mere mercantile articles for immediate profit, but in subsidizing all the jealous but corrupt authorities, and rendering them unconsciously liberal in turn. Naturalization was easily obtained, with all the privileges of Spanish citizenship. Other advantages, which the true-born Spaniard was too indolent to seek for or turn to account, were still more easily conceded. Armed and well-disciplined bands already waited the commands of Alvaro; and escorted his emissaries and their merchandize in safety through savage tribes and savage wildernesses.

The intelligent and active mind of the young merchant did not confine itself to the accustomed route of Carthagena affairs. The gold of Mexico, the silver of Peru, the pearls of the Gulf, indeed, found their way into his treasuries, as well as into those of other merchants, who prepared such costly stores for the great fair of Panama and the galleons of Spain. But the most remote and incongruous treasures were as easily sought and brought together by one who acknowledged precedents only as finger-posts for bolder enterprises.

Cinnamon from the Caraccas; ambergris from the Baltic; fish from Newfoundland; spices from the Moluccas; ivory from Ceylon; diamonds from Golconda;—nothing was too remote, or too mean, or too costly, to be transferred to the great merchant's stores. Gradually he extended his spheres of action, and made all the great commercial capitals in the world arenas for his enterprise. In some he failed to procure the mere profit calculated on; but his very failures were sure to suggest some greater scheme, and, ultimately, some grand success. In other instances, a new fountain of wealth at once was opened, and began to pour its streams into the ever-expanding reservoir of Carthagena.

The prosperity of Alvaro became proverbial; his slightest words were treasured as affording some clue to wealth; his movements were imitated, his ships were sought for. Many a bold hand, however, was paralysed in attempting to wield the smallest of his gigantic enterprises; he stood alone, unrivalled and unapproachable in his power of combination, and in the enormous wealth which resulted from it.

Meanwhile Paterson, with a mind as active but of yet wider speculation, was restlessly exploring the cities, soli-



tudes, seas, savannahs, shores, and mountains of the Tierra Firme. He had built a summer-house on the spot whence Balboa,

“Silent on a peak of Darien,”

first beheld the Pacific Ocean. There he gazed on it rolling beneath him in unbounded grandeur—in sublime significance; opening a wider sphere of action and enterprise than yet had been conceived by mortal man. Beyond its waters lay a great continent, and scattered richly amongst them were innumerable islands, pregnant with all that can render earthly life prosperous and resplendent. There,—sleeping beneath the waters, couched beneath the earth, waving upon the trees, roaming through plains, or forests, or snowy wildernesses,—were all the richest and most luxurious spoils of earth—the means of diffusing wealth to many, comfort to all.

One rocky ridge there is, which has not in recent times been rediscovered, which commands a view of the shores on either side of the isthmus. There the entranced speculator stood and gazed. Primæval forests, it is true, with impenetrable brakes and pestilential swamps, swarming with terrible reptiles, barred the one ocean from the other. But the barrier was not insuperable. What is insuperable to the mortal brain and hand that raised the wall of China, that built the Pyramids, nay, that summoned up among the abysses of those very forests on which Paterson then gazed the magnificent lost cities of the Aztecs? His eagerly dreaming eyes could already see two kindred ports on the two great shores, with a broad causeway between them, over which the commerce of two worlds rolled along in stupendous ebb and flow. That lone and dreamy stranger saw also in his vision, lines of quays extending along the crystal waters of the tropics; forests of masts reflected in the waves, clouds of rich argosies, making populous the horizons of both oceans. What was the Alexandria of arid Africa compared to what the new emporium of two worlds might become?

The mind of the dreamer expanded over such thoughts; it moulded and remodelled them until they became plans; those plans became a purpose; and, finally, the object of a life.

Nor let us think that in the midst of a worldly success, which far exceeded the most golden dreams of his early youth, Paterson neglected the philanthropic mission that had first induced him to cross the seas. But in a bigoted country, where his own presence was barely tolerated, he found it impossible to attempt any of the reforms that he aspired to. These he was obliged to refer to the period when his schemes upon the isthmus were carried into effect, and that thought lent a new stimulus to the project. Even at Carthagera, he endeavoured, with national caution and courage, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves; and there came a day when even that abject people had an opportunity of proving that they could be grateful.

## CHAPTER IX.

I know a lady fair to see,  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care !  
She gives a side glance and looks down,  
Beware ! beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom white as snow,  
Take care !  
She knows how much it is best to show,  
Beware ! beware !

*Hyperion.*

THERE are few scenes more interesting to an observant mind than those which occur daily at the great wharfs where foreign ships are laden; and we can imagine its picturesque effect at a tropical port, such as Carthagera, where several ships belonging to Alvaro are now lying. No longer those great dark floating fabrics beat back the ocean's continual assault; no longer those tapering masts bend and

creak under the weight of the storm. But internal commotion succeeds; the hold is thrown open to the warm air; blocks creak and cranes groan beneath the weight of great bales dislodged from their long resting-place. Half-naked sailors heave at the wheel or windlass; swarthy porters swagger to and fro with bended backs; yellow-faced clerks, with broad-brimmed hats and nankeen jackets, note down the goods as they emerge from the ship, and are borne away. Scents of all kinds, with all their associations, fill the air; musky odours and briny smells—even iron, and silk, and leather, are thus invisibly announced, and insensibly excite attention. Within the narrow-windowed storehouses, also, there are sounds of life; tramping feet, straining arms, commanding voices, scratching of pens; there, though unseen, is also life, and life's lot—work, taskmaster-ship, and slavery.

In the most remote part of the storehouse sat a tall, pale, noble-looking man—the master—THE MERCHANT PRINCE. There was the living centre, the moving spirit of all the busy crowd without: of many a ship still far away, struggling with distant seas; of earnest bargains, at that moment being made, and grave arrangements, in many languages, and in many a remote city of the earth. The sun never set upon the business of his agents. In every hour of the twenty-four, in some part or other of the world, men were writing or speaking the name of Alvaro, the princely merchant of Carthagera.

His house was always open to travellers. In the times we speak of, their visits were but few and far between. We do not often meet with accounts of *amateur* wanderers in the west in those days of danger. Among those whom accident first sent adrift there, and whom a natural love of travel instigated to persevere in its pursuit, the names of Wafer and Dampier occupy a conspicuous place. The "voyage" of the former seems now more like a romance than most fictions that assume the title.

This enterprising man was welcomed heartily by Alvaro, and Paterson seems to have formed a lasting friendship and esteem for him. In after years, when the publication of his travels had given him a name and fame, Wafer was consulted with respect to the details of the great Darien scheme, and he then bore out, to the letter, all the state-



ments made by Paterson. His arrival with Dampier was a great incident in Carthagera. Wafer had lived for a long time among the native Indians; Dampier had lately investigated the isthmus, and declared it could even then be traversed in three days by way of Chiapo and Santa Maria.

The intelligence thus communicated gave a fresh impulse to the schemes of the partners. The great fair of Panama, held at the end of every eighteen months, at Portobello, was approaching, and Paterson resolved to take that opportunity of exploring the country between the Pacific and the Atlantic sea-ports. He inquired of Wafer if he knew in what condition the buccaneers stood there, and whether they were likely to attack the Spanish galleons then on their voyage to Portobello. Wafer replied,—

“I think they are in low condition at present; they have been denounced both by France and England, and many of them have given up the trade. One of their most daring and skilful leaders, too, was lately caught by the Indians and fly-blown, in revenge for some acts of violence he had committed on their coasts. We saw him after that terrible execution; a miserable sight. They had bound him and a companion of his to two cedar trees, and anointed them with honey; myriads of flies soon settled upon them, blackening them from head to foot; these flies and other insects slowly ate their skins away, and, depositing their eggs within, these were soon vivified, and the poor fellows died in fearfully-prolonged suffering. The one was said to be the celebrated Lawrence, or Laurent, as the French call him, and the other was a Scotch sailor, who had only lately joined the Brotherhood.”

Paterson was deeply moved with this intelligence, and inquired how it happened, that a man so powerful and subtle could have fallen into the Indians' hands.

“I heard the story very indistinctly,” Wafer replied; “but, I understood that Lawrence had gone in a canoe to one of the Caxones, it was supposed in search of buried treasure: they were caught by a tornado, and driven upon the coast, where they were too well known. They say, however, that there were three of them, and as only two were put to death, one must have escaped.”

Paterson was shocked and ashamed to find that a strange sense of pleasure mingled with, and, as it were, shone

through the dark horror that this story inspired. But death is a sure shelter for the faults of those whom it has deprived of erring sense and senses; and Paterson only thought of the murdered buccaneer as he appeared at Sandilee, brave, brilliant, generous, and full of life. He seemed to him, too, to have fallen in the attempt to discharge a trust; for he well guessed that it was in search of the fatal treasure that the pirate lost his life.

It was not till after a long debate with himself, that he resolved to write to Alice. He informed her, as gently as he could, that her betrothed was dead, and that he had died in endeavouring to discharge (he did not say how tardily) his promise to her father. He then added some few lines regarding himself and his own position. He did not venture to make any suit to her, but he gave her to understand, as well as his timidity would permit, that his affection for her had never altered; but that, without presuming on any occurrences of the *auld lang syne*, he should always consider it as a first duty, no less than the highest privilege, to render any service to her that his utmost efforts could perform. And so he ended; and committed his letter to Wafer, who was waiting for the first opportunity to return to Europe.

Meanwhile, the house of Alvaro prospered, and advanced daily in wealth, consideration, and power. The superior education and youthful energies of the two partners more than atoned for their want of experience. They could afford to commit some errors, and their talents often turned even mistakes ultimately to good account. The great scheme concerning the isthmus was never allowed to slumber, but it was necessary first thoroughly to explore the destined scene of its operation, and hence it was, that Paterson had resolved to visit Portobello, and was now making preparations for his voyage. His even and regular mode of life presented a considerable contrast to that of his equally energetic but more mercurial friend.

Sometimes Alvaro would entirely seclude himself from society, and devote all the great powers of his mind to private study; at other times he applied himself solely to the advancement of his business, which he looked on rather as a curious problem than as a means to greater wealth. Sometimes, however, his restlessness would take a social

turn, and vent itself in festivals, whose magnificence was long remembered by the pale ladies of Carthagena with wonder and delight. In all his moods, his staid friend and partner could so far sympathize as to prevent estrangement; though, at the same time, he acted as a sort of pendulum to prevent excess on one hand or the other.

It was on the occasion of a marriage between a young Peruvian merchant and the daughter of his brother merchant, Don Felipo, that Alvaro gave an entertainment which involved the young Scot in a romance that he little contemplated. The bride was rich and fair, but a mere child; her kinswoman, who for some time had supplied the place of her lost mother, was also young, but she enjoyed the great privileges of a widow; combining the independence of a matron with the attractions of a maid. Marina Gonzaga was her virgin name, which she had resumed after her very brief and not very happy wedlock. This last, however, was only presumed, for nothing was with certainty known of her earlier days, except that she then lived with an old uncle at Campeachy; on the sack of that city by the buccaneers, she had escaped, after long wanderings, by great courage and ingenuity to Carthagena.

Her admirable beauty, together with her romantic reputation, her wit, and her inaccessibility, had gained her numerous admirers. The ladies of Carthagena were seldom accused of coldness, but Marina had hitherto kept at a distance every individual of the sex which her experience had perhaps warned her to eschew. Alvaro himself, as well as most of those who beheld her, had at first been attracted by this superb and haughty beauty, but his very superiority of mind and person seemed the more to pique her disdain. The Moresco, proud as herself and a good deal pre-occupied, resigned her service with a careless smile. During his first acquaintance with the widow, he had offered to arrange some affairs for her at Portobello, and he now recommended his grave friend as his substitute in her confidence. The beautiful widow accepted the change with apparent pleasure, and Paterson was introduced to her dangerous presence.

The young Scot had, perhaps maliciously, been left uninformed by his friend of the sort of person whom he was to serve. His secluded habits had kept him a stranger to



society, and, except the puzzling page of Alice Graeme, he was utterly unread and inexperienced in the mystic book of woman's nature. He had simply understood from Don Alvaro that he might be useful to a widow lady, in whom his friend had taken much interest, and it was with a mind full of philanthropy and attuned to sympathy with an elderly widow's woe, that he ascended the white marble steps which led to Marina's apartments.

Even the languid and dangerous climate of Carthage had been rendered luxurious by the sensuous Spaniards of that time. Wide-spread verandahs, with gay-coloured awnings, shaded the windows, and left a space where the sea-breeze might cool and become fragrant, tangled in the petals of a thousand flowers. In the court-yard a lofty fountain flung its spray into the sunshine, and the evaporation caused a gentle current of air to flow through the surrounding apartments. The palmetto spread its branches over the roof, and rustled with every breath of wind created by the musical fall of waters below.

Into this deliciously cool retreat the young Scot passed from the scorching atmosphere without. A slave-girl, black and beautiful as an ebony statue, received his name and message; and in a few minutes more, a wide curtain of curiously-woven cotton was drawn aside, and the man of business passed through a screen of myrtle and orange trees into the presence of his client.

Her apartment resembled a pavilion rather than a room; being on three sides supported only by pillars of polished cedar. Facing that by which one entered from the vestibule, rose the fountain before described, which shed its moisture on the white porcelain with which this parquet was paved. At each corner stood a crystal vase, containing gold and silver fish, and in the centre played a jet of perfumed water. It was open towards the sea on one side and the court-yard on the other. The upper end of the room was furnished with a small marble table, and a very low and wide couch, after the eastern fashion, placed against the only solid wall, and this was lined with a great mirror; so that the occupant of the divan could behold the sea and all its shipping reflected without any glare, through the jalousies opposite. In that land of the sun, to overcome

his tyranny and enjoy all the products of his power, seemed the greatest exercise of taste and skill.

Far different from his old haunts by the Solway's stormy shore were these scenes, and all the sensations they awakened in the young Scot. Even in Carthagera, his own dwelling was of the simplest and least luxurious construction, and it was now, for the first time, that he felt the enervating influences of such appeals to the sense as surrounded him in Marina's fanciful abode. Every air he breathed was laden with odours, every sound was musical, every sight was beautiful.

As he gazed around him, a female figure glided in. It was enveloped in a cloud of white and almost transparent gauze, but the gracefulness of the form within was revealed by its ease and majesty of movement—the true Andalusian gait. It was Marina herself. As soon as she had sat down, or rather sunk into the cushions of the wide divan, she unveiled, and fixed her brilliant eyes in astonishment on the Scot. She had expected to see an English merchant of the usual sort, with a bald head, wrinkled and sallow cheeks, and huge spectacles. She found in her new adviser a figure tall and upright, crowned by a comely head, that had never been bowed even in thought by one unworthy consciousness. Abundant but fine hair fell away from a white expansive forehead, and finely-arched brows shaded eyes of the clearest blue. Energy was legible in the nostril, but the almost feminine sweetness of the mouth showed that it was energy rather of a passive than of an active kind.

Such was the aspect of the young Scot, who stood for some moments gazing on the beautiful Spaniard with a simple and unaffected look of surprise and admiration, which was far more flattering to her than the most courtly compliments. But soon her visitor's prepared expression of countenance changed to something like anxiety and trouble. That woman's glowing beauty fell on him like a sun-stroke; a vague idea of delightful danger, of painful pleasure, seized him. He averted his eyes, and, with the blood mounting to his pale forehead, he expressed some faltering suspicion that he had made a mistake—that it was with a widow lady he sought the honour of an interview on business connected with her bereaved situation.

Marina smiled half scornfully, but seeing her guest still standing in embarrassed silence, she burst into a peal of laughter, that rang like merry music in the young merchant's anxious ears.

"Señor Escocoz!" she exclaimed, at length; "you expected to find in me an old woman in black weeds; I expected to behold in you an elderly cavalier, with bent back and horrible bald head, or still more horrible peruke. I suspect that your magnificent friend, Don Alvaro, has prepared us for this mutual mistake; let us revenge ourselves on him by acting on our original belief, instead of our present discoveries. Draw near, then, kind old friend, and repose upon this sofa; my sense of hearing is not what it used to be, and your venerable limbs no doubt require rest."

The Scot, for the first time in his life, felt bewildered, but passively and in silence obeyed. After a short pause, the Señora tapped his arm with her folded fan, and demanded abruptly—

"When do you sail for that horrid Campeachy?"

"As soon—as soon as possible," faltered the merchant.

"Nay, nonsense," rejoined Marina; "Don Alvaro's grand banquet, and my cousin's marriage, are not to take place for two days. You can't go until after that."

"Lady," replied the Scot, solemnly, "I have little to do with such things. I am but a humble man of business, not of pleasure; and I set myself certain tasks which it is my only and undivided object to accomplish."

"And is it possible, Señor Escocoz, that you, so young, have a heart so entirely devoted to the acquisition of mere wealth?"

The Scot now looked up boldly into the Señora's face. "I do not care for wealth, lady," said he; "else I were indeed unhappy. Even as that fountain is cold amidst the burning sunbeams, I am poor, though the medium of golden millions."

"Nay, now I *know* you jest, for Don Alvaro told me that you were his dearest friend and only partner."

"I will not force my confidence upon you, lady; but what I say is true, whatever may be the generous and mistaken belief of Don Alvaro. I came to this Western World with far different views than those of avarice. I brought



hither many hopes and many resolutions ; but the strongest of all these last was to touch no farthing of this damning gold, save such as had been purified by honest earning, and purchased by my own exertions."

"Very strange!" exclaimed Marina, almost in soliloquy. "He talks more like one of the old romances than like a rational creature; and yet it pleases me. Señor," she added, with a short pause, and with some feeling, "have you left no one in your own country for whom, if not for yourself, you desire to win wealth?"

"None, lady!" replied the Scot, with a sigh. "But I have left there thousands of my countrymen for whom I hope to obtain a nobler benefit—an honourable path from penury and care to prosperity and ease. But, pardon me, I have no right and no desire to intrude my private concerns upon your ear. I wait to learn your commands for Portobello, whither I must soon depart."

The lady sighed and was silent; she was not thinking of Portobello or of dollars just then. She had heard, for the first time in her life, a man speak nobly, loftily, and earnestly of others' welfare. In the depths of her heart she found some echo to that strange language; but still she felt more interested in the thinker than in his thoughts.

"This climate is really too oppressive," she said, "for prolonged visits of ceremony. Excuse me if I try to obtain a little repose for my frame, while my mind attempts to grapple with business."

So saying, as she rose, one of the living ebony statues presented her polished shoulder for her to lean upon, as she moved towards a sort of hammock, such as sailors use, but very different in texture, and richly fringed with silken tassels to divert the flies. Reclined at full length on that moving couch, and rocked by her slaves to and fro with an almost imperceptible motion, the Señora seemed to find the repose she sought; her large lustrous eyes alone betrayed restlessness, as they sometimes pensively gazed upon the sea, but on the slightest pretext beamed full on her embarrassed visitor. He stood with folded arms, leaning against an adjoining pillar, endeavouring to look upon the floor, though occasionally thinking himself obliged to turn his eyes towards the undulating hammock, when its fair occupant addressed him.

"I think I can now give some account of my affairs," she said, languidly and carelessly. "At the time that those terrible buccaneers plundered Campeachy, about three years ago, I was living there with a dear old uncle, who fell a victim to their barbarity. When the assault first took place, and our troops were beaten back, we saw from our terrace the pirates pursuing them. An attempt to parley was made, but it was too late. The wild sailors, begrimed with dust and blood, were already clambering over the walls with their swords between their teeth. My poor uncle exclaimed, 'Santa Maria! it is all over—we are lost! My child, I have only life to lose, and not much of that. *You* are in yet greater danger, and I charge you to fly by the Vega gate, lowards the logwood stores; they will leave them to the last.\* If you ever escape to Carthagea, you will find some property of mine in Don Felipo's hands; it is yours. But my chief wealth lies buried at Portobello, in the spot indicated by these tablets; it also is yours. Now fly, and leave me to my prayers.'

"I tried to stay with him, but he sternly drove me forth, and I soon found myself borne along by a crowd of fugitives through the streets, and away into the country. Before we had got far, I could see the smoke and flames rising from the ruins that lately were our homes. I need not tell you through what trials and disasters I passed; having been captured at last by the leader of the buccaneers. After a long detention, however, I escaped, and found the refuge I now enjoy with my good kinsman Felipo."

Here the Señora paused, as if she hesitated how to explain something. But she soon went on, and thus concluded:—"I cared little for the buried treasure at Portobello as long as my property here lasted; but it is now almost gone. Felipo recommended me to consult the all-powerful Don Alvaro as to the recovery of my poor uncle's treasure, and he, it seems, has referred me to you. Now, therefore, my fortunes are in your hands: my kinsman would not, if he dared, go to that fatal place, where the demon of pestilence seems to guard its treasures. Not

\* This, in effect, the buccaneers did, and afterwards made a bonfire of the logwood in their drunken orgies, in honour of Louis XIV. This fuel was worth half a million of money.

for worlds would I revisit those scenes of horror. There are few whom I could trust with unknown treasure; but if you will generously undertake my cause, I need only to look in your countenance to be assured that it is safe."

The Scot only bowed to the compliment, and saying that he must then retire, begged to know when the Señora would favour him with further information on the subject of his intended search.

"At Don Alvaro's fête," replied the lady, with a languid voice but earnest eye; and the merchant no longer objected to that arrangement.

## CHAPTER X.

There, where your argosies with portly sail,—  
Like signors, and rich burghers of the flood,  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers  
That curtsy to them,—do them reverence  
As they fly by them on their woven wings.

SHAKSPERE.

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

*Childe Harold.*

THE day of the fiesta was come. Many a fair bosom beat high as its owner thought of the coming pleasure; to some, perhaps, not pleasure only, but the fate of a life seemed involved in that event. "There would *he* surely be; and in so wide a space, and so great a crowd, and with so many attractions round, surely there would be opportunity"—for what? Ah! such questions are only to be answered by the future.—That future is now impending, now close at hand. Ruby lips are murmuring, "How can we lull our senses into indifference, and subside into the soft siesta? Impossible! We shall look pale, very pale to-night; but then our eyes will light up the brighter; and who cares for aught but the passionate thoughts that they reveal?"

So thought many a Señora and Señorita on the day that ushered in Alvaro's fiesta.



The palacio of the Merchant Prince was arrayed with all the brilliance that a cultivated Oriental imagination could dictate to unbounded and unstinted wealth. The sun was not to look upon the festival, for who could dare to encounter aught but labour under his tyrant reign within the tropics? But evening came, with all the magnificence of the starry sky which is only displayed in that glowing climate. Then care and business go to rest, and pleasure wakes.

The palacio was but one story high, but it was proportionably widely spread. From the garden entrance an alameda, or avenue of stately trees, led to a wide circular space, in the centre of which a fountain scattered its vanishing diamonds over a border of fragrant flowers. A coloured awning, extended from tree to tree, made one vast aisle of the whole avenue; and coloured lamps, not confusedly scattered, but each assembled in masses of kindred colour, gave every variety of changing hues, while millions of fire-flies glanced to and fro, as if ministering to the more stationary lights. From the alameda ran quiet passages, scarcely lighted, or left altogether to the moon: some of these led out upon the open garden, some into small kiosks, paved with porcelain. Gigantic slaves, magnificently dressed, carried about vases of iced sherbet and snow, sweetened with every delicate flavour, from the perishable mangosteen to the familiar vanilla. Wines from every precious grape in Europe presented themselves on rustic tables. Music, in subdued tones, was heard, now here, now there; but never in the more shadowy places, where many guests reclined on Persian carpets, reposing their senses to enable them to take fresh draughts of delight. Within the palacio, no one could recognise its former state. Some of the spacious apartments were converted into bowers of beautiful flowering plants, woven together with Indian art. Some rooms were hung with rich crimson draperies, and lighted with warm coloured lamps, whose glow made the palest cheek look lovelier than the roses that festooned the marble pillars. Other apartments, pervaded with a greenish lustre, suited those whose thoughts were pensively inclined. Beyond these, a vast saloon was draperied with shadowy silks of uncertain hue, set off with the plumage of the flamingo and the tulcan,

which seemed to nestle in its folds. Yet farther on, in a perfect blaze of light, was the banqueting hall, open all round to the evening breeze, and supported only on cedar pillars, and domed with invisible gauze. Beneath it, gold and silver gleamed and glowed in every conceivable form over a great circular table, covered with snow-white porcelain instead of damask; and in the midst of it, among fruits and flowers, a fountain of iced and perfumed water flashed and sparkled in the gold-reflected light. Meats, the most delicate, set off by the most refined art, and wines of all sorts, from the rich vines of Shiraz to the native "pulque," were abundantly spread and constantly renewed. All round, outside the banqueting hall, the full moon shone down through tall cedar and palmetto trees, affording a deeply-striking contrast to the splendid glare and glow within. All along, through the suite of various apartments, music from no visible lip or instrument floated on the fragrant air, and afforded, as it might be, an accompaniment to the thought that each scene inspired, from soft sentimental flute breathings, to the loud fanfaronnade of shawms and kettle-drums and trumpets. Yet so vast was the palace, that neither sight nor sound of one description interfered with the harmony of all.

But words are wasted on such scenes, and only display their own poverty in attempting the most feeble sketch of that, which, seen blended in one magnificent mass, might have won admiration from Simeon Stylites.

No Simeons or ascetics, however, were the Carthagenians who thronged the palacio of Alvaro. Warm-hearted imaginative Epicureans rather, whose alternately ardent and languid natures now lent themselves freely and unreservedly to the pleasure of the passing hour; plunging into enjoyment like a sea-bird among the waves, and revelling there with a serene sort of *abandon* such as no northern host has ever been able to inspire in his guests.

Some were masked, some undisguised, some were magnificently arrayed, some dressed in the most perfect simplicity; some danced the majestic but expressive dances of old Spain; others, roused by excitement into activity, performed the more lively dances introduced from other countries. Many sat round the gaming-tables, forgetful of all but the fleeting chances developed by cards or dice.

Some lounged slowly away towards the quiet gardens in couples; and often might be seen the wide-cloaked Spaniard, like a great vampire bat, hovering near his Inez, and no doubt, like that subtle phlebotomist, lulling all apprehension by soothings that converted any vague sense of pain into pleasure. Some guests were formed into parties, asking for news, and congratulating themselves that there was *none*. The lord of the feast moved about from group to group with graceful courtesy and kindly greetings; making each guest feel more at ease, and as if he himself were the most honoured, or she the most admired. All were occupied, all social, except one. Tinwald wandered with folded arms alone through the fairylike scenes; he felt that he had no more in common with them, than had the disturbed birds in the gilded aviary which bounded one of the broad garden walks. As the dying gladiator from his pain, so he was from his pleasure, wiled away to thoughts of his humble home by the sad Solway's distant waves. His sombre thoughts led him insensibly towards the arcades of trees which, though silvered by the moonlight, seemed dark contrasted with the brilliant glare that lighted up the dancing groups and the gaming-tables close to the palacio.

"Truly," he muttered to himself, "we rather convey our impressions *to* the things around us than receive from them a colouring. In yonder soft music I hear the voice of Alice; in those fountains I hear the wash of the Solway on the shingles; nay, in those shrieking shawms and stern trumpets, I find recalled the fate of poor Lawrence—rest his soul!" As the Scot thus communed with his own thoughts he sauntered slowly on, gazing at the stars; the quick rustle of a fan aroused him from his meditations; it touched his arm—the Señora Marina stood before him.

Beauty is never so beautiful as by moonlight; the voice is never so sweet and subtly penetrating as in such softly-stilly nights; especially if there be the vague hum of crowds and confused faint music afar off to contrast with it. Marina knew well her power, and knew it to be most powerful at such a time. She felt attracted towards the melancholy Scot, cold or diffident as he seemed to be. She had resolved to make him feel for *her*, if he had never felt before, and she was not displeased to see him start when he beheld her.



"Señor Escocoz," she said; "I see I do not interrupt you in any hospitable duty. You remember you promised to take some instructions from me; your excellent kindness cannot have forgotten it. And they tell me you sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, lady, as soon as the morning land-breeze will fill our sails."

"So soon!" exclaimed Marina, in a tone that lingered longer in the Scot's ear than he conscientiously approved. "Well! let us rest on this mass of carpet. Yonder magnificence, and all such pageants, weary, if they do not intoxicate one. I have gone through it all, too, with the bride and bridegroom of to-morrow. I have eaten and drunk and danced and played faro (how recklessly that tall black mask does fling about his gold, and how coolly he piles it up all around him!) I am tired, and for sympathy sake I want to tire you. Sit down, I tell you. You call yourself a man of business, yet you hesitate to receive your instructions. There; you need not sit quite so stiffly, or you might as well be standing. Now; here, in the first place, is the tablet containing the clue by which you are to find this poor treasure. And if you lose it, remember there is a path leading behind the church of San Lorenzo, up the hill, by a fuchsia hedge, to a ruined fountain. North of the fountain—— Ah! did you hear some one near?—No!—Well, never mind; you have the tablet, and we will talk of something better than this sordid treasure. Ah me!—it is to be so sought. Do tell me, dear Escocoz, have you ever sought for anything more precious still? Nay, don't be frightened. I did not mean to be inquisitive; it was only to give you an opportunity of talking."

"Lady," replied Tinwald, timidly, but with awakened interest, "I know not how to talk in words suitable to you. I am but a plain man——"

"So much the better; then speak plainly. Do people ever love in the cold country that you come from?"

"They do, lady!" rejoined the Scot, with an earnestness that, alas! was not all for Alice, though he thought it was; "they love in that cold distant land, lady, with a fervour and truth and faith, that it would be well if they felt for things on high."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it!" said the Señora.

"At least, I don't believe it of the men. Man ever seeks to economize his passion, and keep it within due bounds, and all that. But woman, in the warmth of her noontide love, scorns such cold calculating reserve, and delights to lavish upon him she loves all, all that she possesses—far more than man could ever, even if he would, bestow! With woman, love is indeed a passion; with you it is but an art. Is it not so? Do not wait to make phrases about it, but tell me. Is it not—is it not so?"

"There never was any art in mine!" replied Tinwald, with truthful simplicity.

"Then you *have* loved!" exclaimed the Señora, fixing her large dark lustrous eyes on his, with a power of expression that made him turn away, as if he could not bear their intense brightness.

"I dare not answer such a question here," he replied, with an instinctive attempt at gallantry that surprised himself. At the same time he rose and declared that he must take his leave: the stars were already fading in the sky, and he had much to do. Marina, too, rose languidly, and accompanied him towards the gaming-tables, then an indispensable accompaniment of every merrymaking. It seemed as if the tall black mask, of whom Marina had spoken, had only just resumed his seat as they drew near the table; for immediately there was a renewed stir among the players, and pocketed gold was once more dragged into action to renew its dangerous vicissitudes. The mask played as before, almost recklessly—he lost largely, but he won still more. At last, rising from the table suddenly, he bowed courteously to his late companions and withdrew, without having uttered a word in Paterson's hearing. Soon afterwards, most of the other guests took their leave.

Tinwald and Alvaro were walking apart in deep and earnest conversation. Two or three groups still held together and strove to persuade themselves that it was yet too early to depart; and Marina, who had joined the pale and weary bride-elect, endeavoured to convince her that she ought to remain to the latest; especially as her intended bridegroom was still just finishing a "last game," which had apparently been renewed a dozen times. But the festival was over;—over, with all its triumphs, bitterness,

joys, and sorrow. Every such fête, however carelessly spoken of, may be considered a pitched battle in the campaign of life. To the veterans it makes little difference; but to the young recruits of the social army it is a great event—ushered in with heart-beatings, and high hopes and latent fears; encountered with an excitement that renders deaf to danger; everything unregarded until everything is gone by; the sound of music deadening every sense of pain; bright eyes flashing, words dealt out recklessly—all is over now!

Marina, who thought that she had triumphed, felt like a conqueror on that bloodless field of battle. She moved among the decaying flowers, the sunk and glimmering lights, with slow steps and thoughtful brow. On the confusedly-chalked floors, an hour before, bright bounding life had swarmed—the beautiful, the plain, the high-born and the plebeian—had gathered there. There, the long-desired silk had gleamed beneath its precious but unnoticed lace: there, the gauze had spread its finely-woven nets, and not in vain; their eyes had gleamed with an expression that words did not dare to utter, and hands been daringly clasped that did not know whether to shrink from, or return the magnetic pressure. There, in that familiar room—in the morning to be trodden as usual by the feet of slaves—had hearts been given, and hearts been betrayed,—all the most eventful incidents of woman's life had there found an arena. But the struggle was now over. Even she, the conqueror, must withdraw: and the palacio of Alvaro was left in all its picturesque confusion to its usual occupants.

As the day dawned, Alvaro and his friend were still pacing up and down a broad walk that looked out upon the sea. A slight rustle of the awnings told that the land breeze had awakened, and warned Tinwald to depart. His ship, the *Buenaventura*, lay with loosened sails near the palace walls, like one of Claude's exquisite creations, half light, half shadow in the dawn: and already, through "the Bocca," a small 'Mudian\* vessel was seen steering for the

\* A name applied by sailors to very fast-sailing boats of the Bermuda rig, viz. one tall raking mast, stepped in the bows: the sail sets almost in the form of a pyramid; it is admirably adapted for navigation in those seas.



sea, while the sounds of awakening life were heard along the shore.

Tinwald hastened on board; Andreas accompanying him, to be restored to his native hills. The ship moved slowly from her station, and gradually as she felt the breeze, assumed a livelier motion and passed out into the sea; the little 'Mudian looking already like a mere speck on the horizon. Tinwald's first impulse was to examine the tablet that Marina had committed to his care. Enclosed with it was a beautiful miniature of its giver, set with diamonds, on which the Scot gazed long and steadfastly, only, as he thought, to see if it was really like. It wanted nothing but life and size and fragrance, and a warm breath and sweet words, to be herself. He at length turned to the tablet. The directions were given with great care; in those days, when there were no banks and scarcely any security, vast quantities of treasure were thus buried. As the life of its owner was also so uncertain, and the clues to the burial-places were kept profoundly secret, the greater part was probably lost. There are few islands, or remote places on the shores of the isthmus, that have not legends of wealth lying hidden in the earth. The directions ran thus:—

“Behind the church of San Lorenzo, path towards the north, fuchsia hedge; broken fountain; carved lion in a line with two palmettos; one hundred paces on, triangular stone; from sharp angle, through the jungle, three hundred paces; a fallen tree; a copper ring.”

## CHAPTER XI.

Full oft I trode the magic scene, and marked the wondrous hoard  
Of works of arts and industry from every region pour'd;  
I saw from earth's remotest bounds the way-worn traveller come,  
To scan the treasured stores, and bear the news to distant home.

*The Exhibition.*—A. STODART.

PUERTE-BELLO, or the Beautiful Harbour, was also, by a dismal antithesis, called the “Spaniard's Grave,” from the deadly influences that lurked beneath its loveliness. Never-

theless this whited sepulchre was once stately and proud in its prosperity, as it is now picturesque in its ruin and decay.

Columbus himself selected the site of the future city—a natural amphitheatre on the declivity of a mountain, embracing in its bold sweep a magnificent harbour which is almost calm in the wildest tornado. It is so clear that, when leaning over its waters, you can discern sea-monsters roaming through their subaqueous groves, and among the coral cliffs that project from the silvery sands far down below; while on the surface are reflected every feature of the varied landscape around, the remains of the old city, and the scattered dwellings that compose the present village.

Portobello has now, as ever, an evil name. No European lingers there an hour longer than his necessities compel him. No child born beneath its fatal sky survives: domestic animals perish under the same influences, and even flowers transplanted hither soon fade and die; the native reptiles alone voluntarily inhabit these shattered haunts of men, the ruins in which Vernon's artillery have long since laid the city.

At the time when Paterson visited Portobello, it had already lost much of its original importance and strength. Morgan's sack of the city in 1670 had proved fatal to its prosperity; and it was now only repeopled once in the year, for the great fair that received its title from the isthmus.

The fair of Panama was very singular in its origin, organization, and the appearance it presented. It was the great mart of the "Spanish Indies;" and into its brief space was compressed all the commercial transactions of the year between Spain and her flourishing colony. By great foresight and careful arrangement the produce of Peru and the Pacific shores was conveyed to Panama, so as to be transferred by mules and the river Chagres to Portobello, about the period of the arrival of the Spanish galleons from Europe. These ships, strongly armed and richly laden with the produce of the Old World, arrived with wonderful regularity at Portobello. In a long sequence of years, there appears to have been no failure, and but few delays in their passage westward. Not so, however, on their return homeward,

when they were the favourite game of the buccaneers, and the many other enemies of Spain. The course of the galleons was bound down by the strictest orders; and that course was better known to those who waited for them, in such ambush as the seas afford, than to their own pilots. Therefore every precaution was taken to render these great merchantmen formidable; and they frequently not only defended themselves successfully, but took prizes on their homeward way.

Paterson's object in visiting Portobello was, as we have seen, twofold; the exploring of the route thence to Panama, in furtherance of his great isthmian scheme; and the secondary purpose of securing such articles brought by the galleons from Europe, as the Panama merchants were not prepared to buy, according to the law provided in such cases. To these two objects was now added the Señora Marina's delicate commission. For this reason he did not share in the disappointment of his crew, when, entering the noble harbour of Portobello, they found its surface unbroken by a single ship. Everything, however, betokened expectation of their arrival. The shore was covered with temporary buildings. New awnings were stretched over mouldering houses. The ruined castles that commanded the narrow entrance to the harbour were manned for the occasion, and guns peered through their broken embrasures. The gaudy banner of Spain flaunted its scarlet and gold over the dilapidated castle; and a suddenly-created village of tents and huts, roofed with broad palmetto leaves, almost filled up the circuit of the old city.

It was the hour of siesta when Tinwald landed. The sun was fiercely blazing on the varied scene, where there was no sign or sound of any living thing. Even the banners hung motionless, for the very air was asleep. But the hardy Scot strode on through the echoing streets; on by the church of San Lorenzo, beneath the motionless foliage of the trees; on through the scorched unrustling grass, and up the mountain's steepy side, with a still quickened step. What could instigate him to such unnatural exertion? Earnest he always was in every action, but he was calm withal. Now there was passionate energy in his gait and bearing.

Oh, subtle power of beauty! hadst thou, lightning-like,



struck that heart whose very steeledness had attracted the fatal fire? Was it thine electric spirit that thrilled through every fibre of that strong man's frame, and every organ of his imagination? If so he was unconscious of the spell that was upon him. In his own belief there was but one woman upon earth who could influence his soul, and she was far away; distant but distinct; pure, and bright, and cold. How was it then, that those dark eyes, full of gleaming, dreamy light, were so often before him? Why did those crimson lips, yea, and the very warmth of their breathing, intrude themselves on his memory, when he only tried to remember the commission that they gave? Why, when he looked round for the broken fountain, did he almost expect to see beside it that softly-rounded and majestic form?

Answer thou, whose fidelity has never been tested; thou who knowest not whether it be weak or strong. Such a one as thou mayest say that the young Scot had found a new love. If so, it was such love as the sailor bears to the storm that speeds him forward, it may be to his doom. If a suspicion ever crossed his mind, that Marina's dark spell was upon him, he shuddered, and prepared himself to wrestle with the danger.

Whatever was his motive, he still pressed up against the mountain's side; zealous to accomplish his task in this, the stillest hour, perhaps, that might elapse, before the world beneath him awoke to pleasure, or business, or curiosity. He now found himself by the fuchsia hedge; its perishable blossoms were still hanging there, as noted by the dead merchant long years before. Beyond it lay the designated path, and then the slow trickle of water soon met the traveller's ear. The fountain was still living; still shaded by tall palmetto trees. The lion, carved in stone, still lay in a line with two of those trees. Measuring a hundred paces by that line, the seeker found a triangularly-shaped stone, quite overgrown with rank vegetation. Thick jungle surrounded the spot, and it was with difficulty that the searcher pressed on in the direction assigned by the acute angle of the stone. At length he reached the withered stem, and close beside it was the prostrate tree, beneath which he discovered the copper ring.

Beyond this there was no attempt at concealment. The

ring was attached to a circular lid of the same metal, about a foot and a half in diameter. It appeared to cover a cylinder of the same dimensions; which proved, on further inspection, to be constructed in sliding pieces, like a telescope, doubtless to facilitate its carriage. It extended to the depth of several feet, and was filled to the very brim with packages of cotton, each sealed, and inscribed with certain cyphers. Having carefully replaced the lid, and rolled over it the withered trunk, Tinwald rose to depart, congratulating himself that he had Andreas to rely upon to assist in the transport of the treasure. As he turned, however, from his task, he heard a rustle in the jungle; instinctively he grasped his pistol, but perceiving that it was a human figure, he returned the weapon to his belt. It did not require a moment's hesitation to decide him whether wealth was worth a human life. The stranger now stepped forward, masked as he was at Don Alvaro's fiesta (for it was the same).

"Yours," he said, quietly, and in Spanish, "is true courage; and like true courage it has proved your safety. Had you presented that pistol you had died. We must have another look at your treasure, however, and if only for your satisfaction, we will count it."

So saying, the stranger kicked away the fallen tree, plucked off the lid, and soon tossed out thirteen of the cotton packages.

"Look you," said he,—“there are no more. Now, I shall take one as my commission, and I want it urgently for the present, the rest is entirely at your excellency's disposition.”

Paterson, though backward to shed blood, was not without some Scottish ire, after all; and he now boldly confronted his unwelcome visitor.

"That property," he exclaimed, "is not mine to dispose of, nor shall you touch it whilst I live!"

He stepped towards the stranger, to lay hands upon him, but the latter retiring more quickly, snatched a lasso from beneath his cloak, and cast it with a sudden jerk. Its inevitable coil circled for one moment round the Scot, and quickly was drawn together with strangling tightness. The stranger then easily flung him to the ground, secured his arms with half a dozen knots, and politely assisted him to

rise. Red with shame and anger, the Scot was thus forced to remain passive, whilst the stranger leisurely replaced the twelve packages, the lid, and the fallen tree. Tinwald was then conducted out of the jungle, down the mountain, and close to the city suburbs. There his persecutor unbound him, warned him, in a mocking manner, not to give notice of his adventure to the governor of Panama, or his officers, and then disappeared in a crowd that was passing by with a procession of some saint.

The Scot stood still for a moment; he had self-command enough to reflect whether the advice he had just received might not be good, and he decided in the affirmative. The police of those times was seldom resorted to, and was corrupt in the extreme. Even by law, however, the governor could claim for the Spanish crown one-fifth of the amount as "treasure trove," and doubtless would deem it his duty to involve the whole in the meshes of the law; and the law, as then administered in Spanish America, was almost as much dreaded as the Court of Chancery is in England.

On the whole, therefore, and to his great disgust, the Scot decided that the best thing he could do was to take the robber's advice; and meanwhile to watch over the treasure that remained, until an opportunity should occur for him to remove it to his ship.

As he was thus considering, he was arrested by a guard of soldiers, his name was demanded, and he was removed to prison, without being able to ascertain the nature of the accusation against him. Spanish justice is notoriously dilatory, and he might have lingered in jail for months, but for the exertions of Andreas, who was now, by Alvaro's means, furnished with a "letter of protection." That faithful friend bestirred himself among the merchants, who were all-influential just then. One of them, for the sake of Alvaro, offered himself as security for the Scot; and the next morning he was set free. It appeared that he had been denounced as a spy of the buccaneers; but the name of his accuser was kept secret. He had little doubt as to the identity of that personage, however, with the masked stranger; and he returned to his ship, oppressed by the saddest misgivings as to the safety of the treasure entrusted to his care.

On ascending the ship's side, the skipper communicated



to him that "an unpleasant, or at least a suspicious circumstance happened this morning at daybreak. A perigua," he continued, "was rowed alongside us by two Indians. In the stern was a man, closely muffled in his cloak, who put yonder cask aboard us, said it was for your excellency, and pulled off again. I did not like to reject it; but I fear it may bring us into trouble with the authorities on shore; as all ladings, without the governor's authority, are so strictly forbidden."

The cask was taken down into the cabin; and within it Paterson found, to his great surprise, the casket containing the twelve cotton packages, with their seals unbroken. He carefully replaced them in their receptacle, marvelling greatly at the sort of robber whom he had encountered. The cask was by Paterson secured, directed to Don Alvaro's private care, and without placing any suspicious value upon it, was stowed away in the hold, where the expected cargo was to follow.

This interlude having concluded satisfactorily, the Scot proceeded to the chief business that had called him to Portobello. The sun was now set, and was succeeded by a brilliant moonlight, notwithstanding the vapours that at the same time began to rise from the fatal shore, and floated in thin clouds just above the temporary but picturesque village.

The sounds from the land now told that the hour of business and enjoyment was arrived. The Scot betook himself to his boat, and on presenting the governor with the customary presents (*not then* called bribes), was honourably received. Apologies for his arrest were at the same time made, and an assurance that his false accuser should be sought for. Then the Scot strolled forth upon the shore, dreaming the reveries that his soul most lived in, and finding harmony to his thoughts in the gentle music of the sea, which scarcely murmured against that sheltered shore. The hum of men sounded pleasantly in his ears, too distant to distinguish the many evil words of which it was composed: it spoke to the philanthropist only of energies honestly employed, and the communication between man and man which was essential to the welfare of all. Those men were strangely lodged; striped tents, log huts, booths of palmetto branches, bent down and covered with their own

wide-spreading leaves : these were the dwellings of the great merchants of the west, and these the storehouses of their enormous wealth. To them it was necessary for the dreamer soon to return ; but still he lingered by the shore, for the sound of a guitar and the notes of a woman's voice accompanying it, had fallen upon his ear. Swiftly gliding among his dreams came that beautiful image that he had dismissed so often from his fancy, but in vain. Why should he fear her ? What was there to complain of in her confidence, her marked preference, her matchless form, her eloquent words ? Was he not alone, utterly alone in the wide world ? Was not his heart made to love ? Was not this woman altogether lovely ?

She was *not*. Radiant as were her eyes, regular her features, satin-soft her skin, august her form—the tempter had endowed her with all that he could bestow. But the aspect of purity was beyond his power ; and *that* the young Scot felt to be wanting, slight as had been his intercourse with woman-kind. Strange it is, how manifest in woman's look is woman's sin, however secret, however unsuspected ! It is apparent to the simplest instinct, provided that instinct itself be pure, and sufficiently unclouded by prejudice to be impartial.

Therefore it was that the Scot feared Marina, and the very thoughts of her that were daily making for themselves a place within his mind.

He turned away from the solitude whose Egeria she had become, and dived among the haunts of men. There, in their various and fantastic dwellings, he saw the pale Spaniards, lounging on carpets beneath coloured lamps, playing at dice, or sipping chocolate, or comparing books ; every mouth was furnished with a cigar, which was smoked almost vehemently, not only as a luxury, but as a protection from miasma. Few emotions were visible on their grave bearded faces, even when sudden ruin rolled out from the dice-box, and lay written on the ivory in those black little spots that have cyphered despair to thousands. Not seldom, too, was their apathy tested by some scorpion or gleaming snake crawling into the folds of their long robes, attracted by the warmth. But the influence of national character and climate (and perhaps of tobacco) made those multitudes wonderfully calm, and languid as the lotos-eaters.

Suddenly, however, there arose a great commotion in the camp. A gun from one of the castles was fired, and a vast beacon shot up at the same time, tinging the sea far and wide, with its ruddy glare. The galleons were in sight, and every one was roused to the greatest excitement that the year afforded.

A fair and steady north wind was blowing, and by the time the shore was fringed with eager expectants, the light of whose cigars glimmered like countless fire-flies, the leading Spanish ship entered the harbour; her wide sails looking blood-red as they glided by the beacon. Salvos of artillery then rent the heated air; bonfires blazed up through the smoke as it slowly rolled away; boats and canoes shot out from shore, and the water glowed with the phosphorescent light that flashed around their bows, and oars, and paddles.

That night there was no sleep in Portobello. The news from Europe,—the old home of many; the amount of cargo, of momentous interest to all; the landing of old friends and new adventurers—all these sources of excitement roused even Spanish languor, and created almost a European stir, busy and tumultuous.

But this state of things soon settled down into the peace of regularity. The excitement was rather caused by imagination than by any real uncertainty. Owing to the admirable arrangements then usually made, the European ships brought exactly what the merchants wanted and expected to receive. The Scottish merchant was struck by the calm decorous manner in which the great traffic was carried on; and still more by the high spirit of honour and corresponding confidence that prevailed between the merchants of Eastern and Western Spain. Sacks of dollars were accepted without counting their contents, and ingots of gold were received at their stated weight. Demands made from Spain by mere word of mouth were as duly honoured as if demanded by all the authority of law; and consignments were made to men four thousand miles distant, whom the consigner had never seen.

All these details may appear dry and uninteresting to those who only glance over these pages for amusement; but they are not without importance and deep meaning to those who disdain not to have trains of reflection awakened even by the novelist. The sentiments of honour that prevailed



in these transactions was the life-spring of Spanish commerce in those times; it was the chivalry of the merchant—ennobling his search for gold, as the chivalry of the warrior redeemed the bloody trade of arms.

How the concerns of our Carthagena partners fared in this remarkable mart is now of little moment. Wherever great foresight and activity have great capital and credit to work upon, they seldom fail to achieve great triumphs. In Paterson's mind, however, all things, save his duty to his partner, were subservient to the isthmian scheme; and in the conjunction of the trade between two worlds, he naturally found inexhaustible matter for inquiry and examination. The world is wonderfully ready to assist any man who wants to borrow nothing of it but advice and information. No one, comparing the value set on these two gifts with the value of two dollars, could guess at their relative importance. Thus Paterson, who would have starved rather than have begged a peseta from the merchants of Panama, was neither ashamed nor refused when he begged for information relative to the coast, the rivers, the produce, and the inhabitants of the country in which his hopes were garnered. The one subject of gold mines he did not dare to inquire about; nor, indeed, did he consider it of importance, compared with the establishment of a colony, and that colony's facilities of trading with its mother country. Nevertheless, even of those mysterious mines he obtained most of what scanty information was to be had. This was accomplished by leading the native merchants to debate upon the subject; they naturally betrayed that, in support of their opinion, which they would not have revealed under any torture—less than that of having their argument undervalued.

At length the fair was nearly ended. Some of the merchants were gone; others were dead of the marsh-fever and the vomito; many sailors had died of the same, intensified by debauch. The merchants who survived were packing up; and the sailors who were sober were preparing for sea. The Scot prepared to return to his partner, intending to examine the coast carefully as he sailed along. The cargo that he had calculated upon had been supplied, and he now only waited until the departure of one of the galleons, with which he purposed to sail for some distance in company.

As he was waiting for his boat one evening, a figure

muffled in a cloak approached him. He soon recognised the stranger who had robbed him, yet rendered him such good service.

"Good evening, amigo mio!" said the stranger, "if to couple such a blasted evening with good does not sound ironical: one might as well breathe the air of a slave-ship's hold; infernal climate, that it is!"

"Señor," replied the Scot, "though I have to thank you for one good deed, there is enough of offence over and above the balance of your service to render our future acquaintance as scant as may be convenient."

The stranger knocked the ashes off his cigar, and was silent for a minute before he thus rejoined—

"We have a proverb at Cadiz, Señor Mercante, that the sailor who wants to caulk his boat mustn't turn up his nose at pitch. Now, you are afloat in a craft that won't hold water, and I come to offer you a caulk that may be worth all the cargo in yon ship of yours—which is, let me see, as *per invoice*, 'Genoa velvet, double pile, forty bales; *item*, fine Malaga wine, (true Falernian, eh?) fifty hogsheads; *item*, two caskets of Arabian emeralds, one hundred in each, &c., &c.' "

The Scot was by no means so much pleased, as he was surprised, to hear the contents of his ship thus accurately specified; but he felt that he had no right to quarrel with a person professing friendly motives, and evidently so well-informed. He muttered, half in soliloquy,—

"*Timeo Danaos*,"—when he was interrupted by the stranger, who carried on the quotation,—

"*Et dona ferentes?*" and then paused for a reply.

The Scot was modified, in spite of himself, by this unexpected display on the stranger's countenance with his favourite "humanities."

"I must know what the donation is," he said, "before I either promise to accept it or to feel grateful for it."

"As you please," replied the stranger: "I am summoned hence, and can only give you one word of advice: make sail as soon as you can get your anchor a trip, and steer as straight as the winds will carry you for Carthage. I give you this advice not from any romantic regard for you, but because it is my wish, for a certain lady's sake, that you

should arrive there safely. And, hark ye, hoist your colours at your main-top instead of the mizen-peak."

So saying, the stranger withdrew, and left the Scot to exercise all the habitual debateness of his nation upon the suggestion he had so singularly received.

It was a period of great danger; and the wildest adventures, especially at sea, were then credible. The Scot was as devoid of personal fear as any adventurer that ever left his gallant country, but he felt that he had no right to jeopardise his friend's property. Moreover, his isthmian scheme might be delayed, if not defeated, by any accident that befell its contriver. He had himself determined to land at Chagres, in order to explore the isthmus; but he determined to adopt the stranger's advice, by despatching the Buenaventura straightway to Carthagena. He, therefore, sent orders to his ship to prepare for sea; and in the mean time he sought the captain of the galleon, to give him an account of his immediate departure, and his reasons for doing so.

The skipper was a brave old Spaniard, of great experience on those seas; and, somewhat to the Scot's surprise, he received his communication with great gravity.

"You are quite right, Señor," he exclaimed, after some thought. "I would to San Joachim that I were ready to sail with the midnight's tide, and I would be away also. But 'tis impossible; and, besides, might be useless. I do not like your accomplished stranger: I am afraid I have heard of him before. However, I must sail to the hour my orders specify—that is a point of honour: and you know, Caballero, that honour is the breath of a Spaniard's nostrils."

The skipper having thus spoken, took snuff, shook his head, and made a profound salutation of farewell to his companion. That night the Buenaventura sailed, and sped safely to her destination. Twenty-four hours afterwards, the galleon also put to sea. She was attacked by buccaneers, after she left the harbour; she fought stoutly, but was taken, and every soul on board of her was put to death.



## CHAPTER XII.

Something the heart must have to cherish,  
Must love and joy, and sorrow learn ;  
Something with passion clasp, or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn.

*Hyperion.*

WHILE the Buenaventura was returning to Carthagena, Paterson pursued his way, with Andreas, by land towards Chagres. Alvaro, on forwarding the casket to the Señora Marina, was not surprised to receive, in return, a request that he would see her.

On repairing to Don Felipo's hacienda, he found the beautiful widow in the apartment where Tinwald had seen her. Its luxury was to him familiar, and constitutionally a matter of indifference. But perhaps he was scarcely equally philosophical as regarded the superb specimen of woman that reclined in the silken hammock, rocking to and fro, in a paradoxical sort of restless repose. The casket lay unopened by her side; and the first inquiries made by Marina were concerning the young Scot, who had sent it. Alvaro, with an unconcealed smile of satisfaction, saw what was uppermost in her mind. He pronounced a high eulogy on the calm enthusiasm and unostentatious courage of his friend; and he pleased himself with watching the widow's eyes beaming brighter, and her pale cheek glowing as he spoke. He told her that the young Scot was gone to Panama, in prosecution of a great enterprise; and that the length of his journey was very uncertain, as he might visit Chili and Peru before his return.

This intelligence seemed to make a great impression on the widow, who did not hesitate to confess the interest that she took in the matter. Alvaro at length suggested that she should examine the casket: and that it might be well to take measures for the safety of its contents, which were probably of great value. It was opened. As soon as the first package was uncovered, the pensive Señora displayed as much eagerness in its examination as any of her slaves, who crowded round with a familiarity which, to European eyes, would seem very incompatible with their servile

state. The most privileged among them poured out from the first package a mass of precious stones that surprised even Alvaro. Glimmering diamonds, glowing rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires, flashed sparkling in brilliant confusion on the white and almost transparent drapery in which Marina was enveloped. She was surprised into a laugh of pleasure at the sight, and stirred up the precious baubles with her fan, to watch the gleam and lustre of their various hues. But curiosity to know more soon prevailed over that enjoyment, and the gems were returned to their receptacle. Another package was filled entirely with pearls, whose large size and soft moonlight-lustre rendered them as valuable as their rival gems. The next case contained fine ornaments of Genoese workmanship; the next, curiously carved antique seals and rings. Here the chief interest of the women ended: all the remaining packages, contained only matter-of-fact doubloons, or hieroglyphic bills, or bonds for debt.

The entire treasure was of immense value; but the excitement attendant on it had passed away, and Marina was once more pale, pensive, and abstracted. Her kinsman, Don Felipo, was summoned to take charge of her new-found wealth, which he regarded with as much astonishment as a Spaniard could permit himself to exhibit. Alvaro then took his leave, persuaded in his own mind that his friend had only to present himself, in order to obtain possession of the beautiful widow and her wealth.

Perhaps it was so. *Quien sabe*;—who knows? But, meanwhile, the favoured Scot, unconscious of the bright form that his destiny had assumed, was wandering far away among valleys and mountains unknown except to Indian eyes. We will not anticipate his future adventures there. After some weeks passed in exploring the isthmus, Pater-son returned to Carthagená, more confident than ever in the practicability of founding, on the isthmus, a great emporium, with a rapid communication between the two great oceans.

Alvaro, too, dwelt with pleasure, and loved to dilate upon a scheme that suited well with his grasping and insatiable spirit of enterprise. Night after night, as the tropical stars shone down upon their terrace, did the two friends ponder over the mighty object of their ambition.

Alvaro was quite willing to stake the whole of his vast and rapidly-accumulating wealth upon the noble venture. In another year he could realize all his present speculations; and concentrate millions, now widely dispersed, upon this one transcendant scheme. If it failed, (but it *could not* fail!) he felt that he had resources within his own broad forehead to open out a new career, and energy enough to begin the world again;—yea, and to conquer greater difficulties than he had already done.

With him, to decide and to act were simultaneous. He despatched letters and emissaries over the globe to wind up his affairs, and to collect all his capital in London, as, even then, the safest depôt. His eager spirit chafed at the unavoidable delay; but he resolved, meanwhile, to make a voyage into Spain, where he would plead and bribe, flatter and excite the court, in order to obtain the permission and authority necessary to enable him to lay the first foundations of his plan. He began to dream of founding a new empire in the West, and thus gratify his still surviving spirit of revenge, and his ambition. At that time, so fallen and corrupt was Spain, that half a million of money might have almost purchased the kingdom, much more a disputed and bravely-resisted claim to the dangerous and almost untrodden shores of Darien. There would have been danger to Alvaro in returning to a land where his life was forfeited to the relentless Inquisition, had he not changed his name to that by which we have lately known him. The ship he had sailed in was known to have been lost, with, as was supposed, all on board, and who could recognise, in the far-famed merchant, Don Alvaro, of Carthagera, the obscure Moresco boy, Alvarez of the Mesquinez?

In his sanguine dreams, the two seaport cities were already built; the causeway connecting them with the Atlantic and Great South Sea was already cut, built up, and travelled upon. Time only intervened to prevent the imperial house of Alvaro on the one coast, and that of Pater-son on the other, from giving law, facility, and unbounded scope to the commerce of the world.

But time is pregnant with a thousand chances to mar or make the most triumphant or most fallen fortunes.

Alvaro sailed from Carthagera in a brave ship, manned and equipped in the most perfect manner known to those



early times. Her skilful seamen, and elaborate preparation, seemed to bid defiance to the seas, and her powerful armament to all the buccaneering power on the Spanish Main; yet Alvaro was not fated to reach his destination. Nevertheless, on the day appointed, he set sail for Europe, full of his new hope.

After his friend's departure, Paterson found abundant occupation in the sole superintendence of their great house, and its manifold concerns. He also filled a high position in the mercantile community, and busied himself in a scheme which, afterwards expanded in the more genial commercial atmosphere of London, was destined to immortalize his name.

Carthagenas abounded in bullion, and almost all other representatives of wealth, but its coin was quite inadequate to the required circulation. Paterson represented to the merchants that only ignorance of its powers prevented that torpid wealth from assuming an active and vivifying form. He said,—

“Your word, Don Sancho, is worth ten thousand ducats; yours, Don Felipo, is worth as much; but you cannot transfer its value to another. Now, if you could render it palpable, your credit would virtually add twenty thousand ducats to the wealth of the community. Why *not* render it palpable, visible, and available for all purposes of commerce?”

Such was the simple foundation of the great banking system which now overspreads the civilized world, with some inconveniences, but innumerable advantages. The leading merchants associated together, and gave their united credit to certain papers, stamped in a form agreed upon, and signed in their names by an accredited agent. All their feasible property,—their fish yet uncaught at Newfoundland, their silk yet unwoven in India, their velvets at Genoa,—were all suddenly converted into moving and creative capital; circulating through every house in the flat-roofed streets of Carthagenas, and rendering more easy the lot of its inhabitants. Paterson, for a matter now so familiar, suddenly acquired a great reputation; he was looked up to as a discoverer and a public benefactor.

Thus Paterson had attained to one of the greatest objects of his ambition; and his mind was occupied in the highest

of all earthly pleasures, that of developing itself to the advantage of mankind. But the public life of a man, however engrossing it may be, leaves ample margin for the sense of enjoyment or privation in his retirement. He is far more keenly alive, perhaps, to the latter than the idler, upon whom recreation palls, or assumes the aspect of the weariest of labours,—that which profits not. In his few intervals of solitude and leisure, the heart of Paterson yearned for a home. The memory of Alice was still dear to him, dearer than the presence and the attractions of all others. Many a pale beauty of Carthage now sought to win his attention by every wile and witchery that woman's subtlety could invent. It was, indeed, whispered that he was not a Catholic; but then he was handsome, wealthy, and famous. The bigotry of Spain was considerably relaxed in her luxurious colonies, and heretic and husband were by no means incompatible. From all these vulgar waylayers of passion Marina stood proudly aloof. The Scot, on his return from his travels, had excused himself from her invitation to visit her and receive her thanks, and she haughtily abstained from making any further advances. She "devoured her grief" in solitude, and it turned into anger. She devised schemes of vengeance against the reculant Scot; and then, when she imagined them executed, remorse brought back her love with aggravation. The object of her affection, meanwhile, thought that he had effectually estranged himself from her and all her dangerous countrywomen. His sentiment was undividedly fixed upon Alice, the uncertainty of whose fate now gave her a more romantic interest in his eyes. Wafer, according to his promise, had sent the letter to her on his arrival in England. By subsequent inquiries he had ascertained, and communicated to Paterson, that Tam was dead; and that his daughter and her friend Isobel, accompanied by old Partan, had left Sandilee, and had not since been heard of.

When this intelligence reached Carthage, the news was already old; and Paterson could only feel that Alice was to him lost for ever. Nevertheless, instead of endeavouring to estrange himself from thoughts of her, he estranged himself still further from the world which might have interfered with her ever-living memory. He was faithful even to her shade.

One evening, at a time when the well-known fever was raging in Carthagera, he was reposing after his day's labour in his unostentatious home. It stood apart from the city on a lonely spot facing the narrow channel and the hill of San Lazaro. He was alone, as usual, and the single servant who attended to his few wants had betaken himself to the town to learn the latest news of the fever's ravages. The fire-flies that fluttered in a brilliant maze under his verandah, were the only signs of life within his monastic dwelling. As he lay there, gazing on the star-reflecting water, a dark figure glided between him and the faint light. It paused, as if hesitatingly, for a moment; and then, flinging off a large cloak, a woman discovered herself, and stepped hastily into the apartment. The Scot, more alarmed than if he had seen the fiercest freebooter, started up; his visitor threw herself at his feet, and, clasping his reluctant hand, bathed it with passionate tears.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" cried the voice of Marina, in its softest tones. "I heard that you had not been seen since the fever grew so fatal. I knew that you did not fear it as our coward Spaniards do, and I thought you must be ill. I strove and strove to restrain my anxiety, but,—but, I should have died if I had not come to see you. And now I am overpowered at the same time by my joy and shame. Pardon me, gentle stranger, and do not add to my self-reproach by contempt, which I could not bear from you and live!"

It seemed impossible, even to the stoic Scot, to resist such an appeal. He thanked his visitor with grave ceremoniousness for her interest in him, and at the same time asked permission to escort her back to the city, before her absence could create alarm. She rose slowly, and assented; and they both walked back along the secluded path that led from Paterson's abode. Marina was the first to break the awkward silence. She suddenly stood still, and laid her hand on her companion's arm and pressed it.

"He *is* flesh and blood!" she exclaimed, as if in soliloquy and wonder; "he is flesh and blood, and yet he has no feeling! What have I not dared and done to obtain one kind word! Am I old, or cold, or repulsive? Even if I were, that heart which is so gentle and generous to all others might surely feel one throb for mine. Englishman! man of



insult! heretic!—hear me for once say boldly, that I love you! I cast myself, my wealth, the devotion of my soul, at your feet. You offer coldly to attend me to my home. I tell you, I will rather fling myself from this precipice into yonder dark waters, less merciless than you!”

And so saying, as if stung to madness by rage and disappointment, she rushed towards the edge of the beetling cliff. The Scot caught her in his powerful arms, and drew her back; she yielded unresistingly, and fainted, or seemed to faint, upon his breast; bewildered, he carried her to a neighbouring rock, and gently laid her down. He was about to run to the city for assistance, but she revived sufficiently to recall him.

“I am better now,” she said, faintly; “do not leave me, or——” The Scot sat down beside her, and supported her drooping head upon his shoulder. He began to relent. He *was* flesh and blood, and he felt it so strongly, that his mere spirit and his spiritual love seemed to become separated from himself and retire afar off. She whom he had so long loved was not forgotten, even then; yet she seemed a mere abstraction, fading away dimly, but divinely, into the invisible world.

He took Marina’s cold hand in his, and it grew warm. She seemed restored to new life, and poured out an incoherently eloquent declaration of all that she had long hoped and feared. She conjured him to break the mystery that surrounded him, and to tell her all that he had experienced, all that he had felt. It was an unwise request, for he frankly began his confessions with details of his early youth. As he proceeded, old scenes, old associations, and high pure thoughts rose up before his memory: Alice, too, in all her budding loveliness, her innocent and ever-trusting love. He dwelt upon that first charm of his life until the impetuous Marina grasped his hand convulsively; and, looking up, he saw that her whole countenance was changed; jealousy and anger were burning there, and rendered her surpassing beauty demoniacal in its lurid brightness: the moment before the seraphic vision of the pensive Alice had filled his mind. He let go the hand he held; he would almost have shaken it off. Marina in a moment perceived her error, and said, gently and upbraidingly—

“Ah! you never *can* have loved, or you could not wound the ears of one whose very life hangs upon you, by such eloquent praises of another. I will ask you to tell me no more of your story now. But I will tell you mine, while the soft and sympathising darkness gives me courage to speak of what none but you and *one* other shall ever know. I do not ask you to look at me now; but when I have passed over my deepest sorrow, look then down upon me gently if you can, and let your eyes tell me you forgive me.

“I was an orphan long, long ago. I was brought up by a too-indulgent brother of my poor mother’s. He was proud of my beauty—for I *am* beautiful. He loved me, too, as if he held both my father and mother’s love for me in his own heart. He gratified my wildest caprices; every luxury that wealth could command was lavished on me. My life was too happy to have many incidents worth notice. In one awful hour all was changed: our city was sacked by the buccaneers. From our terrace roof I saw their leader mount the walls. Though the bullets whistled everywhere round me, I stood fascinated by the danger. By the unintermitting blaze of musketry I could see that daring leader distinctly, bursting through pikes and swords as if they had been garden boughs. My kinsman just then found me, and carried me to the door. There he took leave of me, as I before told you, and bade me hasten from the town. I was borne away by the crowd, whose shrieks and prayers filled the air. We impeded one another in our flight, and the terrible plunders soon followed on our track. As they came nearer, I could hear their swords crashing into the brains of those nearest to me, and, overcome by terror, I fainted. When I came to myself, I was lying on a heap of rich shawls, close to the sea-shore. Two of the pirates, disabled, I believe, from moving by their wounds, lay on the ground near me. I could not understand their language, but I soon discovered that I was their prisoner, for they threatened to shoot me if I stirred. In about an hour their leader, whom I had seen before, approached me. He was all black and red with smoke and blood; but he addressed me so gently and courteously, that I could scarcely believe the voice was his. He apologised for my alarm, as if only some trifling accident had occurred, and assured me of the most respectful treatment that he could command.

He begged that I would accompany him towards the town, but I could not move. He called to his two followers to carry me. One pointed to his broken leg; the other tried to rise, but fell back fainting or dead with the effort. He then blew a bugle that hung at his neck, and soon three or four of his men came running towards him, almost as blood-stained and begrimed as he was. He said some words to them, and touched his pistol as he spoke. They lifted me up on the shawls, and a carpet which I then perceived was also under me. They bore me hastily away to a house in the suburbs, and left me, one of them remaining at the door to keep guard. Some hours after their captain came; he was now cleansed from every trace of battle, and magnificently dressed. He tried to soothe my alarm and despair; he declared to me his admiration, which he called his love. He asked me if I would be a rover's bride, and he would make me mistress of the seas. I recoiled from him in terror. I thought I could still smell the horrible odour of warm blood upon the hand that tried to imprison mine. He then changed his tone. He said that minutes were to him as days to others. He told me plainly the alternative, if I would not be his bride. Without waiting for my answer, he left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a half-dead priest. I scarcely knew what followed. I heard sacred words feebly murmured, and I suppose that I was wed. I have then a faint recollection of distant shots, and bugles sounding, and angry voices. My bridegroom gave me one embrace, and then rushed out. Soon afterwards the sounds of strife redoubled—then again receded. I seized that moment to escape. I tried to take the priest with me, but his strength failed and he sank. I fled to the woods, where I found some of my poor countrymen. We lived as we could, I scarcely know how, till the buccaneers left the coast. We then returned to the smoking ruins of the town. I found the priest who had—married me—must I say it?—there. He addressed me as Donna Lorenzo!—(why do you start? he is dead since then), and gave me a letter from the pirate captain, whom he lauded to the skies for his clemency and liberality. 'Clemency!' I repeated, with indignation, looking round on the ruins; 'begone from me, unworthy padre, and tell your employer how I treat his letter and pretended rights.' I threw the



paper on the ground and stamped upon it. Now my long story is told. I know what you will think of it,—what you will doubt in it; but it is, alas! too true.”

Poor Marina! her story had completely broken the brief spell that she had cast on him whom she sought to fascinate. Lorenzo!—Lawrence!—was a name that struck upon old memories. And the queenly Marina had been a pirate’s bride—perhaps only *hoped* that she was now a widow? It was enough for the Scot; his only thought was how to conclude the scene in which he had been so unexpectedly involved. But such crises have fortunately only two alternatives;—if they do not at once explode into something decisive, they soon lose their intensity. Marina was subdued by the excess of her own emotions, and began to think that enough had been done for one occasion. She felt as if a great advance was gained in the mutual confidence that had been given, and in short, she at length permitted herself to be ceremoniously escorted to her home.

### CHAPTER XIII.

The first was darkly pale, with eyes  
 Deeper than are the midnight skies,  
 Yet lovely as the seraphim,  
 When pitying tears their splendour dim;  
 Her voice was musical and low;

\* \* \* \*

The second was a brighter maiden,  
 Her brow with curls of gold was laden;  
 Upon her cheek there laid a blush  
 Warm as the sunset’s tender flush;  
 A merry glance like the smile of spring,  
 Which made each pulse a living thing.

SIR F. DOYLE.

THE most trying part of the celebrated temptation of St. Antony, probably, remained after the struggle appeared to be ended; as it is said, that during our army’s advance in the Peninsula, hundreds of sentries deserted their posts, through fear of the spirits of those whom they had con-

quered in the flesh. Even so, when the beautiful devil had vanished from the saint's eyes, no doubt he found his thoughts haunted by the beautiful, even though the diabolical had afterwards supervened.

At least, thus it was with our Scotch friend, who, though no saint by profession, had probably more claim to that appellation than St. Napoleon, and many other canonized personages in the very mixed company of the Roman calendar. The lonely house by the Bocca Chica seemed to grow more lonely still; and each evening, as the hour of Marina's unexpected visit arrived, every shadow that crossed the wide windows made the poor Scot's heart beat quickly, in the hope (which he mistook for fear) that the substance of that shadow might ensue. In frequent mental exercises of avoiding her, her image became familiar with all the avenues of his imagination; and while invisible, she appeared not unlikely to prevail in what her presence failed in accomplishing. And yet he was not in love with the beautiful Spaniard, and the sense of apprehension which accompanied his thoughts of her proved it; for love has no personal or mental reservations, though, in relation to its object, it is said to partake of such emotions: but as we have two lives—the mortal and the immortal life—so we have two sorts of affections, one corporeal and the other spiritual; it is the mistaking the one for the other, that leads to so many scrapes and false positions in the world. But Marina was possessed by both these feelings, so far as the impetuous nature of the one allowed the other to exist. She had held all such passions at bay until now; and they carried her heart by no gentle capitulation, but by storm. It appeared to her as if she was under a spell. Wealthy, witty, beautiful, and proud, how had her haughty heart succumbed to a poor unpretending adventurer, the first man who had never sought her smiles? The blind god only knows!—he is bringing about such paradoxes every day.

The morning after her interview with the Scot, Marina awoke from troubled dreams and found no calm. The air had never seemed so sultry; her almost gauze-like covering felt heavy on her limbs; the magnificence round her appeared importunate; the glitter of gold and glass, the faint scent of distant flowers, the very sparkle of the fountain oppressed her. She rose, and tried to walk with naked feet

across the porcelain floor, but an icy sensation shot through all her frame, and seemed to settle on her heart. She fell back upon her couch; she felt that the pestilence had seized her.

Thousands were sick and dying everywhere; in palaces and garrets, and on the bed of Lazarus—the stony street. But she had felt so confident in the consciousness of power, and youth, and strength, that she never contemplated being subjected to such a vulgar calamity. Suddenly the world grew dark around her; shapes of horror, instead of her beautiful slaves, seemed to move about her, holding up shrouds instead of costly robes for her to choose from. At the door, where her palanquin was used to wait, there was a ghastly bier, which seemed to be swung backwards and forwards by its bearers, as if in mockery of her luxurious hammock: and beyond, at the end of her favourite walk, the arbour had sunk down into an ominous pit, deep and narrow, but wide enough for her.

Then, what to her was the world, wealth, wit, beauty, conquest,—love itself? She was, in truth, in a delirious dream, but it seemed to her as if she then awoke to the only reality she had ever known. She tried to call on Tinwald, but her words had no sound. She saw him, she thought, standing coldly and aloof from her, but he appeared, on that account, to be the more able to save her, if he only *would*. And thus, in pain of body and horror of mind, the poor lady lay for many days, unconscious of any world beyond that which wandering fancy supplied to her despair. Priests, and friends, and physicians, and slaves came and went without her knowledge; she had only eyes for the impalpable and dreary forms that haunted her imagination.

And so we must leave her, and turn back to the little village by the Solway, which we left mourning for the old laird of Tinwald long ago

Sandilee remained for a considerable time without change. In a small community, the changes that keep a city in a perpetual state of transition and unconscious excitement are very few; and, consequently, when, in a pause of busy life, we return to a quiet country neighbourhood, it generally seems to have stood still, with an Egyptian sort of immobility, while the rest of the world has gone whirling



on. How pure and simple seem the kind hearts we rejoin there; how serene their lives; what repose in the "happy valley" they inhabit!

Looking back thus to Sandilee, we find Alice almost as we left her,—

"Still is she all that she was when a child,  
Only more lovely, only less wild."

A more pensive shade has stolen over her bright countenance; or rather, of the joy and thoughtfulness that used to chase each other there, the latter has begun to prevail. She is now a frequent guest with the old laird (for we have gone back five years); he loves to talk of his lost son, and she loves to listen. At last she has told him, what he never knew before, that it was not for her, but for his father, that he gave up his prospect of travelling. And the old man wonders why he ever refused him Alice, and Alice wonders how any madness could have rendered her unfaithful, even for an hour—that fatal hour, in which her heart's hope was broken. If we could all bring ourselves to be as considerate and fond to those who are always with us, as to those who are far away, the latter would be fewer in number.

At length Alice was summoned away to see the dying kinswoman, whose guest she had been so long. As often happens, death, long delayed, seemed to make up for arrears, and performed all his dark work at once. It was during this absence that the old laird sickened and died, and his son came and departed. Soon afterwards, Alice returned to her father's house,—but no longer alone; for Partan again had taken two mules to Annan, and cousin Isobel rode the second. She is now an orphan and homeless, and Alice proudly and affectionately plays the hostess. Not long, however, for Isobel is soon as much at home in the Peel-house as her cousin; and old Tam, somewhat softened by age, regards her as another daughter. Partan is now part of the household; he seems to have taken a new lease of life from his sick bed, and he more seldom yields to his old enemy. He and Tam still often talk of the Deadman's Isle,—and the latter still hopes, some day or other, to receive its buried treasure; Partan believes that Lawrence either had found that it had been removed, or perished in one of the many accidents attendant on his wild career. But time moves on, and Tam seldom leaves his "ingle neuk," except at intervals of

months, when he contrives to hobble out to his garden, *as if* to enjoy the prospect of the sea once more. At length his last departure is taken, and he lies low in Caerlaverock churchyard. Few outside of his own house missed him much; but every one sympathised with the two young orphans, especially when it was reported that they were left unprovided for. Except the Peel-house, and a few hundred acres of unproductive land, Tam, after all his savings, had left no property. All the village marvelled at this; some quoted ill-natured proverbs about ill-gotten wealth; others remarked that certain people appeared to have the art of absolutely annihilating money,—an art in which most of our grandfathers must have been well skilled. Almost all believed in their hearts that the devil had run away with Tam's assets. What else *could* have become of the savings of thirty years? Who else could have disposed of the price of the Tinwald property (most of which went to Tam as mortgagee), without leaving a trace of it behind?

Partan appeared to be as much puzzled as any of the neighbours as to this enigma, but he was not equally solicitous about the orphans. He had, in fact, a considerable store of gold of his own, though he had lived in the same self-denying manner as the poor fishermen of the village. He had, in fact, no pleasant associations connected with the earning of his wealth; and, by way of penance, he had always denied himself the use of it, except for the merest necessities of life. He now proudly felt that he could befriend Alice, whom he loved as if she were his own daughter, though he treated her with as much respect as if she were a queen, and more so than ever now. The girls were the only inhabitants of the village who were not aware of their poverty; and as they knew nothing of business, and were too busied with their grief to think of it, Partan was in hopes they would never know, during his lifetime, that they were his debtors.

One evening, as he was sitting in his accustomed chimney-corner, opposite to the vacant chair of his old friend, he mused upon these things; and once more, for the thousandth time, he cast his eyes round the room in search of some cranny in which Tam might have concealed his wealth. He looked in vain, and at last stretched out his hand and took up his old friend's mull, to revive his brain

with a pinch of snuff. He observed with a melancholy smile, for it recalled certain peculiarities of Tam to his mind, that it was false in its construction, and contained a very small quantity of snuff, although it was of very large dimensions. It was not an uncommon trick in those times to have three parts of the mull so arranged as to contain the coin that might have been unsafe in a more evident receptacle. Partan, on opening this concealed portion, however, was disappointed to find only a dirty piece of paper. It proved, on further examination, to be Tam's will; and ran thus: "I give and bequeath to young Tinwald, of the manor-house (being the only honest man I ever knew), *what he knows*, and that in trust for my lassie." This simple document had evidently been written several years before, though it bore no date. It proved, as every one suspected, that Tam had left money somewhere; but *where* now seemed as uncertain as ever. No news had been heard of the young laird since he wrote two years before, by a trader from Cadiz to Bourdeaux, requesting Partan to write to him at the former port, or to get some one to do so. Partan's reply, composed with great labour by the joint skill of the village, had probably never reached its destination.

The only use, therefore, of the will, was to enable Partan to hint that it had empowered him, by private knowledge, to render part of Tam's property available; and the old Peel-house looked as well as ever, while the cheer to be found there was considerably improved. Partan himself began to exhibit a change for the better. He considered himself as undoubted guardian to the orphan cousins; and while he deferred to them in a manner more respectful than ever, he displayed an increasing appearance of self-respect that surprised the simple villagers into suspicions of his sanity. He was no longer seen sitting listlessly by the sea-shore, or half-drunk in the chimney-corner. He had found an object; he felt himself of use, and he became a changed man. He attended fairs and markets; he reclaimed and stocked Tam's unprofitable acres; he shook his head at whisky, and declared that water was a "far mair improvin' drink." But still his former gloom would return whenever he was unemployed; and as he no longer



fought it off by strong potations, no doubt it was harder to bear. But no victory was ever won without a struggle; and in the humble field of battle of the old sailor's heart many a gallant deed was performed, known only to his guardian angel.

News! news!—news came one day that there was a letter for Partan, in somebody's hands at Dumfries; is had been lying there for many a day, and been much talked about. A letter in those days was a more important incident than the appearance of many a new book is now. Of course, it would not be entrusted to any hands but those of him to whom it was dedicated. It proved to be one of those which Tinwald had written from Carthagera, on hearing of the death of Lawrence; the other, addressed to Alice, had been either lost or had strayed to some town, where it may be lying to this day.

Alice and Isobel were sitting in the old Castle of Caerlaverock,—whose eastern window was still a favourite resort of Tam's daughter.

"Bella," said Alice, "I fear that this lonely and unoccupied life of ours is beginning to pall upon your busy and romantic fancy. You are growing listless and dispirited, and your bonnie cheek has lost its bloom."

"Nay," replied her cousin, "but you might be speaking of yourself, Alice; for you are growing mair pale than I like to see, even considering all the trouble that is weighing on your little heart. Why should you stay in this sad, sad place, where all we care for lies beneath the turf, and all the haunts that you used to love ache with a sense of vacancy? Lonely creatures are we not, why should we stay in the place of all others that seems to us most lonely?"

"Where should we turn to, unprotected as we are?" rejoined Alice, to whom the thought was not new, though unexpressed. "Once out of our little fold, all the world appears to be a wilderness."

"Nay, not unprotected, Alice. Haven't we that dear, honest old mastiff, Master Partan, to growl away any wolfish assailants; and who would have the heart to assail poor little us? Dear Alice, now we have broken the ice, let us go,—let us go to France, where we have still some

kin that may have gentler hearts than those in the Forestshire,\* who look down on us sae unkindly."

"Well, lassie, we must think of it, and consult old Partan. See, here he comes with his letter in his hand. Can it concern us?"

Partan had hurried at his best pace to find his young mistress, as he called her; but now he would fain have some leisure to reflect on the best method of breaking his intelligence to her. He believed, indeed, that she had never cared for the buccaneer; but still he knew that some sort of troth had passed between them, and it was an awkward business to explain at once that the man was dead. So he tried to throw into his rugged face an expression of sympathy; and he presented the letter to Alice, recommending her to read it "by hirsel', whiles he had a crack wi' Mistress Is'bel about some ither matters." Alice sat down tremblingly to open the letter, and Partan and her cousin walked back towards the village. The letter ran thus:—

"TO SANDY PARTAN,

"Mariner, Sandilee, near Dumfries.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,—News came to me that you have recovered your health, for which I am very thankful; the more so because you can be of use to Mistress Alice, the death of whose father must leave her much in want of a true friend. This I know you to be; and a trusty one, with the only exception that we have talked so much about. I have written to Mistress Alice by the same ship that takes this letter, offering to her my poor services, if I can in anywise be useful to her. You will have heard that the privateer captain is dead among the Indians. I wish you to write to me as soon as convenient, and to send the letter to Master Law's house (the jeweller), in Edinbro'. He will pay the bearer, and furnish him with the moneys mentioned in the enclosed bill,—one-half of which you will pay to Janet Shillinglaw, at the manor-house; and the

\* This is the old name for the beautiful and otherwise interesting country west of Tweed and Ettrick. It comprised the Gala-house, Torwoodlee, and, I believe, the Ashestiel and Philiphaugh estates; extending to the old ruin of Longshaw, James the Fourth's hunting-seat, and the memorable Peel-tower that bears the name of Glendearg, in the "Monastery." Peace be upon its homes and hills, and all that they contain (except the grouse in due season)!

other half you will distribute among the poor people at Sandilee. Do not forget Madden Ray's old mother, at the Lochar Mouth. And be very particular to tell all you can about Mistress Alice. I am settled in a large mercantile house at Carthagera, in New Spain; where probably you have been. Commending you to the best care—that on high—I remain your true Friend,

“WILLIAM PATERSON.”

This letter was read and re-read by Alice with a variety of contending emotions. It was in Willie's own handwriting,—they were his own very words; that they were visible, instead of being uttered, only rendered them more precious, for they would not pass away. But that letter to herself, how cruel it seemed that she was to be deprived of it! Her whole destiny might be—must have been—written there! Then came thoughts of the brave and brilliant stranger, who never until that moment had interested her: but the gallant dead are always sure of a requiem in generous hearts; and Willie himself could not have grudged the tears that she gave to his memory,—the libation of purity on the grave of crime. How it contrasted with the joy of Marina on hearing the same intelligence!

“It's my 'pinion, Mistress Is'bel,” observed Partan, as he stumped along the beach, after imparting to her the purport of the letter; “now we've fand out where young Tinwald is, that we ought to send till him; thae bit letters tak' a lang time to get about, if ever they get there; and how they ever reach across the earth at a' passes my comprehension. Now, ye ken, leddie, there's a ship sent once a year by what they ca' the African Company, wi' the king o' Spain's licence, to the Spanish Main. She sails frae Bristo' at the back end o' next month; and wi' any good luck, she suld won ower in eight weeks. Now, ae word o' Tinwald's wad put Mistress Alice in possession o' a' her father's siller; and if anything war to happen to the young laird, it's a' as gude as lost for ever—owin' to that auld carle's per versity.”

A bright thought struck Isobel. She well knew what was in her cousin's heart.

“Why should we not go ourselves?” she demanded.

“Hech! Sirs! It's no to be thought on. Ye little ken,



leddie, what it is to cross the seas, and what a sair land it is ayont 'em. No, but it's pretty to look on; wi' its heavens o' blue, and its gran' fragrant forests, and bonnie birds, and clear waters. But it's what auld Tam wad hae call'd a painted sepulchre, fair 'ithout, but 'ithin fu' o' corruption. What wi' favers, and buccaneers, and serpents, and Spaniards, and ither reptiles, it's nae place for Christian man; muckle mair, young leddies. For mysel', I'm sworn, on my destruction, never to cross the seas agin; but that vallys little, for now I hae dune a sma'—vera sma' bit o' gude, and I cou'd die pleasant. As for ye, leddie; dinna speak on't! ye cou'd na gang ower seas. But I sal no see Mistress Alice the e'en; and ye wull just tell her what I've bin sayin' about sendin' to Tinwald in the Bristo' ship."

Before Alice rejoined her cousin, she had made a discovery, which not a little influenced her after determination. The letter, she observed, was dated a year ago. She had hoped that hers might have been only delayed, but it was now evidently lost. It appeared that the John Law, to whom it had been enclosed, was abroad in Italy, and hence the delay. Isobel met her, with Partan's suggestion and her own; and she saw with pleasure that Alice's eyes brightened at the thought. Poor eyes—it was long since they had so shone before.

"Why, indeed, should we not go?" she exclaimed. "Tinwald is my surest friend, and will best advise us as to our future lives,—to say nothing of our very means of existence, which seem to depend upon his information. And America cannot be so *very* much farther than France; and we both love the sea. And old Janet will gang with us, and Partan; and we will take such care of him, that he shall see his oath was only against crossing the seas for evil purposes, not when he goes to befriend the orphan and her cause."

Partan was thunderstruck when he heard this determination; but what can a man's argument avail against two female wills? On learning the date of the letter, the matter appeared to him of the greater urgency; and then the fear of appearing to yield to his own presentiment, urged him also to consent. The little conclave sat upon the matter; and after such deliberation as such heads could achieve, they decided to repair to Bristol, and to inform no person at Sandilee of their destination.

They were scarcely gone, when Wafer, urged by Tinwald's letters, sent to inquire for them, and returned to Carthage the vague answer that we have seen in a former chapter.

At this time, by express treaty with the king of Spain, one ship was permitted, as Partan said, to trade from Bristol to Portobello, in New Spain, each year; and that privilege, like most monopolies, was very much abused. Having embarked our fair cousins on board this vessel, we leave them to pursue their bold enterprise, and return to Alvaro.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly;  
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,  
There was danger on the sea.

UHLAND.

ALVARO put to sea with a stout ship and a hundred chosen seamen. Although magnificent in liberality and all outward appearances becoming his station, he was almost as simple in his private habits as his Scotch friend. His sole personal attendant was a faithful slave, named Ghorka, whom he had purchased at Jamaica, and who was now attached to him with almost canine devotedness.

The Buenaventura sailed prosperously away, pleasant breezes speeding her along that delightful sea; islands of brilliant beauty now and then appearing and vanishing, as they were approached and left behind in the rapid voyage. Flying-fish fluttered past them; dolphins, of good omen, played around their bows. Everything promised well, and contrasted strongly with the manner in which Alvaro had last sailed along those waters.

One morning, as the ship was approaching the Mona Passage, between Porto Rico and St. Domingo, the sound of guns was heard. As yet a heavy mist obscured the distant view, but the heavy ominous echoes of artillery continued to boom along the sea; and at length, as the breeze rose and the fog disappeared, two vessels were descried

only a mile to leeward. A large ship, with rent sails and disordered rigging, was yawing about, apparently unmanageable; whilst another ship, with a low dark hull, was almost alongside of her, and pouring in a constant stream of fire, both from guns and small arms. Suddenly the firing ceased, and though the wind was adverse, shrieks could be heard, and the flashing steel that caused them gleamed along the deck.

Instantly, Alvaro changed his course, and steered for the scene of action; every rag of canvas was crowded on the masts that bent to the favouring breeze; and by the time the Buena Ventura was cleared for action, she was alongside the disabled vessel. So intent were the buccaneers (for such they were) upon their prize, that they never perceived the approach of Alvaro, until too late to extricate their crew from the captured vessel. They tried to work the guns of the prize, however, and prepared for a fresh contest with characteristic daring and rapidity.

The battle was brief, and desperate; the captain of the buccaneers fell, shot through the legs; his crew were forced overboard, or lay bleeding upon the deck of their half-conquered prize; their own ship, with the few hands remaining on board of her, made all sail to escape, and Alvaro was left in undisputed possession of the stranger.

But she had suffered fearfully; scarcely a dozen of her seamen were left alive, and they were, for the most part, wounded. The hatches had been battened down, however, and most of the passengers remained below, as yet uninjured. The sound of women's voices in prayer and lamentation now rose at intervals, through the loud orders and shouts of the seamen, as they strove to put the ship in order, and the groans or curses of the wounded, as they were examined by the surgeon on the deck. The non-fighting men below believed that they were still in the power of the dreaded buccaneers, and, in the vague instinct of escape, had hidden themselves in the hold; while the poor women were huddled together in the captain's cabin, the windows of which were nearest to the sea, and offered them a last refuge from violence.

Alvaro hastened below, to dispel their fears. He called gently to those within the cabin to open the door; but the terrified women were only driven to desperation, and



endeavoured to throw themselves into the sea. He burst the door, therefore, and beheld a group of three or four Spanish women, vainly struggling to make a way through the cabin windows; their dishevelled garments and half-naked forms showing how rudely they had been roused from their sleep. Beside them, were two fair girls—exquisitely fair they seemed—not struggling and ungarmented like the others, but decently clothed and kneeling together, with hands clasped in prayer.

The first soft respectful tones of Alvaro's voice seemed to reassure even the Spaniards, and broke their spell of terror. Their companions rose calmly and self-possessed from their knees, as if they had expected succour even when it seemed beyond human possibility. The Spaniards fell at Alvaro's feet, and with loud and vehement demonstrations called him their deliverer. The others, still holding each other by the hand, stood apart, and, with more reserve, expressed their gratitude in English. Some sudden emotion seemed to shake the usually calm and self-possessed Moresco, and he broke away from the cabin almost abruptly—assuring the women that their safety and comfort should be his first care. He then walked forward on the deck to hear the surgeon's report of the wounded.

Only one of the buccaneers, their captain, seemed likely to survive; a sabre cut upon his brow, besides a gun-shot wound in his legs, rendered even his existence doubtful. His countenance was scarcely visible, owing to wounds and blood; but his appearance and his white skin bespoke him of some condition. He replied scornfully, in good Spanish, to the surgeon's questions, and only asked to be allowed to die in peace. Alvaro, however (who still felt that the buccaneers had some claim, however qualified, of brotherhood upon him), ordered the wounded man to be well cared for, and promised him security. On hearing these orders, the maimed wretch turned, or rather writhed himself slowly round, glared for a moment with his dim bloodshot eye upon his conqueror, and then, with an effort that seemed superhuman, threw himself overboard. The Spaniards looked coolly after him, thinking he was well disposed of; but Alvaro plunged into the sea after him, seized him with a firm grasp,—though the buccaneer strove hard to drown his rescuer and himself together,—and soon was hoisted on

deck, bearing his unwilling companion in his arms. He then committed him once more to the surgeon's care, and ordered the ship to be examined and refitted as soon as possible, in order that she might proceed on her destined course, to Carthagena, whilst he resumed his own towards Europe.

By this time all the passengers of the rescued ship, except one English sailor, who lay dangerously sick below, had assembled upon deck. Alvaro recognised in one of them an old acquaintance, a merchant of some consideration in Carthagena. From him he learned that the galleon had had a prosperous voyage from Old Spain until that morning; when, just as day was dawning, they perceived the buccaneers bearing down upon them. Knowing that they were to expect no quarter, they had determined to fight to the last. Their captain had been killed early in the action; many of the seamen had also fallen, and the ship had been all but lost when so unexpectedly relieved by Alvaro. He added, that besides the ladies (one of whom was his wife), and the merchants, there was an ecclesiastic of Seville and a Spanish officer of high rank on board. Both these last were supposed to be charged with some important commission from the Spanish government. The ecclesiastic now came forward to tender his acknowledgment; and Alvaro beheld to his horror a Dominican friar whom he had seen heading the awful procession of the *Auto-da-fé* six years before. He had seen him but for a moment, yet his aspect had haunted him ever since, and was now as familiar to his imagination as if it had been only yesterday: he beheld in him, as it were, an incarnation of the whole infernal power of the Inquisition. The Moresco mastered his emotion, however, and accepted, though coldly, the acknowledgments of the man whom on earth he held in greatest horror. But he had pledged his word for his safety, and had it been the devil himself who stood before him, he would have protected him.

As the king's officer came forward in his turn, his speech was interrupted by the cry of "fuego!" from the forecastle; a thick volume of smoke, at the same time, gushing up from the hold, diffused a sulphurous stench. The ship had been set on fire by one of the quenchless fire-balls that the buccaneers were accustomed to make use of in extremity. It

had fallen among bales of silk, which, for some time, smothered the fierceness of the flame; but it had the more extensively and subtly done its work, and the fire was proportionately destructive. The boats were immediately lowered, and those on board had barely time to put off when the galleon was in flames from stem to stern. However, even the wounded buccaneer and the sick English sailor had been saved. The boats rowed fast towards Alvaro's ship, and almost immediately after they had reached her, the galleon blew up, and no trace was left of the gallant vessel but a few seething planks, and some bubbles on the calm water in which she had gone down.

Alvaro now felt compelled to return to Carthagena, from whence he was only two days' sail. He accommodated his guests, as well as he was able, in his own ship, and ordered her head to be cast towards the port from which she had so lately sailed.

## CHAPTER XV.

O thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!

MARLOW'S *Faust*.

BEFORE the new passengers on board of Alvaro's ship were settled in their berths, the sky had become dark with masses of vague, billowy clouds, here and there torn asunder, and giving glimpses of thin white vapours hurrying rapidly along the bright blue sky above. Below, all was as yet profoundly, solemnly still; but the sea, with an instinct of the coming storm, became disturbed and strangely agitated, changing colour, and tossing up apparently a causeless spray. Faint white flashes of lightning gleamed along the horizon towards the north-west, and every sign of sea and sky preluded the approach of a tornado. The ship was immediately set in order to meet the new enemy; her lofty spars were lowered upon deck and made fast; every flowing sail, lately spread to the mild favouring breezes, was secured, and two storm staysails were alone set. The ship thus lay motionless upon the swelling sea.



stripped almost to bare poles; yet not a breath of air was stirring. Suddenly a wild, whirring, tumultuous noise was heard, as the invisible assailant came rushing over the waters, which changed into one white sheet of foam beneath its wings. It fell upon the ship like an avalanche, and almost buried her beneath the stroke, until, as if alarmed, she sprang into motion, upraised herself by a violent effort from the waters, and rushed away over the waves, while the storm followed fiercely in pursuit.

To those who have witnessed the tornado in its wrath, all description must seem tame. Others cannot even picture to themselves the terrible change that instantaneously comes over nature when suffering from its assault. The clouds seem precipitated on the waters, the waters upheaved into the clouds; ominous darkness falls on the dire confusion, or is only broken by strange, unnatural glares and flashings, whether from above or from below we cannot tell. It seems as if nothing created could resist it, or retain shape amid the distracted chaos, much less that a frail bark could survive such shocks. But the stout human heart, with only that fragile barrier between life and death, can boldly meet the exigency, nerve the firm hand, and inspire the subtle brain to do battle with the spirit of the storm.

For hours of darkness then, and on the succeeding day and night again, Alvaro's ship flew on uninjured before her elemental pursuers. Sometimes, in a momentary relaxation of their power, she seemed to "turn to bay;" coming up to the wind and lying-to as if to rest herself. But when the storm resumed its chase with renewed vigour, she was once more fain to flee. The low bows and lofty poops of the navies of that period were better adapted for scudding before the wind than for bearing up against it; hence the numerous mischances which befell navigators of old, driving them far from their intended courses, and not seldom, as in Robert Macham's case, rendering them involuntary discoverers of new lands.\*

It is a mistake to suppose that time passes slowly during intense watchfulness and occupation; on the contrary, it then outstrips calculation. For two days and nights the crew were mustered at their posts, only snatching sleep at

\* See Washington Irving's interesting account of the discovery of the island of Madeira.

such intervals and under such circumstances as would seem incredible to those who associate the idea of repose with downy pillows. During all that time, there was scarcely any communication between those above and below the deck, except when a morsel of food or gulp of water was handed up to the mariners. They lost all reckoning: they could only guess that they were driving towards the Caribbee Islands; and if they struck upon one of them during the night, the fate of such as might survive the sea appeared more horrible than that of the drowned. At length, as the third day was dawning, a shout of "land!" broke from every mouth, and many a pale face appeared from below, conjured up by the joyful sound.

The ship flew on, skirting the southern promontory of a mountainous island: then the helm was put down, and the storm-tossed vessel bounded into smooth water. Delightful was the transition from the howling wilderness of waters into the secure and quiet cove; hills, gradually towering up in the distance into mountains, surrounded a curved and silver-sanded shore. The island smiled with the freshest verdure; a river of bright water was seen gleaming through groves of palmetto and cocoa trees; rocky precipices, seamed with verdant chasms, in which flowers and fruits abounded, were soon discovered. It seemed a perfect paradise to the weary pilgrims of the deep.

The anchor plunged down, and bit deeply into the weed-tufted sands distinctly visible far below; the ship swung slowly round; and like men awakening from a frightful dream, the haggard crew gazed on the calm scene round them with wonder, and almost held their breaths with pleased astonishment. The passengers and people from below soon hastened upon deck to breath the genial fragrant air which by fitful eddies rolled in from the storm that still raged beyond the barriers of the mountain-island.

The poor Spanish women looked absolutely squalid after their long and terrified imprisonment in a dark cabin. The Spanish officer appeared to little more advantage; but the friar was one whose aspect or dress scarcely allowed of a change. The English women were the last to appear, and when they did so, there was little to denote that they suffered. Pale they were, but the elder lady was always pale, and the cheek of the younger soon flushed into a rosy

tint, as delight sent her warm blood dancing through her veins. Alvaro gazed upon her with surprise and admiration. Until now he had only known the dark-eyed women of Spain, or the more languid beauties of his adopted land. He had been accustomed to consider them, however otherwise attractive, only as appendages to the lords of creation, —dangerously fascinating, indeed, but merely animal. He now beheld a countenance beaming with thought and bright with purity; fair ringlets flowed with natural grace over a snow-white forehead, and the blue eyes that shone beneath, appeared to the admiring Moor as something seraphic, yet sweetly human too.

Her companion was several years older, and care had faded or rather shadowed her beauty. The tones of her voice were sad, and even as she looked with delight upon the lovely island which afforded so unexpected an asylum, the deep pensiveness of her aspect remained unaltered. Alvaro approached her with profound respect, offering his congratulations in such English as he could command, regretting, for her sake, the casualty that had prolonged their voyage. Whilst he was speaking, the captain of the ship hastily approached Alvaro, and pointed out a swarm of canoes coming round the neighbouring point.

"They come as enemies, sir," said the old sailor; "nothing else was ever found among these islands, and this surely is one of the Caribbees, and the savages hereabouts are all fierce and warlike men, fighting to the death, and devouring those whom they make prisoners."

Once more the unhappy passengers were obliged to seek safety under deck, while preparations were made to receive the unexpected assailants.

Multifarious, indeed, were the dangers that beset the mariners of those early times, and guarded the rich regions of the west. Tornados, buccaneers, coral reefs, and, lastly, savages, who waged war, and cherished but too well-founded a hatred against every white man. Hence, careful preparations for offence and defence was necessary in the merchant-vessels of those seas. These were now promptly renewed, and every seaman was ready at his gun before their daring enemies approached. Alvaro was desirous, for many reasons, not to be forced into an inglorious contest, and watched the appearance of the Caribs with anxious



interest. They ceased paddling, and formed in one long line abreast when they were within musket-shot. To the surprise of all on board, three or four of the canoes were filled with black men, who presented, with their coarse, crisp heads, as strong a contrast to their red companions as to the whites. Ghorka at once recognised his countrymen, and after exchanging a few words with Alvaro, leaped overboard, and fearlessly swam out to meet them. He was observed to enter one of the canoes, which almost immediately started out from amongst its comrades, and pulled towards the ship. Ghorka sat in the stern in great triumph, and soon announced to his master that the islanders were his friends, and ready to afford him all the civilities in their power.\* Ghorka's companions were immediately invited on board, treated with kindness, and despatched to their companions with gifts very precious in their sight. Thenceforth the natives not only desisted from all hostilities, but supplied the ship with the delicious wild fruits that abounded in the island, speared turtle for them, presented them with quantities of the excellent cat-fish† of the seas, and the fine mullet that abounds in the rivers.

Not only during the storm, but some days afterwards, while the sailors were repairing damages, Alvaro and his passengers passed most of their time ashore. The former was never weary of exploring the strangely-beautiful features of the island.

Huts had been erected on a neighbouring hill, for the sick and wounded; but at the request of the English women, their poor friend and follower was accommodated with a tent to himself. There, in almost affectionate attendance upon him, these ladies passed most of their time. Their

\* Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a slaver from Guinea was wrecked upon the island of St. Vincent, one of the Windward group: the whites were all slain and devoured, but the negroes were honourably treated, received into the Carib community, and obtained settlements among them. In the course of time, the negroes obtained the ascendant, and confined their former hosts to one corner of their beautiful island.

† This fish is furnished with long sharp spines that seem poisonous: he is besides so daring and ferocious as to attack men while swimming, and is greatly feared by the pearl-divers, who consider the wounds received from his spines as fatal; he is excellent and nutritious food, however.

patient was a rugged-looking, storm-beaten old man, who had unaccountably sickened soon after leaving the Azores, where they had transhipped themselves from an English vessel bound for the slave-coast of Africa. He seemed to suffer only from debility and nervous prostration, and rallied, with apparently great effort, whenever he was spoken to by either of his countrywomen. The ship's surgeon, therefore, after the first day or two, desired that they should but seldom visit him; and so they were left free to wander about that lovely island while they remained there. And, in truth, Alvaro was in no hurry to be gone from thence. The society of his English guests became daily more agreeable—more necessary to him; and his was not a nature to be reserved or guarded in any enjoyment on which he once entered. He so rarely allowed himself an indulgence, that pleasure had the more power over his impetuous soul, if once he yielded to its influence. He now seemed spell-bound by the society in which he first found any true communion of spirit. An aspiration of his long lonely heart was fulfilled; a new sphere of thought, feeling, and imagination was laid open to him. His feelings towards his young companion were of that chivalrous and almost adoring kind that we read of in very old romances, and sometimes witness in very young men.

Alvaro's demeanour was probably somewhat unintelligible to those whom he delighted to honour. They did not understand the chivalrous esteem in which he held them; nor could they calculate on the advantage which they held in his eyes, by contrast with his own uncultivated countrywomen. They saw in him a man of great wealth and power, and, as it seemed to them, of superhuman knowledge. With all these gifts, and youth, and noble features and form to enhance them, they saw him, the arbiter of their destiny, apparently their slave. He deferred to their slightest wishes; he addressed them with timid respect, whilst he was haughty and distant to every one else. This very mystery lent, perhaps, an additional charm to the society of the fair strangers. Their hesitating manner and inquiring looks had, as well as their natural dignity and reserve, a certain charm for him.

On one point, however, the English ladies were very explicit: they detested the Dominican friar, who, in ad-

dition to other importunities, had endeavoured to convert them; and that in a dogmatic and intrusive manner that was unfavourable to his success. He had watched their every movement. By night, upon the deck, at whatever hour they ascended to breathe the air, he was before them, and met them with his soft manner and feline eyes. By day, and in storm and in calm, he tried never to lose sight of them; until at length they began to feel like the victims of the rattlesnake, fascinated by a power at which they shuddered. The elder of the Englishwomen made this confession to Alvaro, one evening, as they returned from a long excursion on the shore:

“And there!” she exclaimed; “there he is again, with a new disciple!”

There, indeed, at the foot of a tall tree, sat the friar, with Ghorka by his side: the former apparently exhorting the negro in his most persuasive manner; while the latter listened with what was meant for a stolid look; but his quick, keen eyes betrayed his uneasiness and keen watchfulness of his companion.

That night the ship left her anchorage, and sailed for Carthagená. The elder of the English ladies appeared glad to be once more upon her way; her sister frankly lamented leaving the beautiful island, where they had found such a safe asylum, and such a dangerous enjoyment. Alvaro was too full of happiness to think of sorrow, past or present. He reclined upon the deck, by the fair young stranger's side, while the stars poured down their golden shower of rays, that seemed to plash in the purple waves: the sky above it, and the sea beneath, the present and the future world which they symbolized, and the radiant face upturned to his,—all appeared blended in one glorious scheme of happiness. Storm or calm, land or sea, Europe or America—were all indifferent to him. The cup of delight sparkled at his lip, and he drained it rapturously and recklessly.

At length the companions of his charmed vigil retired to rest, and he once more lay down where they had been, to ruminate the bygone hours, and in imagination to taste them once again. The night was still calm, the waves plashed, the sails undulated softly in the breeze, and the various lulling noises of a ship in gentle motion fell un-



noticed on his ear. But not so a low stealthy sound approaching him through the shadow of the bulwarks: within the little world of ship-board every stir is noticeable, whatever be the weather without. Alvaro was turning round, when a well-known voice whispered softly, "Hush!" It was Ghorka, who, with his dusky form still concealed in shadow, stole close to his master's ear.

"Massa!" he whispered, in English, which, though his chief acquirement at Jamaica, he seldom used: "Massa, there bery much danger in dis sip; gib me little word, and it go overboard. Dat black feller (not in skin, but in toggy) mean mischief to massa.

"He is one pries," the negro continued, after a short pause, in which he watched attentively for any sound that might betoken a listener; "he is one pries, or what dem people at Haiti call Butio; and he hab little Zeme,\* what we say fetish, in his cabin. Ver' bad fetish; him tell him much wicked ting. He pray to him, and call him Saint Nick." [Dominic, probably.]

"My good Ghorka," replied Alvaro, "what has this fetish or Butio to say to me? or how comes it to terrify your bold heart?"

"Ah, massa!" whispered the poor negro, "my heart berry bold agin what I can stab or 'tick, or kick agin; but de dam little fetish, dat say nothing, yet tell pries eberyting, fright me berry great deal. De pries tell me one, two little ting, and make me seem to tell him mush; and after little talkee, him tell me all about massa, and said if it not true? and he bid me tell no one, or fetish Nick, who tell him eberyting, will go down me troat, and 'tick very much in gizzard till Ghorka die. Ah! Ghorka feel him now; but Ghorka must tell massa all, and den dam fetish do him worst."

\* The people of the New World, when first discovered, were supposed to have no religion; but it was soon found that they had a regular priesthood named *butios*: that they believed in a Supreme Being, without father; offspring of a mother only. They held this Being in such awe, that they only worshipped him through certain idols called *Zemi*. These *Zemi* had houses apart, one to each family. Each individual, also, had a *Zemi* if he chose; to this office he might elect any favourite animal. Dogs, parrots, and other creatures were the *Zemis* of Haitians, and regarded by them with veneration when elected.

The negro proceeded at great length to say that the friar had been making many diligent inquiries about Alvaro; that he had made out from poor Ghorka that his master had been wrecked from a French ship, and seemed thereby to have caught a clue, by means of which he had told Ghorka many things that he could not deny, believing them to be an inspiration of the fetish. In short, by a sort of instinct, he saw that the friar had designs not favourable to his master, and the negro concluded by imploring permission to throw him overboard the first opportunity.

Alvaro laughed at his servant's fears, and dismissed him with injunctions to comport himself peaceably and respectfully towards the proprietor of the obnoxious fetish, to whose agency the negro did not scruple to attribute the late storm.

When Ghorka had retired, however, Alvaro reflected deeply on his information. It occurred to him that the ever-watchful Inquisitors might have obtained the clue to his identity, and he could not help suspecting that the ecclesiastic's mission to Carthagena was connected in some manner with his own fate.

The next morning he took occasion to address the Spanish officer, and to inquire from him what his business was in Carthagena, and whether it was essential for him to proceed thither, as he had some intention of making another port. The officer referred his questioner to the friar, upon whom, he said, he had been appointed to attend, for an affair of which he was in utter ignorance. Alvaro believed that he spoke truth, and observing the friar just ascending from his cabin, he announced to him a change in his intentions, and that he feared he should be obliged to land him at Jamaica, where he had some commercial business to transact. The friar declared that he also had changed his intentions, which now were to return to Spain; and that he hoped Alvaro, as a true Catholic and faithful subject of his king, would give him a passage thither. Alvaro replied, that he would think of it, and turned away to greet the Englishwomen, in whose society he soon forgot everything else, even to alter his course for Jamaica.

Two more happy days passed by. There are no circumstances more favourable to such conversations as he now

hourly held with his fair charges, than the delightful leisure and isolation we enjoy while sailing over smooth seas in summer weather. There are no distractions, there is no dissonance; all is in harmony, and hearts lie dangerously open.

It was almost with dissatisfaction that at length Alvaro heard the cry of "Land!" but it was only a momentary feeling. His pilot pronounced the land to be the promontory of Osthook, the northernmost point of what is now called the Island of Curaçoa. The ship was ordered to stand for the shore, and as soon as she had come to an anchor, the boat was lowered, and Alvaro civilly invited the friar to accompany him to land. At the same time, he gave the Spanish officer the choice of accompanying his reverence or not, as he confessed that he was not intended to return. The friar argued angrily against such treatment to a commissioner from the Spanish crown. Alvaro replied, that if he would favour him with a sight of his commission, he would take him to his destination. The friar hesitated, and finally, without further parley, entered the boat with his officer. The wounded buccaneer asked for permission to accompany them, and was likewise rowed ashore. This transaction being over, the boat was taken on board once more, and the ship's course was laid for Carthagená.



## CHAPTER XVI.

There she sees a damsel bright,  
Dress'd in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;  
Her blue vein'd feet unsandal'd were,  
And mildly glitter'd here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess, 't was frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she—  
Beautiful exceedingly !

COLERIDGE.

WHILE the chief of the house was thus employed at sea, the business at home went on in the usual routine. Ships arrived in the Bocca Chica, and poured their wealth into the great merchant's stores. Swarthy half-naked porters swarmed about the docks in busy gangs. Pulleys creaked and chains rattled beneath the weight of costly bales.

Within, the large counting-house was filled with clerks, desks, and ledgers. A perfect flutter of pens fanned the air that sighed in languidly through the large open windows ; bearing on its breath a faint geranium perfume, mingled with that of cinnamon and vanilla,—yea, and likewise of hides, and tallow, and reeking negroes. Inside the larger room was a smaller one, furnished in the simplest manner with plain wooden chairs and two plain tables, at which was seated the reputed second partner of the house. Paterson was a man of grave and firm, yet mild aspect. He was now scarcely thirty years of age, yet care and earnest thought had hurried on the traces of maturer years. The hair had already receded from his high smooth forehead, but dark and plentiful eyebrows shadowed the sunken clear blue eyes, which intemperance had never dimmed.

The thoughts of this lonely man never seemed to wander from the papers before him, except to glance at some maps and charts ranged along the walls, probably illustrating the interests which he was there superintending. There he had witnessed, and in no small degree contributed to, the accumulation of enormous wealth ; but he claimed no share

in it. Alvaro always considered him and spoke of him as his partner, but this his unselfish spirit would not acknowledge. In order to avoid dispute, he took care that the question never should be raised, and meanwhile he contented himself with the modest income of a chief clerk. He never regarded wealth but as an instrument for promoting the common good, the mere agency of which was to him its own reward. The only strictly personal hope of happiness he had ever known was long since dead within him; and there is no such promoter of the happiness of others as one who has no more any of his own to occupy his thoughts.

This singular man was sitting as we have described, when a confused noise attracted his attention. Of all the clerks in the adjoining room, he then observed that not one was at his post: all were crowded round the windows, and at length one of them announced the general belief that Alvaro's ship was just then returning into harbour.

Such was indeed the case: her boat had already landed, and in a few moments more Alvaro grasped his hand. He explained in a few words the reason of this return, and told him of the guests he had entertained on board in such terms as made the heart of Paterson beat quick. He pointed out the ladies as they were advancing from the quay, and inquired whether his friend would surrender for their use his house upon the Bocca Chica: adding that they would naturally be more at their ease there than in his palacio. Paterson's eyes followed the direction of Alvaro's eager glance, and he suddenly became deadly pale. He staggered backward to his chair and sank slowly on his knees, burying his face in his hands. "And was it come to this?" he thought. "Were his prayers at length answered, and thus? That he should again behold his long-lost Alice, and find her again beloved, and by a friend?" for with a lover's quickness he perceived how much Alvaro's mind was occupied with his guests; and with a lover's superstition he believed it impossible for any one to know Alice and not to love her.

But this paroxysm of feeling, however acute, soon yielded to his habitual self-command. He resumed his natural deportment, and told Alvaro that he already knew the lady whom he saw, and that all he had was at her disposal: that

he rejoiced to find Alvaro had offered the strangers the house of their countryman, as they would not, he was sure, have consented to occupy any other. It was now Alvaro's turn to feel jealousy, with him a very different passion. He seized his partner's arm, and hurried out into the verandah, which the object of Alvaro's admiration had already reached, and was there sheltering herself beneath its wide shadow from the burning sun. Her companion, more anxious or hesitating, had paused outside to await Alvaro's return. They had both preserved complete silence as to Tinwald; fearing misconstruction from a stranger in what was, under any circumstances, a delicate position.

When the two partners presented themselves in the verandah, Alvaro observed with joy that Isobel's hasty glance was withdrawn from Tinwald as from a stranger, and met with a look of inquiry. When Tinwald's name was mentioned, she frankly presented her hand to him, saying,—

“Ah! this is, then, the gentleman whom we wanted to see so much,—I mean, who was to transact our business; is it not, Alice?”

Then Alice came forward, and she and Tinwald met, to a stranger's eye, as if they had been old but formal friends. The Moresco observed the staid meeting with wondering eyes; and then, with infinite satisfaction, proposed to accompany them to his friend's house, which they consented to occupy until a suitable one of their own could be prepared. They were with some difficulty prevailed upon to enter the palanquins that waited for them, and old Nurse Janet absolutely refused “siccon onchristian-like” accommodation. At length the party reached a long covered way that led to Tinwald's modest dwelling. None of the prevalent Carthaginian magnificence was visible; but there was the usual fountain, and it cast its refreshing spray on collections, made with infinite care, of heather and harebells, and even daisies and thistles, substituted by the Scot for the glow of fragrant flowers. The humble exotics looked faint and drooping, it is true; but never, when treading their luxuriance under foot on their native hills, had the loveliest wild flowers so charmed the forlorn wanderers as did these poor types of home in a far distant land. They inspired at once a home-like feeling, and old



Janet was in raptures. Their host, too much gratified, and far too happy, to use many words, hastened to recruit his small establishment with such servants as they might require; and the two cousins were left to repose after their fatigues. Partan soon afterwards arrived with their small possessions from the ship. He had been detained on the way by Tinwald, who, with some sort of disappointment, learned that business was indeed the main if not the only inducement for the voyage that Alice had just performed.

"'Twad hae been o' sma' use my coming my lane," added Partan, "far weel I ken, I shall never return to Scottish land; sae even if I cou'd hae left the puir bairns at Sandilee, and come to you, it wadna hae availed. Nay, nay, Tinwald, dinna seek to gainsay the doom that is on me. I hae been sair sick, tho' I'm stranger the noo; but whether by steel or sickness or saut water, my race is run, since I crossed the seas. But my duty is dune, too, and sae I dinna care. The bit bairns 'ill now find a far better friend in you, than a broken auld carle like mysel' cou'd ever hae been to them." As he spoke, the old sailor angrily drew his hand across his eyes to wipe away the treacherous tear that had started into them; not for his own doom, which he felt was sealed; but for the "bairns," who became hourly more dear to him.

"But what will this mean?" he continued, after a few minutes' pause, as soon as he could trust his voice to have resumed its gruffness of tone. "Here is the screed o' paper that has brought us sae far (besides the wish to see you, Master Willie): I'm na scholard mysel', and it's only by Mistress Alice's larnin' I made it out, as far as it *can* be made out."

Tinwald took the paper and considered it attentively. At length he said, with a melancholy smile that he could not entirely repress,—

"This is quite in character with our poor old friend. His mind, ever since that unlucky evening when you spoke of the Deadman's Isle, had been running upon buried treasure, until at last he began to think that burial was a sort of rite that was due to money. I remember now that he told me he had not learned confidence in any one alive sufficient to entrust his savings to their hands; and that he

had resolved to bury them, as the wise old buccaneers were wont to do. I laughed at his notion, but he persevered in it very solemnly, and said that, if anything happened to him, I should find he had not been jesting on so serious a matter. But that is all the light I can throw upon the subject."

"And it's no sma' licht neither," rejoined Partan; "the puir auld man seldom stirred ayont his door after you went away. But twa or three times after he had got siller, he wad be very restless for a day or sae, like a hen that wants to lay an egg; and then he would hobble (as I heard) out into the kail-yard in the groamin', and was well nigh killed by each attempt to do't. An' at last, when he received the mortgage money out o' the sales o' the manor-house, he took one mair walk, and then he sickened on't for the last time."

"You have, probably, solved this riddle," Tinwald replied; "and I dare say we shall find some signs upon the paper to mark the spot. But now you ought to go on your way to Mistress Alice. Send after me for anything they may require, to Don Alvaro's palace, you will easily find the way: it lies yonder, with a tower and gardens."

"I ken the way unco weel, and sae does Lawrence," muttered the old buccaneer, as he resumed his march towards Tinwald's house, along the very cliff where Marina had lingered but a fortnight before. A sudden recollection struck the old sailor, and he called after Tinwald.

"I forgot to tell you," he resumed; "that the captain's no dead, as ye thought."

"Not dead,—and you know it?" exclaimed Tinwald.

"He's no dead," repeated the old sailor, "and I doubt if ever he wul be; I hae seen him in auld times gang through wi'out injury what wad hae killed a dizzen ither folk; and within the last fortnight, I shot him mysel' wi' a siller button, and saw him struck wi' an axe, besides, that ought to have cloved his skull. It was he, I tell you, that commanded the sma' pirate thing that attacked our ship. I was laid up in my hammock wi' sair sickness, and knew naught on't till the firing began, and I heard the battle cry (well I knew it) of Lawrence as he boarded. Weel, I crawled out o' my hammock, and took up a dead man's pistol, and put a siller button in it (for I ken'd that lead

wad do nothing to the like o' him), and fired; and I shot him through the legs, my aim bein' unsteady,—and but for that shot and the bullet being siller, he wad no hae lost his prize, or yon gran' Span'erd's ship either; though the Don fought like a fury, it must be confessed, and was as kind after as a child. Weel, when I had gi'en my shot, I fell back in a swoond, and found myself, when I woke up agin, in your Span'erd's ship. Sae Lawrence is abroad agin, and was landed at Osthook three days syne, and he pretty lively. I'm glad on't for my part; for I wad na hae raised a hand agin him but for the bairns' sake; though he *did* think to drown me in Solway, as I minded weel whan I was sick, and a clear memory came back to me in the lang wakefu' nights."

Tinwald was somewhat troubled at this intelligence, though he had grieved for the bold buccaneer when he thought of him as fairly dead. But Marina's story had separated him conclusively from Alice; and even if Tinwald's knowledge of a buccaneer's true character had not influenced him, he no longer felt any scruple about supplanting him. Accordingly, he proceeded in the evening to meet her with as much confidence as his nature would permit.

In their native country the fair wanderers would have sought shelter from the breeze, and seated themselves in the sunniest spot; now they felt how far distant they were from home, when they avoided the sunshine as an enemy, and sought every cooling breath of air as a pleasant friend. The sun was sinking into a glorious pile of clouds, and the sea-breeze, awakening with the evening stars, began to steal over the waters, and to soothe the earth after the fiery trial it had so long endured. All nature revived at the same time, like the household of the Sleeping Beauty at the magic kiss. Trees rustled, birds sang, waves murmured, flowers expanded and breathed out their long-imprisoned odours. Man roused himself to exercise; woman awoke to the great business of *her* life;\* fans fluttered, muslins rustled, and sweet voices began the pleasant, objectless talk

\* That is, in Spanish America. Of course the author does not allude to England, or even to France.



which ripples and sparkles from their tongues, as the spray does in a ship's wake, and leaves as little trace behind it.

Beneath the verandah of Tinwald's house sat Alice and Isobel, who had revived, like the American world around them, from the universal *siesta*. While they had been resting, all the luxuries that Alvaro could imagine for them had been provided by the efforts of a hundred slaves. They had closed their eyes upon the plainest furniture, and the simplest arrangements of a bachelor's *ménage*; they awoke to a display of magnificence such as they had never even dreamed of. Delicious flowers bloomed in the costliest vases; transparent draperies, embroidered exquisitely with gold, now floated over the plain whitewashed walls; mats of rich texture and most delicate colours concealed the rough stone floors; perfumed water played in the fountain; and gold and enamel contrasted with ebony and mother-of-pearl, shone in such gracefully-shaped furniture as fairies might enjoy the use of, if they could become corporeal.

Isobel looked round her with pride, as well as with delight. She felt that all this bright magical change had been effected for her sake; and the splendour would have appeared to her to fade at once, if the sentiment with which it was associated had been removed.

Alice was very differently affected by all that she now beheld. To her, the manly simplicity of the house, as they had first found it, was far more attractive; in *that* there was character;—in this there was mere upholstery. The unpretending Paterson assumed new interest in her eyes; the magnificent Alvaro sank in proportion. But the singularly assorted friends were now approaching, as was announced by a gigantic black slave, who came to know if their visit would be acceptable.

Alice and her fair cousin reclined (it is impossible and unnatural to *sit* bolt upright in the tropics) on a low and long and wide divan, that looked out from beneath the widely-eaved house upon the water. Finding that, for once, their impressions did not harmonize, each sat in silence, thinking her own thoughts, and awaiting with very different anticipations the arrival of the two friends.

There was scarcely a greater contrast between the two partners — the humble-minded Christian Scot, and the

proud, chivalrous Moresco—than between the two cousins, who were henceforth to be involved in their destiny. Alice was black-haired and darkly-eyed, and her pale cheek looked paler from the long lashes that were now generally down-cast, and seemed to throw a shadow over them. The wild and wayward and arch beauty of Sandilee had been chastened by sorrow, and sobered into pensive moods; for the mind, like the willow, once bent downward, continues to expatiate in the same direction: once the natural happiness and high spirit of the heart are gone, they are seldom recoverable. But Isobel was buoyant with life, and rejoicing in all its myriad hopes that dance like bright-winged insects in the sunshine of the young and innocent mind. Romance and enthusiasm still gave a glowing lustre to her eyes, and converted into innumerable pleasant allegories all the changing scenes of life. Her cheeks' rosy colouring, and the fair hair that massed itself "into clouds and sunshine over her angel brow," appeared of supernatural beauty in the Moresco's eyes; and through the brightest sallies of her conversation there were glimpses of a deeper sentiment and a more solemn fancy, which strongly impressed his imagination. He had observed her sometimes in the midst of a merry laugh, when by chance the mystery of another world was alluded to, suddenly become grave and thoughtful, fix her blue eyes upon their kindred sky, and appear for a few moments tranced in unutterable thought. He felt oppressed, he scarcely knew why, at such times; and a vague feeling of jealous fear that she loved something mightier than him would then come over him like a darkness. He knew, from long and anxious conversations with Pater-son, how wide a difference there was between himself and any Christian soul in one respect; and he knew that all sympathies between Isobel and himself must be bounded by the narrow time and space of this mortal life.

All this was then unknown to her, however. She could not, with all her vividness of imagination, conceive the situation of an immortal soul ignorant of, or denying, its immortality. And when, at last, the possibility of such things forced itself on her mind, she shuddered and believed it; but still she found it unintelligible.

They met now, and for this time, at least, no such cloud or fear obscured their mutual happiness. They retraced all

the incidents of their voyage: they talked of the strange, bright, dreamy new world in which they found themselves. Isobel had very wonderful things to relate to Alvaro of her native land, and Alvaro had still greater marvels to relate of his tropical home. But the curious world of life that peopled the air, and earth, and ocean round them, had little real interest for Isobel. All life, all strength, all beauty, all intelligence, appeared to her to be concentrated in that one comely form that stood beside her,—within that majestic brow,—within those clear dark eyes. Every word he spoke to her was eloquent: not only the vast continent, with its immeasurable forests and ocean lakes, appeared great in his description; but the spectral shark, the vampire bat, and the howling baboon, assumed something of romantic interest;—probably the insinuating jigger himself, and the very land-crab, would have become invested with a grace in the sonorous but sweet words of the eloquent Moresco. Let us not wonder that they could speak of such things at such a time. They had both an instinctive fear of speaking their real thoughts; and exclusive of them, one subject was as agreeable as another, and equally a medium of happiness to the ear.

Very different was the conversation that passed between Alice and her long-sought and cherished friend. The narrative of her life was simply and truthfully given, except, perhaps, that she laid more stress upon the worldly motive of her long voyage than was altogether justifiable in the eye of impartial truth. She carefully avoided allusion to anything that had ever passed between them in their younger days. She carefully repressed (as she had learned by hard experience to do) all signs of feeling; and Tinwald found himself treated as a mere man of business—as the merchant of Carthagena, and in nowise as the Willie of Sandilee. All the tender visions he had begun to cherish must again be set aside; he must now regard their object merely as an unprotected orphan whom it was his duty to befriend! As his changed thoughts expressed themselves on his countenance, which Alice was watching intensely, notwithstanding her downcast eyes, she continued, in a more soothing voice,—

“You will not think me too forward (as once you did) if I tell you that I passed much time with your father in his



latter days ; and I much fear that the good laird was a little hardly dealt with—I mean in the matter of the money that he had from my poor father—who, if he had been clearer in his mind, would not have left me your debtor, as I know I am. Partan tells me that you will probably be able to furnish me with means to repay my debt, and most gladly will I do so.”

Tinwald well knew that old Tam had cheated his father in no small degree, besides charging him the most usurious interest ; but he would have allowed himself to be beggared, before he had attempted to recover any of his patrimony from the orphan, whose guardian he now felt that he was constituted. It was very trying to a man of keen sensibilities to find himself, after so long an absence, with the woman to whom he had devoted his whole heart, and to discover that the topic selected by her was one that would have better suited a solicitor of another stamp. He endeavoured to turn the thoughts, or rather the words, of Alice into a new channel, observing, with some of the freedom of an old acquaintance, that the only subject on which it was possible for her to give offence was that to which she had thus alluded. “Forward!” he continued, “how could you, all delicacy and refinement, apply such a word, even in jest, to yourself?”

A world of memories connected with the old castle of Caerlaverock and the porch of the Peel-house, rushed back upon her mind, as Alice replied,—

“I am glad we now know each other more truly than we did in former days.” There was nothing in these words, except an arch though timid reproach ; but in the look that accompanied them—full of the unuttered thoughts that had filled each heart for many years—there was a speech which repaid Tinwald for many a sore and self-denying struggle. Yielding to the impulse of the moment he seized her hand. It was instantly withdrawn : the haughty and coquettish spirit of other times for a moment repossessed Alice ; she could not resist the temptation of making *him* feel what once she felt ; and besides, she recollected the delicacy of her position as his self-invited guest.

“I fear you will again misunderstand me,” she said, coldly ; “and that I may be trespassing too long upon your time with my small affairs. Perhaps in a day or two you will find leisure to renew the subject ; and this being dis-

posed of, that you will advise with us on the best means of returning to poor Sandilee."—Oh, Alice! was this woman's magnanimity? Had the high-hearted man who stood before you yielded to his own natural impulse long ago, you had not had such power to taunt him now: no wrong that man can commit towards woman is so unpardonable as that of caring more for her best interests than she may have done for her own. But it is only in woman's *human* nature, after all, that such injustice lingers; her *heavenly* nature appreciates it the more; and the latter might have made itself heard in the softened, touching tones of her last words, if he who listened had been less diffident than Paterson. The taunt had told upon him deeply; he recoiled from himself with shame, and the ardent speaker of a few moments before had collapsed, as it were, into the subdued and worn-looking workman.

"It shall be so," he said; "I have been very wrong, I have presumed, perhaps, on a kindness which another altogether claims. Your wishes, lady, shall be now obeyed." A silence succeeded. Alice did not seem so grateful as she should have been for his acquiescence, and began to wonder fearfully whether some new ties might not have obliterated all remembrance of the love which she knew he had once cherished for her alone. Tinwald felt the awkwardness of the pause, and attempted timidly to withdraw. The eyes of Alice were moistened with a reproachful tear as she looked up to her too ceremonious companion.

"One word," she said, resuming something of her old loving petulance, "one word more before you are so very thoughtful as to leave me. I have seen Lawrence!—yes, I have seen him within the last few days, more changed than I thought was possible without the alteration of the grave. I saw him, with a fearfully mutilated face, on the deck of your brave friend's ship. He recognised me, too, and muttered in English, which no one else understood, as he was carried by, 'It was you who led me to this; had you been kind and true I had now been happy and prosperous—look at me and rejoice in your work!' He was then lifted over the ship's side, with a dreadful friar, into a small boat, and taken to the shore."

A new surprise seemed to fill Tinwald's mind. "Surely," he said, "if any mortal was ever sent on earth to save, and

heal, and comfort those they love, it is you! What, then, could he, who was so happy in your confidence, mean by that accusation?"

"He never had my confidence," said Alice, in a low voice. "Once, it is too true, in an evil hour, when my heart was too torn to care what was done with it, I said I would be his; but it was in bitterness and mockery, not in joy or truth that I spoke."

As, in a dissolving view, the picture changes we know not how—clouds and battlements and pomps of war fade away into sunny landscapes, where pastoral scenes are smiling,—so the aspect and attitude and words of the long-parted lovers gradually changed. \* \* Before long, Tinwald and Alice were walking along the cliffs, arm in arm, in perfect confidence and happy calm. Thoughts long treasured in the heart, and scarcely tolerated even there, now ebbed and flowed from one to another, in low deep tones—"too happy to be glad," there was no light but that of the stars, and the fireflies which seemed themselves like stars escaped, and celebrating some jubilee of their own in merry dances.

Suddenly Alice started and gave a loud shriek. What seemed to her a wraith, rose up and stood before her, shrouded all in white, with pale sunken features, and eyes of unnatural brightness; for a moment those eyes glared upon her, and then the form passed away. Alice clung to Tinwald in her terror, but he seemed to be as paralysed as she was. His sensitive conscience was struck by the recollection of what had passed upon that very spot three weeks ago. Incredible as it now seemed to him, he felt that he had not repelled as sternly as he should have done, the loving fascination that then sought to win upon his spirit. He now saw Marina once more; he had not known even of her illness, so secluded was his life, and the fearful change that had come over her lovely features appeared to him like a ghostly vision. His dream of happiness was once more dispelled; he returned quickly and almost in silence, to his house with Alice, muttering something about maniacs which he half feared was true.



## CHAPTER XVII.

There, lull'd by careless soft security,  
 Of the impending mischief nought afraid,  
 Upon her purple couch was Psyche laid,  
 Her radiant eyes a downy slumber seal'd;  
 In light transparent veil alone array'd,  
 Her bosom's opening charms were half reveal'd,  
 And scarce the lucid folds her polish'd limbs conceal'd.

A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,—  
 Sweet sever'd lips! while thus your pearls disclose  
 That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip  
 The cruel presage of her future woes!  
 Lightly, as fall the dews upon the rose,  
 Upon the coral lips of that sweet cell  
 The fatal drops she pours.

*Psyche.*

ALICE and Isobel were left alone amid the fantastic magnificence with which proud affection had invested their temporary home. They had both much to tell, but the imagination of Alice could dwell only on the fearfully beautiful apparition she had seen, which she looked eagerly forward to the morrow to have explained.

"It is too true!" she said, in reply to her cousin's doubts; "I could not be mistaken. She could not have belonged to this world, for a supernatural sorrow shone in her wild eyes. I believe that this strange bright land must be haunted by victims of the crimes that first won it from the gentle Incas. I could not, even if I would, believe that any being in this world, or beyond it, could look at Tinwald with reproachful eyes."

Isobel wondered at her tranquil confidence, for in her own brief experience of love she had found it an intermittent fever of hope and doubt.

The morning came, and brought Alvaro; but he was alone. He explained that Tinwald had taken some Indians under his protection, and obtained for them permission to trade in the else-forbidden precincts of Carthagera: that on the preceding night the governor of the city had sent for him, to say that some of these people had robbed a sort of caravansary, where they slept the night previously; and had decamped to the forest, carrying off with their plunder,

two girls, daughters of the innkeeper. Troops had been despatched after them; but having found no trace of the ravishers, had returned. The citizens were in a state of high ferment and indignation, and called upon the governor to make the English merchant responsible for their losses.

"This would easily have been done," continued Alvaro, "and the price of the poor girls also paid, to the full satisfaction of the parents; but Paterson, who I never before saw really angry, did not look upon the women's fate so coolly. He determined to pursue the Indians to their forest haunts,—with which he alone is acquainted; and he was on horseback in an hour, and on their track. It may be some days before he returns. I need not make his apology, for no one can feel more than I do the sacrifice that he has made to his sense of honour and humanity."

So the day passed, very lengthily and lonely for Alice. The Moresco was too chivalrous and delicately-minded not to shrink from intruding on his guests; who, in truth, required some repose, now that the fatigues of the voyage began to be more felt than during its continuance and excitement. Poor Partan, too, was again invalided; and his depressed belief in his own doom prevented him from rallying, as he might otherwise have done. The old Scotch nurse devoted herself to him with gratitude; and with that pleasure in nursing which is fortunately implanted in most women's natures, and increases with their age. At the request of the fair travellers, all the slaves had been removed, except one, who acted as porter and guard at the outer door; and so the house was left to repose, almost as complete as when Tinwald had inhabited it.

Alice and Isobel had made very vigorous resolutions against yielding to the indolence which the climate of New Spain inspired; and for the first day they succeeded in resisting the sleepy influences that call for the *siesta* in these lands. But the second day, Isobel falling under the nurse's *régime*, kept her bed, and Alice found her time pass very heavily. She sat alone, with European uprightness, in a saloon open on both sides to the air. She had possessed herself of one of Paterson's few books,—a volume of Scottish divinity, which she thought must be edifying enough to assist her in keeping awake. She was determined to do battle with the climate.

Thus she strove valiantly against the sleepy influences which all the natives of the South invite. But in vain she sat uprightly on the cool white cushions, and tried to fix her attention on the pages of the Scotch divine. Her soft, bright eyes refused the dull office, and wandered unconsciously away to the variegated hangings of the room, the lizards on the outer wall, the blue sea, or the mountains afar off. Then her eyelids would droop for a moment, reopen with a start, and quiveringly close again over the dark orbs within.

No wonder that the poor lady yielded to the influence beneath which whole armies have ceased from deadly strife, to return to it when the *siesta* had had its sway. No wonder that she could not resist the mesmeric power of the gentle airs that softly and silently passed across her bosom, stirring, almost imperceptibly, the long wavy hair that floated down her shoulders. And all around her was the dead stillness and calmness of a tropic noon, far more solemn and more silent than any hour of the night. The great city itself was as stilly as its cemetery; the very insects were at rest; and the Scottish maiden gradually succumbed to the *siesta's* universal law.

Yet not universal; for within a few yards of the sleeping girl, vengeance lay concealed in as beautiful and fierce a form as the tiger near his prey. There, only hidden by some myrtles, stood Marina, though wasted with sickness, still superb in her beauty and despair. Her full bosom heaving hurriedly; her cheek now pale, now crimson; her lips white and quivering; her large dark eyes alone were motionless, though their glimmering lustre made them seem to move. With a look of intense hatred, the Spaniard gazed upon her destined victim. There was scorn, too, in that look, which seemed to say, "And is it for that insipid child that Marina is rejected?" The pride of beauty, the sense of her own luxurious majesty of form, at that moment thrilled through her thoughts; as the vision of her charms presented in a mirror a standard of comparison with the artless girl before her. But that triumphant sense passed instantly away. Of what avail was all the beauty of earth against the sorcery of yon delicate rival's loveliness!

"And lovely, alas, she is!" muttered her enemy, as she glided swiftly from her concealment, and stood beside Alice,



now utterly resigned to deep, delicious slumber,—“lovely as the northern saint to whom I used to pray. But it is the mere pure beauty of a child, after all! Can a great passion find place within that slender form? or love’s ethereal fire exist within that snow? No; it is but a sentiment—a superstition of love—that the brave Englishman is enslaved by. He *cannot* love that still, white thing as he would love me. If I break the spell that binds him to her I shall but set him free, and enable him to soar to happiness of which now he does not dare to dream.”

So saying, the Spaniard approached still nearer to the sleeper, and drew from beneath her loose large robe a green branch that seemed covered with dew. As if restrained by some momentary compunction, she laid it aside, however, and gazed, almost sadly, on poor Alice.

“It is a lovely face,” she repeated,—“so placid, so resigned! If I were a man, I should relent, and leave those closed eyes to open on the face that is now before them in her dreams.”

Her aspect changed suddenly with that thought. She seized the branch, and with the air and gesture of a sybil, she waved it slowly over the sleeper, shedding its moisture almost imperceptibly upon her face. The poor girl felt its noxious influence, and tried uneasily to turn her face away. But Marina sternly persevered until the expression of increasing pain in the countenance of her victim warned her to retreat. Then she glided out into the open air, and Alice awoke suddenly and found herself alone.

Her cheeks seemed on fire, her eyes felt scorched: she clasped her hands upon her face, and withdrew them with a shriek of pain that brought Isobel and the old nurse instantly to her assistance. They recoiled in dread: they scarcely recognised the countenance so lately beaming with intelligence and beauty. It was now fearfully swollen and discoloured—like a frightful mask.

Alice lay for hours in dreadful suffering. All the leechcraft of the city tried in vain to guess even the cause of her affliction. No application to soothe it could be used, for the slightest touch was agony to her.

At length Alvaro heard of her misfortune and flew to her bedside. Never had he appeared to such advantage in the eyes of Isobel! All the tenderness of his nature was

revealed; the gentlest sympathy was united with the manly self-possession that so dignifies the surgeon's noble art. Then the knowledge that he had patiently and painfully sought after long ago, rewarded all his labour by one of his least-regarded discoveries. After a few minutes' anxious examination of the sufferer, he whispered a word of comfort to Isobel and departed. Scarcely had his horse's hoofs ceased to ring in the distance, when they were heard again; he was again at the sufferer's side. He held a vial to her lips and nostrils, and her convulsive breathings ceased; she grew gradually calm, and in a few minutes the gentle heaving of her breast proved that she slept as calmly under her disfigured and still festering features, as when it was a joy to look upon them.

Then Alvaro gave himself to a different task, and looking upon the attendants, demanded by what assassin this crime had been committed. Composed in outward show, there was a fierce trouble in his eyes, and an alteration in his tone of voice that made those who heard him tremble. At first no one answered him, but when one slave found utterance a dozen tongues were loosed at once; for several labourers had been employed outside the house in making new gardens.

"The señora was alone; no one could have approached her; some insect or some serpent must have stung her."—"There, in the saloon, she was reading," said the nurse, "on those very cushions."

Alvaro strode over to the spot, examined it carefully, and could detect no trace of any noxious thing. At length he observed a small green leaf, which had fallen from the fatal branch; this he glanced at for a moment and then flung into the fountain.

"Some mortal enemy has done this!" he exclaimed; "yet what enemy could Alice have? You know," he said to Isobel, "that our country here abounds in poisons, as well as in all healing balsams. This poor lady has been poisoned with a branch of a tree called the *mancinilla*, which, gathered with the dew upon it, blights everything near it, like the fabled upas tree. We must try to heal her, and then to revenge."

Isobel shuddered to perceive that the last was the more active hope of the two. Nevertheless, for hours and days,

with sleepless ardour and the gentlest perseverance, Alvaro watched over his patient. All that learned lore or the traditional skill of the native Indians could impart, was brought to bear upon Marina's victim, and finally with success. Her sufferings ceased, her features resumed their form; but her delicate bloom, her lustrous beauty, was gone for ever.

Alvaro's suspicions rested on Marina as the instigator of the crime, and on the negro who kept his friend's door as her agent. This slave had been spending money with the recklessness characteristic of those people when they are suddenly enriched.

The man was seized and scourged with wire-plaited thongs. In vain, as the black strips of flesh flew from his back, he swore that he knew nothing; the vengeful lash searched deeper and found the truth. He confessed that Marina, and she only, had passed into the house, and that she had enormously bribed him to deny it. Alvaro was convinced, and in moody silence he walked away from the scene of punishment to the house of Don Felipo.

He was told that Marina was indisposed; but he did not heed, perhaps he did not hear, the message. He advanced swiftly to the apartment where he had last seen her. Regardless of all ceremony, he raised the curtain and entered the room unannounced. Marina, with nervous quickness of hearing, had recognised his footsteps, and the firm purpose they revealed. No longer languid or luxurious, she stood before him pale but firm, drawing her noble figure up to its full height.

"You come to denounce me!" she exclaimed, in a low, plaintive voice, that almost startled her accuser by its unexpected tone. "I have only wondered at escaping you so long. Is she dead, that you have time to look for me?"

"If she were," replied Alvaro, sternly, "by all that's above heaven or beneath it, that dainty head of yours should roll upon the scaffold, before her true heart was cold within its shroud!"

Marina only smiled disdainfully, as she exclaimed, "Why, then, are you here? If death is the worst that you can threaten, think not that I fear you."

"I threaten not," replied Alvaro; "but as a citizen, I announce to you that your life is even now forfeited."



Nevertheless, I believe that you will expiate your cruel crime more bitterly in life than death. As yet, your having committed that crime is a secret to all but me. Depart this night, swear never to behold this country more, and you are safe. A ship of mine sails, or shall sail, for Cuba, before sunrise. Decide."

"O, send me not away!" cried the Spaniard, at last unnerved: "I implore you, do not banish me. Give me time. Let me but see *him* once before I go: believe me—even me—that I am less guilty than I seem. You know not my provocation. Let me see him once more, and then dispose of me as you will. All the earth is now the same to the forlorn Marina!"

"I have given you your choice," repeated Alvaro, coldly. "Public denunciation and the scaffold, or self-exile, is your only alternative."

"Enough," exclaimed Marina, recovering all her self-possession; "I will stay. My punishment cannot be immediate: I shall see *him* before I die!"

The Moresco had some difficulty in dissembling his admiration of a courage and devotion so lofty, though so misplaced.

"Had this woman loved *me* thus before I knew Isobel," thought he, "I would have worshipped her. Poisoner, murderess as she is, she shall not die."

In his sympathy for her resoluteness, he did not suspect that she displayed only obstinacy and selfishness, inflamed to a sort of madness by her natural temperament. He waited for some minutes to try if her resolution would waver; but he soon saw that her enthusiasm had settled down, and petrified, as it were, into a despair that defied all further sorrow. Thus they parted.

Soon afterwards, down in the harbour, there was a bustle on board the Buenaventura's deck, and eager hands and voices hurried on the manifold preparations that are necessary for a voyage.

A few hours later, just as the inhabitants of Carthagená had sunk to rest, the household of Don Felipo was roused by a cry of "Fire!" Through thick volumes of smoke the alarmed inmates rushed into the street. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, there were many men at hand; the fire was soon overcome, and the frightened and abashed

women, gathering their night-robcs about them, retired once more to their chambers; all but Marina, who was missing. The wing of the house where her apartments lay was utterly consumed, and it was supposed that she had perished in the flames.

When day dawned, the Buena Ventura might have been seen standing out to sea; nor did that good ship ever afterwards repass the Bocca Chica of Carthage.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

But what binds us friend to friend,  
But that soul with soul can blend?  
Soul-like were those days of yore,  
Let us walk in soul once more.

\* \* \*

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;  
Take, I give it willingly,—  
For, invisibly to thee,  
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

UHLAND.

It is curious to consider the invisible threads of destiny by which each human being is bound to some other, who walks about, all unconscious of the influence which his spiritual being, or a mere abstraction of him, is exercising upon his fellow-beings. Let us look along a street, and contemplate the crowds that are therein hastening to and fro, each with his mind's eye fixed on some invisible object; but all, as far as the general effect is concerned, appearing as confused and unconnected as the denizens of a disturbed ant-hill. Each of the human forms there moving about, and vulgarized into vagueness by the monotonous dominoes of calico or muslin or broadcloth, and the mask of smiles or frowns—each of these creatures is haunted by some phantom, whom in turn *his* phantom haunts. He or she is never alone. Always some imaginary presence, whether cheerful or depressing, is with them; and that wonderful variety of expression of countenance which we behold, is caused by each wearer's unseen companions. Even when one man stops to greet another, his attention is not fixed on him

alone; it is diverted by a host of invisible others, who are with him now, because they were with him (either in the flesh or out of the flesh) when he was last met. This is the true source of the distraction that men experience in a crowd. As at the old Roman feasts, each summoned guest brought his "shadow," and oftentimes very many; so the imaginary world is peopled to overflowing, and our own phantom goes jostling on through a crowd of other phantoms until it is well weary.

But to account for this digression, which those only who can turn it to better account will pardon.—We have just seen one woman's beauty blighted, another's peace of mind and life or liberty bereaved, and a stout ship sailing away without a cargo; and all this on account of the phantom of a man: who, in the flesh, was in nowise connected with such passionate transactions. On the contrary, our Scotch friend was intimately occupied in tracking the ontology of his Indian allies, and dividing that interest with plans and figures of calculation. The phantoms that chiefly filled his roomy mind, when Alice was not there, were crowds of prosperous travellers passing to and fro along a phantom road, between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great South Sea. Darien was ever in his thoughts, not excluding, but bringing with it the phantom of Alice, which haunted its imaginary hills and harbours; as well as accompanied him, like another Diana, in his chase.

"Forest" has with us a noble sound, and one full of interest, speaking of grandeur long sustained and uninvaded; lonely and solemn scenery; a goodly company of shadowy trees, that have looked down on our far ancestors. It is the asylum, too, of the beautiful creatures "of fur and feather," whose pursuit gave delight to our boyish days, and pleasant exercise to our later lives; not a glade of it but has echoed to the beater's merry shout, and the huntsman's cheering halloo. But the true magnificence of the forest, though not its poetry, is to be found in America; especially in those countries that border on the equator. There, under the influence of an eternal summer, Nature runs riot; like a glorious and fantastic bacchanal, drunk with the rich juices of a virgin soil, and the warm fellowship of a meridian sun. There she makes for herself arborial bowers, whose lofty colonnades and flower-roofed aisles



mock the dimensions of our stateliest palaces. Sometimes, in her graceful phantasy, she tapestries the tall trees so richly with interwoven parasites (all a-bloom with purple flowers), that the forest is impenetrable: sometimes in a graver mood, she plants her towering trees at wide intervals, yet not so wide but that their branches interlace and only admit a faint, green, quivering light upon the verdant turf below. Along those cool arcades the hunter can ride for miles at a gallop, and the hounds pursue their noble game breast high; when suddenly they come upon a leafy barrier, a thicket, perhaps, where the "pine-apple burns like a topaz on its green calyx," and over it waves the arborescent fern, tangled by flowering creepers among bamboos and bananas, springing to a lofty height; but looking like a mere hedge, beneath the still more magnificent proportions of the ceiba and the palm-tree.

In such a leafy labyrinth, the chase, whatever it may be, is safe from human pursuit; for the instinct of the hound and the experience of man warns them of the deadliest dangers that lurk there.

Through scenery like this, rode Tinwald the night and day after he had left Carthagera. He travelled alone, for all the tribes were in friendship with the benevolent and courageous merchant who had often trusted himself and his treasure to the safe keeping of their native honour. He now felt deeply wounded at the breach of trust that had been charged against his wild allies, and he was resolved to bring back the stolen children, whatever it might cost him.

The subtlety of the Indians had made the approach to their encampment as difficult as possible. Avoiding all the known routes, it was necessary for our traveller to steer himself by the pilot plant,\* except when, at rare intervals, he could see the stars through the umbrageous foliage that overarches those primeval forests almost like a vegetable sky. He rode along silently, and absorbed by a thousand thoughts. Unseen by him, the fiery-hued flamingo flashed

\* There is said to be a tropical plant, with one heart-shaped leaf larger than the others on the same stalk, which always, as it grows, points to the north, and is used by the natives as a compass. This is the more useful in the tropical forests, as there the traveller loses his usual director—the thickened bark, which is invariably on the northern aspect of the tree in higher latitudes.

through the verdant gloom, and the gorgeous plumage of the tulcan and macaw diversified the rich dark masses of woods. Unseen by him, the beautiful but deadly serpents glided from his path, or hung and hissed among the parasites above him, hesitating to strike an unwonted prey. The bearded baboons hushed the mimic children at their hairy breasts, and pointed to that strange thing, man, to still or to amuse them. The vexed moan of wild beasts, the vivacious chatter of excitable monkeys, the sweet song of the mocking-birds, were all alike unnoticed. The traveller pressed forward, without eyes for anything but the few indexes of his route,—without thought for anything except his own reflections. But the mere animal sense of the ear, so to speak, has often a quick sense of apprehension, when the mind is too much absorbed to notice ordinary sounds. As the sailor will sleep calmly through the roar and tumult of the wildest storm, but the first sound of the boatswain's whistle will at once arouse him ; so Tinwald, who had long been moving on, regardless of the thousand discordances or harmonies around him, was suddenly aware of a light footfall on the grassy sward, and before he could turn round, an Indian had leaped up behind him on his horse, and wound his long arms about him. At that moment a crowd of others started from the wood on either side, and presenting their lances, formed an impassable barrier in all directions. He was instantly taken from his horse and marched away in silence through the woods, the Indians following tumultuously, with anger and revenge lowering on every dusky brow.

At length they came to an open glade, surrounded by thick underwood, so as to form a natural amphitheatre. A long stake was already driven into the ground, dry brushwood lay around, and the shrieks and screams of angry squaws were heard from among a crowd of savages surrounding a stern-looking chief. A way was made through the people for the prisoner, who advanced with a calm undaunted aspect to the place appointed him.

The Indian chief was a man of noble stature, to which a diadem of the golden plumage of the mocking-bird, surmounted by two tall crimson feathers, added dignity. From him, the prisoner for the first time learned his offence. He was addressed in a calm sonorous voice by the chief,

whose dialect he very imperfectly understood : it appeared that the troops sent out from Carthagera in pursuit of the Indians had fallen in with this tribe, and had fired on them, killing one and wounding several. The Indians had afterwards lain in ambush to seize the first Spaniard who should issue from the walls, and they had tracked Tinwald to the spot where he was arrested. He was now to die.

Tinwald attempted to show that it was his love for the Indians that had led him into the forest ; that he was then, alone and unarmed, in search of a tribe whose friend he had long been, and that he was ready to pay whatever ransom was required. The chief listened in scornful silence to all he had to say ; then coldly observed, that " the white man had a big tongue but a little heart ; and that all the wealth of Carthagera could not give back the blood of the braves that had been shed." Finally, as if he had performed *his* part, he threw himself on the ground, and the other Indians proceeded to their task with wonderful dispatch and savage glee. Their victim was soon stripped and bound to the stake. His tormentors, lighting each a brand, danced round him in due religious form ; and as they became excited with their exercise, gradually approached nearer and more near him ; brandishing their torches in his face. Then suddenly a loud cry was heard, and one of the Indian women burst through the throng, flung the tormentors aside, ran up to him, and threw her arms round his body. Still clasping him, she turned her head to the chief ; and claimed the victim for her husband, instead of the brave whom she had lost ; for she was the widow of the slain Indian. The chief took his pipe from his lip and nodded ; and Tinwald found his bonds immediately loosened and himself dragged forward by his volunteering bride. The crowd gave way respectfully to the affianced pair, and the rescued victim was soon seated under a palm-tree and formally presented with a pipe and a calabash of water.

All this scene had passed too rapidly to give the Scot time to think. As soon as he had sufficiently collected himself, he sturdily refused to be thus summarily wed ; and was even ungallant enough to hint that it was better " to burn than marry," thus reversing a very ancient alternative. Perhaps at that moment, a recollection of the Border Scott and " Muckle-mou'd Meg," may have flitted across his mind ;



but if it did, he was resolved not to imitate the forayer's choice of doom.\*

But his bride and her people only smiled scornfully at his protest. The tribe was on the march, which was immediately resumed; the prisoner was allowed to resume some of his clothes, and his affianced made the rest up in a bundle and carried them dutifully on her head.

In this manner, Tinwald was marched along, closely watched, for three days; and then he found himself, to his great pleasure, by the sea. He knew that the tribe he had left home to seek, harboured near the coast, and he looked forward anxiously to his disenthralment from his bride, who hourly became more fond, as his aversion for her increased. He discovered, to his great contentment, that the tribe in whose keeping he was held, was on its way to join a grand "palaver," where many tribes were to meet, opposite the island of Zamba. Throughout the night preceding the savages' parliament, there was a considerable movement in the camp. Stranger Indians came and went, and long councils and much smoking was transacted. Tinwald was kept close in his wife's wigwam; but towards morning, after some dispute, his guards made way, and a stranger crept in and squatted down beside him. There was scarcely any light, but in the voice that addressed him in broken Spanish, he recognised with great delight that of his old friend Andreas.

"I am come," said he, in a patronizing voice, "to visit the white man. I have much friendship with white man; and if he is not guilty, I will try to send him home."

Tinwald declared himself, and the brave embraced him with a joy that momentarily overcame his native gravity. He called him by a hundred fond names, and reviled the savages who could have ill-treated the "Indian's friend;" a title by which Paterson was long honourably known. He told him, that being on a coasting voyage, he had landed in

\* Scott of Harden, as most of my readers will recollect, was captured in one of his raids by a Murray who had three ugly daughters. Murray was about to hang up the bold invader at his doom-tree, when the wife interposed, and suggested that their prisoner might be turned to much better account. Scott, on seeing "muckle-mou'd Meg," preferred the doom-tree, but on nearer acquaintance with it, revoked his choice. He married the lady, an excellent wife she made him; and a most worthy descendant of theirs now dwells on his ancestral lands at Philiphaugh.

shelter of the island of Zamba, to endeavour to obtain an interview with Alvaro, but that he feared falling into the hands of the Spaniards. He had heard from the natives that they had a white man in captivity, and, for his old friendship's sake, he had come to see him.

As soon as morning dawned, Andreas hastened to inquire about the friendly tribe, whom he soon found. They declared that they had been insulted, robbed, and outraged in Carthagena; and that, therefore, they had set fire to the caravanserai, and carried off the girls as hostages for one of their women, whom the Governor himself had taken from them. They professed devoted regard for Tinwald; and offered that very night to convey him back to Carthagena, if he would guarantee their safety there. All that Tinwald asked, however, was a divorce from his wife, whom he promised to "tocher" royally for a more deserving husband. Even this was arranged satisfactorily, though the squaw clamoured loudly for her unwilling spouse.

The two Spanish girls were next restored; but they had been so kindly treated, and enjoyed their Indian life so much, that they seemed scarcely grateful for their freedom. That night, however, Tinwald and they sailed for Carthagena, in the vessel which Alvaro's liberality had enabled Andreas to procure for himself.

As they sailed along down the coast, Tinwald looked back with wonder on the last few days, as if they had been a dream. Whenever he sunk into sleep, the cries of the savages, and the whimperings of his importunate wife, sounded in his ears. Dusky groups of savages seemed to dance wildly about in the tall dark woods; and Alice presented herself to his eyes as bound to the fatal tree. He little knew how changed, in the meantime, her beauty had become: he saw her in his vision as lovely as ever; and he tried to free her from the stake, when his nauseous squaw would suddenly interpose, and the horror of her touch awakened him.

At last the bark of Andreas glided into the harbour of Carthagena, and Tinwald was at once descried by one of the many slaves whom Alvaro, become anxious for his friend's safety, had set to watch by sea and shore. In a few minutes more they had met, and all that related to Marina was

made known to the weary Scot by his sympathising friend.

With what mingled feelings did another, who was more than friend, watch for his arrival! Poor Alice, in her most wayward and coquettish youthful days, had never been *very* proud of her beauty; but now that it was gone,—now that it had become like that of another being, she learned to admire it, to sigh after its vanished sweetness. Her eyes alone retained their beauty, that soft, thoughtful, soul-revealing expression, which sorrow cannot change, nor age dim. And sometimes she would look in the glass,—poor child!—into those eyes of hers, in search of comfort; but they would always fill with tears, so as to make her whole face illegible. And still the phantom of her absent lover was by her side, and gazing on her. Oh, that he were come in the flesh, for surely he would look less strangely on her then!

Isobel, too, was changed in her manner towards her cousin. She was become a flatterer; she, usually so plain-spoken, so exacting, was now perpetually giving utterance to honeyed phrases, and seemed to have no will but that of Alice.

“You are looking quite like your old dear self to-day,” she said once; and Alice burst into tears; for she perceived that she was considered to require comfort.

And comfort came at last. (It is always on the road, though oftentimes it travels wearily and slow.) Alice was sitting alone in the early morning, trying to observe if the dawning light would reveal any change in the harbour—any arrival of the night before. She longed to know the worst; she longed for the first glance to have scanned her altered features; and then—after her suspense was broken—she thought that she could nerve her heart to anything that might follow.

The mist rose slowly from the harbour. Surely another ship is there! There is no longer a watery space where the Buenaventura used to moor. The pathway to the harbour lay in a right line to that new ship; but, on account of the hill, it opened suddenly on the sight. It is occupied by two figures: one is the form of Alvaro, and the other, still wrapped in the seaman’s mantle, is that of her lover. He



scarcely listens to his friend's anxious communication. His eyes are fixed still fondly and hopefully on the porch where his Alice once greeted him. She is there, as before, but she hides within its shadow. In another moment it is all over. She is folded in his arms, and his brave, honest eyes are gazing on her as fondly—nay, as proudly—as when her loveliness made every heart its own.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
O'erspread with fears the crowded maze of fate.  
Wealth heaped on wealth nor truth nor safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

JOHNSON.

BEAUTIFUL is the influence that pure and cultivated women exercise on those around them, developing unconsciously, and therefore the more effectively, the higher and nobler qualities that exist, however latently, in every man's nature. Women—the most gifted of them at least—have a wonderful faculty of detecting hidden springs of worth in those they love, as it is said that the lapwing can discover suppressed fountains in the desert. If lovers or lapwings could only make better use of their discoveries, no doubt the moral and physical world would become amazingly fructified,—a very "land of streams."

Álvaro was now happy, almost to his heart's desire; happy in Isobel, happy in himself, and in all around him. He looked back with self-compassion on the narrow and lonely intellectual life he seemed to have led before he knew her. New sources of thought, and feeling, and hope had gradually disclosed themselves. The world, as he before knew it, had begun to pall upon him, with all its repetitions and its want of object: like Columbus, he had now discovered a new one, of apparently infinite capabilities, as of virgin beauty.

"The true charm of true love," he observed to his assenting friend, as they walked towards the house of the latter on the evening after his return, "consists in its

boundlessness. Mere passion, or wealth, or ambition, is like a creature of the chase; as soon as it is overtaken it has lost its value: but when we love, the sentiment pervades our whole being, as the atmosphere is imbued with the flower that has infused the common air with fragrant life."

"You say truly," rejoined Tinwald; "but the true reason of the superiority of love over passion is, that the former is an exercise of our infinite and immortal nature; the latter is of the earth, earthy."

"Why will you force upon me," said Alvaro, "a sentiment which you know I cannot follow? Happy are you in your philosophy, or religion, or whatever you please to call it. You can expand your love into the invisible world, and make the Deity alone your final point: mine does not go beyond the grave; the worms dissolve my spell. This is, as you well know, no choice of mine. Like most men, I would prefer to rise after death to infinite glory rather than lie still and rot beside my dog; but the faculty of faith is as unequally distributed as other gifts. I was not born with it, nor nurtured into it; neither have I been able to attain to it by study, or even by such poor prayer as a voiceless soul can utter. Even when the world was my idol, I would have exchanged all that it could give for one hope of what it cannot give. Much more would I now; for great happiness, like great sorrow, weans one from the world."

"And have you given Isobel any hint of this?" inquired Tinwald.

"Alas, no! and I fear for the moment when she must discover it," replied Alvaro. "I cannot deceive her; and gentle as her look of sorrow and surprise will be, I would rather meet all the arrows of your friends, the Indians, than that look. One great source of sympathy will then cease; and I would not, if I could, win *her* from a faith that has made her what she is, to my own dark and dreary negation of a belief."

Just then the friends arrived at Tinwald's house, and the two cousins expressed a wish to stroll down to the sea to look at the boat of Andreas in which Tinwald had returned from the Indians. Andreas had obtained all that he desired from Alvaro, and was to sail in the morning; and

with him it was intended that the Indian woman should be returned to her people. Her release had been easily obtained; the more so as she had exhibited during her confinement more of the characteristics of a caged tiger, than any of the gentler animal tendencies. They found the Indian chief on board his little vessel, and in his company Partan, who had many questions to ask about his old friends upon the Spanish Main. From Andreas he learned that Lawrence had escaped from the Poyais Indians, and had reached the friendly natives of Cape Gracias à Dios. There he had got a large canoe, and had again tried Dead-man's Isle; but he found the little island almost entirely dug up, and the treasure gone. Soon afterwards, he had made his way to Tortuga, and there procured a small but well-manned schooner, in which he had gone again to sea.

Andreas made his home near what was called the Golden Island, at the mouth of the Gulf of Darien. The superb harbour which opens within that island was the site which Paterson had fixed upon for his great colonial city, and thither he and Alvaro intended to proceed in a few days to reconnoitre. For the present, Alvaro's departure for Spain was indefinitely postponed. He had now an object nearer to his heart than even Darien; but for the first time in his life he felt fear, and dared not to approach its crisis. More than once on this eventful evening he was about to ask the most important question in a man's life; but old Janet appeared unusually fidgety, and was continually conjuring her "bairns" to "gae hame out o' the dews." Janet's authority was always submitted to; so Isobel and Alvaro returned, followed at a short distance by Alice and Tinwald. Their romance seemed about to close, for Tinwald had discovered at Carthagera the chaplain of an English man-of-war, and he was even now soliciting Alice's consent to being married as soon as possible, in order (amongst other reasons not so prominently put forward) to afford a more conventional home and protection to Isobel. And in truth this girl was not among the least of his cares; for he was by no means anxious that she should marry his friend, dear as he was, with the views he held; and he could scarcely bear to think of the pain that would follow if their intercourse was broken off.

Whilst he and Alice were discussing these, and other



momentous matters, Isobel appeared with a frightened and anxious look.

"Alvaro," she said, "had been suddenly called away by one of his clerks, and the expression of fear on the messenger's face had communicated itself, perhaps, to her; for she knew no reason to feel alarmed."

Tinwald, engrossed with the subject on which he had been speaking, did not much regard this intelligence. He told Isobel that such things often happened, and that probably Alvaro would ere long return; and then he continued his whispered conversation with her cousin, and she retired. But he was soon again interrupted. The door opening into the verandah where he stood was suddenly flung open, and Ghorka unceremoniously presented himself. His bearing was no longer servile and timid, but resolute and bold, like that of one who has a great cause in hand. He looked almost angrily at Tinwald as he exclaimed,—

"Massa is a prisoner! Him took by de tam fetish-man's friend. De whole city is in one great hoobbooh. I tell many friends of massa's: dey all say, 'Inkision!' and turn dere backs."

Tinwald at this terrible announcement forgot Alice herself, and everything but his friend's danger, for the moment. His first impulse was to fly to his assistance; but he restrained himself, and waited to hear what Ghorka would propose. He had already had experience of his fidelity and subtlety; he saw that the negro's whole soul was intent on his master's deliverance, and the working of every man's soul, he knew, has more or less of inspiration in it. The slave's broad chest was heaving with passion; his eyes glowed like coals of fire:

"What wait you for?" he cried. "De people say dat massa will be burn—burn like one toast. Will you stay—will you stay till massa—bery dear massa—be destroy, and den turn up de eye, and say 'God help?' You no worship fetish 'Nick: you no turn white when I say 'Inkision.' De nigger man is like you—he ready to face fetish or priest, or black debil hissel, when all right in his own bus'm. Listen! Get away to de boat of Andreas all you hab, all you can get: buy plenty food, plenty sailor to pull oar, buy eberyting and eberybody; and hab all ready to

sail in tree hour. Me hab moche friend in city; me prince in my own countree; de black man bery many will all do my bid. Buckras will scold bery moche, but dey will not kill. Black men hab strong bones, and we hab take moche iron from a sip. We will take massa from de prison, and hab him on board in tree hour—all safe and free!” and the excited negro shouted with exultation as if his scheme was already accomplished.

Tinwald saw the force of his suggestions. He knew that well-planned insurrections of the slaves, for less laudable purposes, were not uncommon; and as Alvaro was very popular in the state, he thought that a revolt in his favour would probably be connived at; above all, he saw that this was the only chance of freedom for his friend. There were but a few moments for reflection, and the Scot did not hesitate. He accepted, not for himself alone, but for her who was far dearer to him, the dangerous project. In doing so, he abandoned not only his home of many years, at the dawn of its happiest hour, but with it, as he thought for ever, the most glorious scheme of colonization that had yet been planned.

The moment Ghorka received his assent, he rushed out of the house and flew to the city. There, from lane to lane and garden to garden, he hastened with native subtleness and stealth,—summoning each slave upon whom experience told him that he could depend. Dusky crowds were soon assembled in Alvaro's spacious gardens, unseen in the kindred darkness of the night.

Meanwhile, Tinwald had disclosed to Alice and her cousin the crisis that was approaching; and they unhesitatingly prepared to face the danger. Old Janet alone remonstrated at first, but she at once submitted to the dictum of Partan, who was also called into the council.

“The Span'ard,” he said, “saved our lives, and something more, mayhap; and my 'vice is that we gae wi' him the now. No for the ginerosity o' the thing, but nae Christian man or woman-kind will be safe amang these papishes, ance their parsecuting bluid is up. Sae, Tinwald, ye'll just get your affairs in order, and I'll step doon wi' the leddies and the auld woman, and sort things for 'em abit in the Indian's boatie, and see to purvisionin' her the maist I can. The Indian's creetur' is aye canny, and

has a hantle canvas that we'll see fly through the bolt-ropes afore ever a Span'ard overha's us."

This being arranged, Tinwald hastened to the city to secure whatever the officials of the Inquisition had left attainable; and he was also able to procure considerable sums from friendly merchants, by way of loan. In the warmth of their sympathy, and on the strength of his honour, he might have possessed himself of half their wealth.

As Alice and her cousin hurried down in the darkness to the shore, a fearful presentiment hung on the mind of Isobel. That very evening the conviction that she had given her affections to an infidel had flashed upon her mind. She at first trembled under the force of the temptation, and she had prayed to be delivered from the sore trial. Now, that prayer seemed awfully answered, and he whom she had loved might be about to perish by the most cruel death. If he escaped, how should she receive him?

While the poor wanderers were hurrying on board the felucca, Carthagenal lay apparently in profound repose. The stars shone brightly down, showing the towers and the tufted palms among the gardens, and glistening on the fountains. But few eyes, save those of women and children, were closed that night within the city walls. The citizens knew that there was some wide-spread conspiracy on foot, and lay trembling in their houses. The slaves were assembled by thousands, and listened to brave words that found an echo even in their poor hearts. The governor, a proud, weak man, was bewildered between his awe of the Inquisition, and the reports of insurrection, which induced him to concentrate all his forces in the citadel.

On board the felucca there were many eager hands silently at work. Partan insisted on dropping down towards the offing with the first of the ebb, and leaving only a light canoe for the expected fugitive. This was reluctantly agreed to by Tinwald, who saw the necessity for getting from under the guns of the fort of San Lazaro. So with muffled oars the felucca glided down the channel.

Just as she got under weigh, some quick sharp shots were heard from the city, then loud shouts, and heavily



booming strokes, as of weighty bodies forcing massive gates. And then the Law made itself heard, by bell and trumpet, convoking the assistance of its satellites and the citizens. Then the firing increases, and the bells peal more wildly, but above all the din, shouts of exultation and savage glee are heard; and just as morning breaks, a crowd of blacks rush towards the shore, and high above them, borne on their shoulders, is Alvaro, rescued by heathens from the clutches of the Church. He enters the canoe, which, nevertheless, pauses for Ghorka, who, with a grand air, is making a speech to his dusky countrymen, and distributing among them all the savings of many years. Then the boat shoves off, and the poor negroes, so lately protected by darkness, and sustained by triumph above all fear, suddenly find themselves in broad daylight, and surrounded by some hundreds of their masters, armed to the teeth with deadly weapons, and all the influence of authority. The slaves quietly lay down their arms, and submissively sneak off to their various quarters, to be openly flogged or secretly rewarded, according to the temper or religious views of their various masters.

On board the felucca there was a brief but fervid greeting to the fugitive, and a welcome, "not loud, but deep." His customary self-possession was unshaken, and his dark eyes alone, by their more vivid expression, betrayed the excitement of the scenes that he had passed through. In the deep waist of the felucca Alice and Isobel were resting upon a heap of silken cushions, thrown on board at random: the latter scarcely seemed to see Alvaro as he flung himself down before them in an attitude of careless ease.

. . . . . "Her eyes

Were with her thoughts, and they were far away;"

seeking the Receiver of grateful thoughts for answered prayer.

The Moresco gazed on her almost with idolatry, as she remained there fixed in a kneeling attitude, with upturned eyes, and wondered in himself if the creed that such an angel held could possibly be a dream.

The felucca crept along over the smooth seas, more slowly as she receded from the land, where the breeze was strongest. Tinwald, on the poop, kept anxious watch with Partan and Andreas. The old buccaneer was at first

restored to cheerfulness by finding himself once more in his native elements of emergency and seamanship, but now his accustomed gloom returned upon him. Tinwald tried to rally him out of his despondency, saying, that with the blessing of Providence, they would reach Jamaica in a few days, and thence a safe voyage home might be calculated on with confidence. Partan shook his head and said solemnly,—

“Na, na, I sall never see the bonnie hills of Scotland mair. My time’s comin’. It’s no the thought of separation frae this waefu’ life that mak’s my heart sair, but to part frae yon bonnie bairns afore they’re safe out of these unsanctified seas, that’s no for the like of they. I dinna ken if it be the sharks aneath these blue waters, or the Caribs, or the land crabs that will hae the dismemberin’ o’ this puir body o’ mine, but I ken weel it’ll no haud lang thegither. Now, Tinwald, I hae still some hundred pund in yon little kist; and when I’m gane, ye’ll just dispose o’t as ye think best; and as ’ill make maist reparation for the ill deeds it was gotten by. It’s that thought above a’ that hangs heavy on the saul o’ me.—But look, look, Andreas, yonder! By the Eternal, it’s the black pirate creepin’ out frae yon headland, and she’s shootin’ along the water like a witch. It’s the same,—it’s the same that beset us afore.”

It was too true. A low black hull, with a huge cloud of canvas, was running along with the land breeze, and overhauling the felucca so fast that she appeared to be already within gunshot. Partan kindled up into the stout seaman once more.

“Out wi’ the canoe!” he shouted, “and pit the leddies aboard her; and you, Tinwald, and the Span’ard must gang wi’ her. Andreas can make his ain terms, for the buccaneers are aye friendly wi’ these Indians.”

There was no time to lose. The felucca was brought up to the wind, and the terrified ladies and old Janet were handed over into the canoe, with such water and provisions as could be instantly got hold of: a couple of English sailors, too, to pull; and so they shoved off, in shelter of the felucca, who had now her broadside to the approaching buccaneer. There was room for no more in the canoe, and Partan swore that he would throw himself into the sea, if

they waited for him. Time pressed, and, without further hesitation, they rowed away for life or liberty. There was a fearful suspense now, for the breeze had also failed the buccaneer, and she came on but slowly: but she was rigging out her long sweeps, and would soon make way. Suddenly a flash gleamed from her long swivel gun, as Partan, with his face turned to the canoe, was waving his old weather-beaten hand in farewell: the next moment he disappeared: that shot had cut him in two, and at the same time carried away the felucca's main-sheet. She fell off before the wind, and as she glided by the poor sailor's body, a broadside from the buccaneer rang his requiem over the dark deep sea. Andreas then lowered his flag, which he had only kept standing to divert attention from the fugitives; instantly the buccaneer ranged up alongside of him. At the same time clouds began to darken over the sky, so lately glowing with all the colours of a dying dolphin. The experienced freebooters, having flung a grappling-iron on board the felucca, shortened sail with wonderful rapidity, as their vessel dragged their prize along with them through the water. A few words of explanation from Andreas seemed to satisfy their captain, who lay motionless upon his deck all the while. He had by this time detected the canoe, though now a mere speck upon the water; and he was about to give chase, when a new object diverted his attention. Two Spanish galleons had been lying in Carthagena, ready for sea. The enraged Inquisitor had compelled the governor to order them to pursue his destined victim, and they now became visible, carrying the refreshing wind with them from the land. The invalid captain instantly threw his schooner up into the wind, and beat back fearlessly to meet them. The felucca meanwhile had rove a new main-sheet, and stood after the canoe. Andreas knew that if the coming gale overtook that fragile skiff, it must instantly be swamped; and he gallantly crowded all sail, at the risk of being overtaken by the squall, and carrying away his masts. But still as he flew along to the north, he turned his admiring eyes from time to time back upon the daring buccaneer, who was now standing up towards the pursuers, though either of them could command twice the number of his own guns and men: the encounter that he was about to dare was long afterwards



remembered in those seas, and has been handed down by history. The Spanish ships came on, closing with each other, to cut off, as they conceived, all possibility of escape from the pirate. But no thought of escape entered the mind of Lawrence (for he it was, as the reader will have guessed). He had been lying in wait for one of these very ships, and the expected presence of her consort could not daunt him from his purpose. The men who served him were of his own sort, and welcomed the alternative of death or conquest with a wild cheer, as the blood-red flag ran up aloft and streamed out upon the rising gale. A few shots from his enemies whistled over him unanswered. He wore his schooner, and letting his topsail go by the run, soon found himself overtaken by, and between, his pursuers: they ceased firing for fear of injuring each other; their grappling-irons were cast on board the pirate unresistingly, and he was called upon to surrender, as the vessels lay all three locked together, and moving like one body through the water. Lawrence reclined (for he was still unable to stand) by an open hatchway, beneath which lay the powder magazine, now thrown open. His men, huddled into a close mass, were clustered round the bows; they seemed instinctively to shrink from the coming explosion, but they bristled with tomahawks and cutlasses. Lawrence, in answer to the summons to surrender, pointed down to the magazine.

"Twenty barrels of powder," he shouted, "only wait for your first shot, to blow you all to hell!"

The Spaniards, stout as they were, shrank from the sudden and imminent destruction. The buccaneer was well known to them: they did not doubt that he would keep his word; and his face, now transformed into the aspect of a fiend, seemed to assure it. A dreadful pause of a moment ensued. Then one of the Spaniards cast off his grappling-irons and stood away, but carried with him a shower of unquenchable fireballs which the buccaneers had flung upon his decks and into his hold: every man on board only thought of extinguishing them, and the ship ran away before the wind. Then Lawrence, with his pistol still presented to his magazine, shouted to his men; and they leaped upon the deck of the other Spaniard, whose crew, all unnerved by the still-threatened explosion, scarcely offered any resistance. In a few minutes, they were con-

quered, slain, flung overboard; and the bloody flag floated over the broad banner of the yellow and scarlet that so lately had flaunted proudly from their masthead. But the bugle of their chief soon recalled the boarders. Some brief orders were given: half-a-dozen hands were left on board the prize to work her, and the rest made all sail on their own little craft. The remaining Spaniard was now on fire forward, and her dry sails burned up rapidly into three pillars of flame. The despairing crew had retreated to the lofty poop, and were trying to lower their boats, but Lawrence ranged up alongside and poured in a steady fire of musketry, under which they fell fast. Among them was seen a Dominican friar standing with folded arms, awaiting his fate with stern composure. But as soon as the buccaneer was near enough to be recognised, he addressed Lawrence as an old acquaintance, and *commanded* him to cease firing, and to send his boat to take him on board. Lawrence crossed himself, and turned away. The firing was renewed for a few minutes, but the flames had now eaten their way aft, and were creeping up to the poop. The buccaneer stood away to avoid the explosion which must soon take place, and the miserable Spanish crew threw themselves into the sea. There for a few minutes they remained floundering about, but they were soon suddenly twitched under water, and the quickly-ensanguined waves showed that the sharks were busily at work. The friar's dark form was still to be seen on the ship, relieved off the flames, that towered up behind him: all at once they ceased, as if concentrating all their efforts below, and then shot up into the sky, scattering far and wide every remnant of the ship. The little crew of the canoe, meanwhile, as soon as they observed the felucca bearing down upon them, imagined that the buccaneers had taken possession of her, and were thus continuing the pursuit. Then all that fear could do in brave hearts was tried: not only no quarter for the men, but the respite awaiting the women was still worse. One strange hope gleamed across the mind of Alice: it might be Lawrence who thus pursued them, and he might still remember enough of his love for her to spare her companions. Tinwald watched the approaching vessel in silence, contented—yes, that is the word—*contented* to repose upon his faith that all things work for good. Isobel, in her agony of

fear, clung to Alvaro, fearing a thousand times more for him, because she thought that neither in this world nor the next should she ever again behold him—him, who stood so nobly dauntless there, pressing her to his strong heart, and defying fate to paralyse the joy that pressure gave him. But his thoughts were darkened even then by one doubt. Was it not better for Isobel to die with him than to survive among those ruthless ruffians of the coast?—Aye, die the terrible death that lay in wait beneath them, where the sharks were gleaming to and fro, and even biting at the oars which still, though hopelessly, swiftly swept the sea. Tinwald read his thoughts, and shared their temptation, but he did not yield. His eyes wandered from the resolute form of Alvaro to the poor old woman who had followed her young charges into such deadly hazards. He could not help admiring the proud bearing of the Moor in that moment of trial; but he admired still more his aged countrywoman who, with hands clasped and eyes upturned, was praying fervently, trustingly, and aloud. Another danger was now approaching; for the rising wind had begun to break the hitherto calm surface of the sea into short angry waves, and the canoe was labouring perilously. Tinwald began to think that *thus*, perhaps, they might be rescued from the buccaneers, and “win to death” without the guilt of suicide. But the felucca was now nearing them rapidly, and even shortening sail with the evident intention of taking them up safely. Alvaro looked down to gaze once more upon Isobel. Tinwald, who was steering, had his back towards the pursuer; and the two English sailors were almost blinded by sweat and their exertions at the oar, sustained to the last. Suddenly old Janet burst out into a strain of exultation that made her companions suppose she had gone mad. She expressed her joy in the words of Deborah to Barak; and stretched out her arms eagerly to Andreas, whose joyful face she perceived over the bows of the felucca, as he made signs to the sailors to rest their oars. \* \* \*

When the lately despairing friends found themselves once more on board the felucca, what a very ark it seemed! The rapture of their conscious safety tried them far more than the extremity of danger had done; and the stout sailors wiped away more than one tear with the perspira-



tion that poured from their foreheads: Tinwald uttered a solemn thanksgiving for their safety in the name of all; and as the women sobbed out their sympathy, an unwonted moisture stood even in the eyes of Alvaro. Safe, however, as they seemed to be, in comparison with their late condition, there was still much to be done. The buccaneer and her prize had disappeared below the horizon, but it was necessary to alter their course in order to elude pursuit, and the gale increased as night drew near. Jamaica was the only safe refuge that Alvaro could hope for; for there, England's flag was flying; and even then that flag had power to protect all who sought its shelter.

The felucca's course was, therefore, laid for that island, and in a short time her crew and passengers resumed the position from which they had been disturbed by the buccaneer—all, except the faithful old sailor, who was mourned for with a depth of sorrow that many an admiral's *manes* might have envied.

## CHAPTER XX.

O land first seen when life lay all unknown,  
 Like an unvisited country o'er the wave!  
 Which now my travell'd heart looks back upon,  
 Marking each sunny path, each gloomy cave,  
 With here a memory, and there a grave:  
 I love you, I remember you, though years  
 Have fled o'er the hills my spirit knew.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE reader will have guessed that the friar had communicated his discovery of Alvaro's identity to his assistant officer, and had directed him, on landing at Carthage, to summon the authorities to execute the decree of the Inquisition. The merchants of Carthage were renowned amongst all mercantile communities for their liberal spirit and honourable dealing; but they did not dare to oppose the authority of the Roman Church, which then brooded over the world with terrible and mysterious influence. The penalties of disobedience were awful; extending beyond

death and tortures, to eternal excommunication, and the punishment of children yet unborn. The children of the Church, at Carthagea, would have resisted, as they had already done, the most powerful army of buccaneers, but they shrank before the mandate of a single stranger, when backed by the authority of the Church.

Accordingly Alvaro was banished, with all his wealth and enterprise, and the many advantages that he would have bestowed upon Spanish America. The same fell persecution that had made Granada desolate, that had reduced Italy to poverty and disgrace, and Spain to imbecility and premature old age; the power that had converted the fertile fields of Hispaniola into a wilderness—the same power now seized upon the wealth of Carthagea's most enterprising merchant, and converted its beneficent commercial circulation into instruments of future persecution.

The felucca flew along before the wind; and the women, worn out by excitement and the fatigue of the previous night, retired to rest. Alvaro and his friend still watched, together and in silence, the last blue speck that remained of New Spain. Their great scheme was interrupted; the isthmus must still remain a barrier (and perhaps for ages yet to come) against all intercourse between the uttermost ends of the Old World through the heart of the New. The past had crumbled into dust beneath the partners' feet; they had to build up a new edifice upon the future—a great and wide foundation.

Alvaro, therefore, now found reason to congratulate himself that he had been induced by this defeated purpose, to concentrate his widely-scattered interests in London. Though comparatively a small part of his property in Carthagea had been saved, he might still account himself one of the wealthiest merchants of his time.

The next day—and the next,—with fine weather and smooth water, returned all that charmed life which only such a voyage can inspire. The sea, in its lucid intervals, and in summer latitudes, affords the most delightful, as well as the sublimest, of all views to a meditative mind. And to those circumstanced as our travellers were, the charm of moving rapidly, yet without personal motion, over the mysterious depths of ocean, was enhanced by their isolation. Within that floating island, winged with its snowy canvas,

was concentrated all that the heart would range the world eagerly in search of. There it lay, always within reach,—always available,—without worldly or vulgar cares to interrupt the course of happily monotonous events ; or the unreproached selfishness with which those “other selves” were watched over and caressed.

Alice and Paterson already enjoyed all the calm of a haven, after the troubled ocean of cares that they had passed. But Alvaro was still in a state of anxious uncertainty with respect to Isobel.

There was a near approach to a perfect understanding and sympathy between that simple, unsophisticated Scottish girl, and the wealthy, aspiring Moor, whose ambition (though he confessed it not) was unbounded, and whose cultivated genius looked down upon the world as it lay spread before him at his feet. Yet there was one bar, and that a fatal one, to the union, or perfect communion of these otherwise all-happy lovers. Isobel cherished her national creed with puritanic fervor ; and Alvaro was one of those who looked to no future life ; but this discovery had not yet been declared, or their happiness would have been ended. For, next to love, and sometimes before it, a sense of sacrifice is most dear to a woman’s heart ; and when she is devout and has a chance of immolating her feelings to her faith, she seldom loses that chance—at least as long as it has the poignancy of novelty ; for such strength as hers is seldom adapted to resist a sap, though all-powerful against open assault.

In a word, Alvaro was pleading his passion to one who returned it with interest ; yet he was pleading it in vain.

The cousins had taken counsel together, and together had strengthened poor Isobel’s little heart to the relinquishing of its happiness. When a man is refused on such grounds, however, he seldom fails to lean more upon the tenderness that betrays itself, than the abnegation which is ostentatiously put forward.

“The sad resolve which is a wise *man’s* vow,”

expresses itself in looks, and words, and tones, that reveal no *arrière pensée*. But a woman’s resolve, when it is a sad one, is seldom so well guarded as to externals. Hers is the glance—half, and but half averted ; the faltering voice ; the heart ready to burst beneath its trial ; almost seeming to



plead against its sacrifice. Above all, Isobel's was a beauty which conflicting emotions serve only to enhance.

Alvaro still feared to precipitate a decision that might conclusively destroy his hope, and gave himself up with recklessness of the future, to such enjoyment as the present hours afforded. His richly-stored mind enabled him to secure a deeply-interested listener whenever and howsoever long he spoke; and Isobel listened as she thought only with her mind, but it was with her very heart. If her lover had been dilating on the differential calculus, his words would have appeared full of meaning and of light to her.

At length, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, the voyagers made the land, and soon after came to anchor off Blewfields, then a considerable seaport. There lay Alvaro's ship, the *Buenaventura*, which had discharged her passenger at St. Jago, and was now waiting for her owner's further orders. Andreas was dismissed with bountiful remuneration for his services; the friends took possession of the ship, and the fair companions of their dangers rested gratefully in a cottage on the shore. There, soon afterwards, Alice became the wife of Paterson, whom thenceforth she cheered and supported patiently in all his trials; until at length she sealed her love and truthfulness in his last great enterprise.

As soon as the usual assembly of ships was ready to sail for England, the wanderers resumed their homeward-bound course. It was only too short for its chief passengers. Paterson was entirely happy—happier than it is safe to be—in his love and in his speculative dreams. If the winds lifted up their voices and the ship was hurried along over the tumultuous waves, it was well with him, for he was brought nearer to the scenes of his future labour. If every breath was hushed, and the ship lay tranquil and unmoved upon the star-strewn breast of ocean, it was also well with him, for his bride was by his side with gentle, loving looks, and sweet words and playful thoughts, by which he suffered himself to be diverted from his most cherished schemes.

At such times, too, Isobel would sing the heart-touching songs of Scotland, spreading over the lonely waters the spell of such melody as sailors love,—such tones as might seem echoes of mermaid minstrelsy. And at such times, Alvaro

would listen with a softened heart, and wonder if there must not be an immortality, at least for such as Isobel. And when the song was ended, the Moor would draw near the singer timidly, and endeavour by words full of loving subtlety, to approach a sympathy which she mournfully withheld.

With all such pleasures, and such pains as were equivalent to most other joys, the voyage was quickly made, and Alvaro was soon lodged in one of the gloomy but spacious palaces that now lie hidden among dark lanes in London, and, as warehouses, groan beneath the weight of all nations' produce.

Paterson and his bride, with her cousin and old Janet, lived together in a house in Cheapside. The travelled Scot had been honourably welcomed by the great mercantile community, among whom his proposal to form a Bank of England had early attracted great attention. Alvaro had proposed to execute a deed of partnership, on their first arrival: but to this Paterson firmly refused to consent. It was his friend's capital alone, he maintained, that had founded his fortunes; it was also his high spirit of enterprise and moral courage that had built them up.

"For myself," continued the disinterested Paterson, "I claim the same remuneration that you would have given to your chief clerk; and more than that it will not comport with my honour to accept, or with your delicacy to insist upon."

It appears that this difficult point was at length settled by Paterson receiving ten thousand pounds, and Alvaro proceeded in his mercantile career alone. His friend devoted himself to the elucidation of his plan for founding the Bank of England; and having entrusted its details, as he thought, to honourable hands, he set out on a visit to Scotland. He desired earnestly to refresh his patriotic heart with a sight of his native hills; but this would not have induced him to part so soon from his new-found home, had it not been that his affairs there required his presence.

In those days a journey to Scotland was a serious undertaking; and Alice was obliged to content herself with her lodging in Cheapside and her cousin's society during her husband's absence.

The old manor-house of Tinwald looked very small, and gloomy, and desolate, but it was not the less dear for that.

The castle of Caerlaverock seemed unchanged by as much as a fresh branch of ivy. The Peel-house had been altogether closed up; and when the door and windows were now opened, a peculiar odour, not altogether unlike that of punch, brought back reminiscences of old Tam's convivialities, and poor Partan's weakness. The kail-yard was overgrown with weeds, and the few flowers that Alice had cherished were looking as wild almost as the thistles and nettles that had encroached upon their borders. But in one corner of the little wilderness a gean-tree arrested Tinwald's attention. Unlike its kindred, the fruit upon its boughs was withered and shrunken; the ground beneath it had evidently been disturbed. There, then, Tinwald sought for the money which the doting old man had buried; and there he found it, in an old iron porridge-pot; about two thousand pounds in all,—a considerable sum for those days, yet far less than Tam had probably been possessed of; but Tam's was not a singular case of hoarded wealth disappearing unaccountably. The infructuousness of a miser's money has long since given birth to a standing proverb.

The laird of Tinwald was kindly welcomed by tenants who no longer called him master: and he rejoiced that he had still a place among them. He duteously repaired the old manor-house, and re-established more than one falling cottage in the village. The little community was beginning to droop under the influence of a grasping landlord, who considered nothing but its rents. The gaps caused by time were not filled up, and the people faded away. Madden Ray had been drowned at sea; young Swilltap had found means to escape his stern father, and was supposed to have joined Lawrence on the Spanish Main. It was with a saddened heart that Tinwald once more turned his face from his mournful home to seek his destiny in new scenes.

---

"Here ends Book the Second," said I to the Highlander, who replied, rather drowsily—

"I'm glad on't; for now we'll get to the pith of the story, the great scheme itself; I hope ye winna mak it sae dry as your merchant's affairs. I hope, too, you're not gaeing to drag us into a controversy between the heathen and the lassie; for siccan buiks as your's are nae seemly recep-



tacles for solemn truths ; and the less that infidel arguments are expounded the better. The unregenerate saul is aye prone to find mair strength in them, than in siccan refutation as you can gie, be'in nae divine."

To this observation I fully agreed, and assured my censor that such matters should be passed over as lightly and yet respectfully as possible. For the dryness that he apprehended, I was more solicitous, inasmuch as it is impossible to convert downright matters of business into anything like amusement.

When next we met, the MS. was resumed as follows :

## BOOK THE THIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

Weep not for treasure lost,  
Weep not for fair hopes cross'd ;  
Weep not when limbs wax old,  
Weep not when friends grow cold ;  
Weep not that Death must part  
Thine and the best-loved heart ;  
Yet weep, weep all thou can—  
Weep, weep—because thou art  
A sin-defiled man.

R. C. TRENCH.

THE merchant prince had reached London about two months since, in one of the finest ships then known. He had taken a proud pleasure in rendering it as magnificent for Isobel as if she were queen of the world as well as of his heart. To Alvaro, wealth had lost its ordinary significance; he measured all purchaseable things, not by their cost, but by his desire, if for himself; or by his sympathy, if for others. He had with him only the wreck of his fortune at Carthage (all else had been instantly possessed by the Holy Officials), but that was in itself of great value: and even now his ships must be approaching the Thames from Venice, Alexandria, Genoa, Peru, Mexico, and the northern seas; concentrating his widely-scattered property in the one vast metropolis where such wealth could remain secure.

His reception among the great merchants of London was, as might be expected, frank, cordial, and honourable. The story of his misfortunes was soon (too soon) noised abroad, and made him doubly welcome among citizens who had just escaped from a Rome-ridden monarch.

William the Third, in pursuance of his life-long scheme to abase the power of France, then cultivated friendly relations with Spain; but the refugee from oppression was as safe in the sanctuary of England as all England's power,

and her yet mightier name, could render him. Alvaro had been exiled from his native land, and pursued by the same tyranny to the country of his adoption. He was thus thoroughly undenized, and his heart blessed the free soil that extended to him its shelter and security. His sanguine and energetic mind would formerly have expatiated into new enterprises in the genial atmosphere of a city that has sent forth more mighty projects, perhaps, than all the kingdoms of the earth put together. But that spirit was dead within Alvaro for the time. He transacted his affairs with a languor and indifference at variance with his usual habits; and his new friends wondered how such a man could have ever achieved for himself a world-wide name and colossal fortune.

But the mightiest heart has only room for one passion at a time to rule therein; and when a passion is once dethroned, it becomes not only powerless but importunate. The weight of his affairs, which Alvaro formerly rejoiced in, now became a very burden. His searching eyes and keen intelligence, no longer bent upon his various and widely-scattered interests, were now turned inwards: in the workings of his own soul he found a more anxious field for inquiry and observation than in the commerce of a world. And while the pilot's watchfulness was thus diverted, faint symptoms of approaching but unnoticed storms began to threaten his bark. Those dim reports, so untraceable in their origin, so rapid in transmission, which affect the sensitive barometer of credit, began to be whispered. Two or three of his richest ships were lost; but that scarcely inspired him with any regret, except for their crews' sake. A lonely man in the world, and apparently destined to remain so, he was almost indifferent to the loss or accumulation of money, or only regarded it as gamblers do their counters.

One day, however, he required a large sum of money for some sudden occasion in Paris, and he announced his requirement, expecting that it would be readily complied with. But no; the whole community of moneyed men, like so many feelers of one great polypus, at once drew in. This was not from distrust of the open-hearted stranger, but from professional tactics. Had he gone to any one of them, and frankly explained his wants and his power to



meet them, the brave confidence of his brother merchants would have readily been bestowed; but this, he who a short time before could have commanded millions, was too proud to do. To ask comparative strangers to share their hard-earned wealth with him as a favour, appeared to him to be monstrous, and the practical Paterson was not near to control his imaginative caprices. The demand of his correspondent, therefore, was only answered by postponement; and this, coupled with the rumours of his extensive losses at Carthage and at sea, shook his credit to its foundation at Paris. Amsterdam and Hamburg immediately caught up the alarm. Demands came pouring in upon the scarcely yet established house of Alvaro, and surprised him as much as if he had never been in business, to which, indeed, practically he was almost a stranger; adverse winds delayed his expected ships, and speeded on at the same time the news of his reported embarrassment. Some of his most deeply indebted correspondents seized the opportunity to become bankrupts.

In the course of a month, when Paterson returned to London, he was encountered with a report that Alvaro was a ruined man. He hastened to his friend, and found him sitting composedly in the window of his house, looking out upon the river. After the first greeting was over, the Scot asked the whole question in three words:—

“Is it true?”

“If you have heard anything to justify that anxious look, it must be so,” responded his friend, quietly.

“But cannot anything be done?” pursued Paterson. “Surely a great house like yours is not to collapse at once, and disappear, as if it were a mere huxter’s venture. I will go among the merchants and jewellers, and will tell them all. It is not want of means, but want of effort, that is prostrating you. Let me hasten to repair the injuries which I perceive that your pride and your fastidiousness have already caused you.”

“Not if you love me,” Alvaro replied, almost sternly. “I would not, if I could, resume my anxious eminence among those suspicious, ungenerous countrymen of yours. I have lost a game, which, in sooth, I cared little to win. No one else will lose:—of that be assured; for the only anxiety I have felt, and the only trouble I have taken, has

been to ascertain that fact. Though deeply suffering (as is called) myself, no other shall suffer for me. I am at least clear with the world; and I have a diamond here, which will suffice for all my wants."

As may be supposed, Paterson eagerly placed all that he possessed at the disposal of his friend; but he did so very modestly; and Alvaro, though he was touched, smiled within himself, as he determinately rejected the poor pittance of a few thousand pounds. Just then, a stealthy knock at the door announced a lean, little, anxious-looking man, with whom, though he was eminent in the city, Alvaro was scarcely acquainted. He intimated that he had private business with the Don; and Paterson withdrew.

Master Wilson, as he was named, looked round him cautiously, as if about to divulge some dangerous secret; and then he addressed Alvaro very frankly, but with an air of respect that conciliated the proud Spaniard more than he was conscious of.

"I come," said the visitor, "on the part of the firm that I represent, to offer you the use of any sum within our power to dispose of. The singular coincidence of casualties that must have deranged your calculations for the present, is not unknown to us; but your high name and unimpeachable honour are more than sufficient to set against such uncontrollable accidents. Your retirement would involve a great loss in every respect to our community; and it is, therefore, rather in the way of business than of accommodation, that we make this offer. I have only one stipulation to make—that if you honour us by accepting this proposal, the transaction may remain a secret."

Alvaro had scarcely bowed out this gentleman, when another presented himself on the same errand. Several similar offers were made to him; some couched in the most delicate terms; some, perhaps as kindly meant, in a manner that made Alvaro feel more resentment than gratitude. But, on the whole, the broken merchant, who would have almost found a pleasure in experiencing Timon's bitterness, was obliged to confess to himself that the conduct of those whom he condemned collectively, was, individually, chivalrously generous and confiding. As it is not the business, however, but the man whom we are describing, we shall only say that Alvaro refused all assistance, and met his ruin

with proud philosophy, and a sort of Oriental fatalism, which to Paterson appeared suicidal. In many such transactions time is everything. Even for this, Alvaro refused to ask, and his ruin was precipitated: his very house, and the ship he had arrived in, were ordered by him to be sold hastily; and he then, with a pleased sort of reluctance, consented to become the guest of his well-tried friend, at his lodgings in Cheapside.

Then came the true trial of Isobel's constancy. As long as her lover was proudly prosperous, romantic disinterestedness helped to strengthen her resolution. Now, what joy it would have been to share his poverty, and walk with him side by side in his narrow and obscure path, cheering and brightening whatever toil he chose to submit to! These thoughts insensibly betrayed themselves in her look, and voice, and manner, and made his adversity far more delightful than successful ambition ever could have been to him.

But a new trial awaited the fallen merchant. One day, Paterson returned with a melancholy in his countenance that foreboded evil tidings. He had just received a claim from Carthagera for all the outstanding engagements of Alvaro there, which the confiscators of his property had refused to acknowledge. Alvaro had already almost reduced himself to destitution; and this new claim, being altogether one of honour, wounded him sorely. The next morning, however, he appeared with his usual proud, melancholy serenity; and the same day, the uttermost demand upon him was answered. His diamond ring, his mother's gift, an heir-loom of enormous value, was gone; but the brighter jewel of his honour was retained.

Alvaro now walked through the streets of London, unoccupied and uninterested. He was become one of the myriads who seem to haunt rather than to dwell among the scenes of their vanished prosperity. But he did not share in the broken-heartedness of his broken brethren. He found a deep interest in analysing sensations which had hitherto been unintelligible to him. He almost luxuriated in the novelty of being a poor man: it gave an earnestness to life, or seemed to be capable of doing so. He began to feel that there might be a great pleasure in struggling upward; and that wealth, after all, might be a



real good, and well worth repossessing. He felt that he had only to exert himself, in order to attain that object.

But ever, as such thoughts arose in his mind, Alvaro found that Isobel was in some manner connected with them all. As long as his relation with her remained in suspense, he felt that he had no heart to enter upon a new career. Either happiness or sorrow would nerve his mind; doubt alone could paralyse his energies. He knew that Isobel loved him; but he almost knew too, that she feared his belief, or unbelief, to the exclusion of all thoughts of uniting her fate to his. He was too generous himself, to suppose for a moment that his fallen fortunes could alter her sentiments with respect to him, and he at length resolved to try how far those sentiments extended.

"You are looking very solemn this evening," he said to Isobel; "dare I interpret your sadness still to apply in any wise to my case?"

"Have we not seen enough to make us all thoughtful, both for ourselves and others, lately?" she replied. "I often think of that dreadful crisis when your life appeared to hang but on a thread; if you had fallen then, I sometimes ask myself, where would you be now?"

Alvaro smiled: "Trying to look down on you from the nearest of yonder stars, perhaps."

"Alas! the things of this present unreal world of ours are too grave to jest at; do not mock at those of the awful world of truth beyond our ken. Surely, after the many escapes you have had, you must feel that you have been spared for a better purpose than to scoff?"

"But suppose, dear lady, that I *am* spared, and spared, and that unavailingly, after all: in what respect have I then to be grateful for opportunities that only add to my condemnation, according to your creed? It seems a mere evasion on the part of destiny, to appear to be very charitable, and yet make more sure of its vengeance after all."

Isobel had stored up many excellent arguments in her own mind against this long-desired opportunity; but now that she was called upon to produce them, she mistrusted their efficacy. She began to think that it might be well to ascertain what she was arguing against.

"I will not ask you," she said, "have you any belief;

for the veriest savages, as I hear, have never, in any part of the world, been found without *some* faith."

"I believe that there is a beneficent Being," said Alvaro, "else such as you could not exist; I believe also that there is a malevolent being, else *I* could not. But beyond this, I will confess, at the risk of giving you pain, that I have nothing that can be called a creed. I have sought in many dogmas some that would suit my soul (if I have a soul), but I have found none. I believe in the historical part (that is to say, the Pentateuch) of *our* Bible; but its poetry (that is to say, its prophecies) has never affected me in any other light. You will say that many wise men believe it. True. I have tried the Veda, the Shaster, the Zendavesta, the Koran, and other repositories of what is also believed by many millions; but they were not believable to me—and trust me, belief is no voluntary act to a mind accustomed to reason. Your sacred book is very wonderful; but as for the new part of it, the priests who murdered my father, my mother, and my friend, justified themselves by its precepts; so I will have none of it."

"But," remonstrated Isobel, who began to warm in the controversy, "if a mere man who was virtuous, were calumniated by evil men, and his very words misconstrued, in order to serve their purposes—would you attribute to him their evil deeds? I know you would not. Especially if he, foreseeing into how many unrighteous arguments his words might be perverted, showed forth in his own pure life an example of perfect charity and forbearance. What false Christians, then, are they who justify atrocities by teaching that 'we may do evil that good may come!'"

"Truly," said Alvaro, "that is a strong point of yours, and may partly refute my petulant objection. But as to the question of creed—it seems to me not to be a matter of argument, which is an exercise of the intellectual faculty; but of sentiment, which is an emotion of the soul, such as any old bedridden beggar may enjoy as fully, or perhaps more so, than the profoundest rabbi, or mollah, or divine."

Isobel acknowledged this, and considered it to be in accordance with what she held as most true. Alvaro dissented, and became impatient. At last he exclaimed,—

"Let us abandon this inconclusive discourse. All that can be said upon it argumentatively, has been advanced to me long ago by my dear friend, and partner (as I may *now* call him, I hope, without offence). Whatever can be said upon it otherwise, would come most persuasively from your lips; but I should distrust any such feeling all the more, as whatever it might be, it would be equally irresistible. My ancestors required forty years, they say, to be extricated from their wanderings in the wilderness: do not blame me if I cannot reach at one bound from my desert unbelief into the asylum of faith that you would offer me; if I enter therein, it must be with free purpose, not like a wild duck into a decoy. And yet, methinks, in your company I could be led anywhere. Isobel—can *you* say as much? Isobel—will you be my fellow-pilgrim in this visible, and into the invisible world?"

Never comes temptation in so plausible a form as when resistance to it may be imputed to selfishness. Why should not Isobel join her fate to that of a man who might be lost for ever without her? If her *death* only were required, would not her Iphigenia sacrifice have been freely offered to speed him into the desired haven? Yet was she to shrink timidly from devoting her *life* to him, lest her faith and her religious safety might suffer from contact with his sceptic soul? She knew that hitherto, in the absence of the true compass, she had been his guiding star; should she withdraw that feeble light, and leave such a gallant bark to all the dangerous chances of a dark and deceitful world?

A thousand such thoughts crowded into the poor girl's mind, as her blue eyes gleamed tearfully through their long dark lashes on the ground; and her bosom heaved with the strong struggles of her heart. How desolate that bosom, that fair white throne would be, if she did not yield to her own arguments! She felt the deep, searching, earnest gaze of Alvaro upon her; she well remembered what various expressions it had revealed to her before now—hope and lofty thought, and manly fortitude, and indomitable resolution; but always, over all, tenderness for and sympathy with her. What could make her hesitate?

There is sometimes, in the critical emergencies and



doubts of our souls, a mysterious ringing in the ears of some unwelcome sentence; sounding there importunately and uncalled for, like the tolling of a distant funeral bell among merry marriage chimes. Even thus, her own words, "Do not evil that good may come," kept echoing in the mind of Isobel, and contradicting all her plausible convictions to the contrary. At last, she spoke from that unwilling text:—

"I will not—alas! I fear I need not—say what my human heart would at once reply. But I dare not yield to any earthly temptation the integrity of the faith I hold. I know too well that I could not share your being, without becoming imbued with your views. My soul would as naturally assume the hue of yours, as the sea does that of the skies above it. I would freely and joyfully give up my life, my worldly happiness, and all the nothing that I have, and that I am, to you;—but I have one higher, holier love and purpose that must not be set aside. If you shared in any way that love or purpose, however imperfectly or falteringly, I would only too gladly and devotedly join my life and my weak efforts to yours; and we would try together to work out of our darkness into brighter day. But as long as you remain an open and confessed rebel to the power that I hold supreme,—to the hope that I cling to,—I dare not and cannot join with you."

"Then, Isobel, farewell!" said Alvaro, in a deep calm voice. "You have broken the only tie that held me to the world and the world's conventionalities. I will not ask you to think of me when I am gone, for *that* might seem to you undutious; but I will even ask you to pray for me, for then I know that I shall be remembered, without causing you any self-reproach. I will not upbraid you with your sternness: I have too much respect for even such a sense of duty as *I* can feel. I will rather thank you for the happy hours I have dreamed away under your influence; the remembrance of them will be my only cheer through a life-long awaking from such dreams. Once more, farewell!—there is no passion in my words, but they are heartfelt; a dreary calm seems to settle on my soul as I here solemnly bid adieu to my last, best hope."

That evening Alvaro informed Tinwald that he was about to abandon England, and had procured leave from the au-

thorities to do so. This "leave of absence" was then required of all Englishmen, and Alvaro having been lately denizenized, came under its requirement. His friend learned his determination without surprise. He knew that by visiting Genoa and other places where he had had great investments, Alvaro could easily recover large sums of money; and he was glad to observe in such a design a proof of returning energy, which he feared had been prostrated. But when the merchant added, that it was simply to travel he intended, Tinwald felt inclined to reason and remonstrate against such a romantic purpose. He was deeply attached to the noble-hearted Moresco; and he thought that it was lamentable to waste his great talents and acquirements in a mere pilgrim's tour, associated, as eastern travel was, in *his* mind, only with Romish practices. But Alvaro was fixed in his resolution, and Tinwald knew the firmness of his character too well to attempt to shake his purpose.

"It appears to be my destiny to wander," said Alvaro. "Like my fabled ancestor, I have been driven from place to place, across the world, finding no rest; and, for the future, seeking none. Now that I have proved to the uttermost the emptiness of the life in which we live, I would fain behold the scenes of that which is past, and, if possible, glean from them some guide towards that which is to come. In the very cradle of my race, on the banks of the Euphrates; in the land of their sojourn, where the people that oppressed them seem to have lain torpid ever since; by the waters of the Nile, and the Jewish Rubicon, the Jordan, I shall wander for the years to come. If I obtain no other benefit, the dangers and the changing scenes and faces that will pass before me, may at least divert the weary objectlessness in which my spirit now, as it were, is drowned."

As he spoke thus, his friend began to think that it was a true instinct which had led him to embrace his new resolution. He was profoundly unhappy, and evidently disturbed in his mind by other matters beside disappointed love. His friend's orthodox reasonings had proved unavailing; unless, indeed, that their seed was germinating invisibly, and that this pilgrimage was the first tender blade appearing. A mind like that of Alvaro could only

by its own operation be successfully acted upon, as the diamond can only be polished by its own dust.

For all these reasons, Tinwald sadly and in silence submitted to the loss he was about to sustain in his gifted and generous friend. Alvaro took his leave, but it was not until the following day that Tinwald knew it had been a final one.

Then, too, for the first time, Isobel learned that her infidel yet faithful lover was lost to her and to all the world beside. She grieved long and sadly, yet not bitterly; for bitterness is only to be found in self-accusation. But as a widow, the poor maiden mourned for the loss of him whom she might have rendered happy merely by consulting her own happiness. She did not regret the part that she had chosen, but her cousin's household was thenceforth never cheered by her merry laugh, or soothed by her pensive song. The silence and sadness of a desolate heart had settled down upon her.

## CHAPTER II.

For he, who in one unremitting chain  
Of solemn purpose, solders link to link  
Of active day and meditative night,  
And with unquivering heart and hand can meet,  
Ever distress, ever impediment,  
And ring from out a world of checks and flaws  
Some palpable and most perspicuous whole  
Of realized design and change imprest,  
Shall be enroll'd among heroic souls,  
Though small the scope and slow the growth of deed.

MILNES.

YEARS have passed on, and Paterson has earnestly and happily been employed in what were duties to him. He laboured hard in his private vocation, and yet he still continued to struggle with the wayward world for power to advance its interests, its civilization, and its glory. As, one by one, his projects were unfolded in frank simplicity, others, wiser in their generation, appropriated and narrowed them to selfish purposes. In his hands, his schemes would



have hourly enlarged and brought all men into communion with them : in the hands of mere speculators not only the object, but the very name of the originator was lost. The Bank of England rose struggling through the obscurity in which mean men and base imputations had enveloped it. Paterson's had been the plan, but as the name of Amerigo was preferred by envious mediocrity to Columbus, so Paterson's great idea was attributed to others, who traded upon his thought, and whose agency only served to cramp its development and depreciate its credit.

This worthy philosopher, however, bore patiently the wrongs that were irremediable. He remonstrated, indeed, firmly and manfully, against injustice ; but when he found there was no law that could protect him, he turned away, without one bitter word or angry thought, from 'Change Alley to the bright western hemisphere, where he had formed his first plans for converting the wilderness of Darien into a highway for the world.

There was one man in London, a Scotchman, who had been a faithful friend to him in all his adversities and disappointments. This was Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, a man of a speculative and somewhat impracticable turn of mind, but endued with the highest sense of honour and the most inflexible integrity. It was well said of him, "that he would die to serve his country, but he would not do a base thing to save her." He was one of the representatives of Scotland, and had offered a strenuous opposition to the Romanizing views of James II. The tyranny of that most unkingly sovereign had driven him to exile in Holland ; his estate had been confiscated, and he had taken arms under the Duke of Lorraine in Hungary. When William III. restored the liberties of England, the exiled patriot returned to London. There he found some favour at court, although he was a zealous advocate for restraining the power of the monarchy ; believing, as he said, that it is unsafe to trust the best of princes with the power which an evil successor may misuse. He repudiated all sectarian ties and service, whether religious or political ; and presented in that age the rare example of a nobly independent upright man.

Fletcher of Saltoun was, in 1694, about forty years of age, small but symmetrical in stature, with a dark complexion and eyes full of the fire that burned steadily in his

visionary soul. His aspect was ordinarily severe, but when touched by softer feelings it presented an expression of great sweetness and benignity.

One day when Paterson was sitting in his lodgings in Cheapside, surrounded by maps and papers, covered with abstruse calculations, Fletcher entered: with a solemn but graceful reverence, he saluted his friend's wife and her pale melancholy cousin, and then took his seat by the side of his fellow-countryman, whose genius he alone then fully recognised.

"Paterson," he said, in his deep earnest tones, "I come to you with advice of great moment. I understand from you that you are about to propose the colonization of the Isthmus of Darien to the English speculators, who are now all madly running after any scheme that may enable them to cheat and to be cheated. My friend, your project is worthy of better instruments and of better success than you are likely to find here. Have you forgotten that you owe a first filial duty to Scotland? Have you forgotten that our countrymen are the most earnest, skilful, and patient of all people,—therefore the best and worthiest to carry out your views? Moreover, have you not already had fatal experience of the jealousy that seeks to suppress every honour due to a Scot; and does not all this teach you that in Edinburgh, and not in London, should be laid the foundation stone of a plan that will give glory and prosperity to its undertaker?"

The pale countenance of Paterson lighted up with pleasure at this testimony from one who had at first coldly received, and then taken a long time to consider of, his plan.

"I waited only for such advice," he replied, "to act upon it. But I would fain have had this scheme confined to no narrow limits; I would that all nations could share in the honour and the interest of the undertaking. Experience, however, has taught me that the world is not yet sufficiently advanced in liberality and tolerance to permit success to a mere company; it must be sanctioned by the king. Spain will oppose us to the utmost; England must defend us against that jealous power."

Fletcher's brow darkened as he replied, "And would you trust your plan, born of Scottish brains, and only

to be carried out by Scottish hands and hearts, to the great enemy of our country—the murderer of Glencoe—the suppressor of our commerce—the jealous foe of our nationality?”

“I would accept assistance, in a good cause, from the devil himself,” replied Paterson, “provided that by any mistake he undertook it. I understand that the king is by no means hostile to our project. I am surprised to hear you speak so harshly of a sovereign for whom you have done and suffered so much.”

“Hum!—yes; I have done and suffered somewhat for William of Nassau. I have been exiled for the best years of my life—have been deserted by my friends and ruined by my foes. But, my friend, even this king is only the better of two kingly evils. Nothing will do,—no authority, but that of the people, will ever justly govern the people. These kings govern not for the sake of the governed, but for the sake of themselves, or some of their own family, or of some crotchet in their own minds, to which everything else must be sacrificed. Stuart or Dutchman—there is but little difference: the master-thought of the one was papacy; that of the other, was Holland and its accursed wars. *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. Democracy alone—a simple, all-controlling, and all-controlled democracy—is the only form of government for free men to live under.”

“It is well enough,” replied Paterson, “so far as declamation, to listen to, or in printed books to read: but the actual, though subtle and mysterious, realities of life, are not so easily to be dealt with; especially in this greatest and most important question. The old form of kingship, best imitation of a patriarchal power, extended over patriarchs and their families in the infant stages of the social world: it remains, after all experience, best adapted to man, so long as his vices and consequent infirmities retain him in an infant state. Look at your greatest and wisest peoples, moved, like little children, by a fit of passion; breaking one moment the human toys that they delighted in but yesterday. Look at the De Witts, torn in pieces by the fat Dutch hands that dully clapped applause of every action of their statesman a few hours before. No, my friend! Your democracy, as some one said of it long ago, is as su-



perior to monarchy as a sundial is to a clock; but *the sun must always shine!* Whenever the period shall arrive which good men and wise have hoped to see; when popular impulse, the character of youth, is merged in public opinion, the character of age;—then welcome be democracy, universal suffrage, vote by ballot—all that the most unbounded desire can claim from unrestrained indulgence! It is not the king, but the kingship, that I would stand by, and with my last breath defend.”

“Be it so,” said Fletcher, waiving the subject, on which he did not think Paterson well qualified to speak; “we will now only speak of politics as they effect your plans. Away to Scotland with you, and there bring out your project. Very jealousy will make these Southrons take an interest in it then; they will hasten to rival our poor countrymen in their subscriptions; and, having done so, will make an interest at court (which a Scotchman never could effect) for the protection of the scheme.”

Paterson at once yielded to the force of these arguments, even before he saw the eyes of his patient wife brighten at the thoughts of revisiting her native land. After some further discussion, Paterson left the room to keep an appointment, and to prosecute arrangements consequent on this new plan. Alice withdrew, as if by accident, at the same time, and Fletcher was left alone with her cousin.

Isobel was still beautiful, but long and anxious thought had given greater depth and some sadness to her eyes, and her cheek had become pale, as of those who keep long vigils. She had become almost ascetic in self-discipline. The natural tendency of woman's heart is to love that to which it makes the greatest sacrifices. Hence even in human relationship, mothers love best the son, wives the husband, who has given them most cause for anxiety: as if they were unconsciously grateful for the causes of that self-abnegation which so much and so often ennoble woman: still more in the higher feelings—in matters relating to the soul. Isobel clung the more fondly and devoutly to the faith for the sake of which she had flung away her earthly happiness. Had she been more favourably situated, she would probably (as so many have done before or since her poor heart had its trial) have betaken herself to works of mercy and charity, in order to occupy her excited mind.

But, immured in the narrow precincts of her city home, she was obliged to turn inward for an occupation ; and, like the victims of convents, she strove, by physical privation, to deaden or divert her mental misery. In vain her sister affectionately sought to console her ; she hugged her grief to her heart, and "would not be comforted." Alice, herself happy in her union with Paterson, thought that marriage would win her cousin from her romantic sorrow. She had long considered Alvaro as lost to Isobel, and had of late gladly observed the deep interest which Fletcher seemed to take in her cousin's society. To Alice, Alvaro was merely a handsome, generous, and accomplished man, the friend of her husband. He was gone, and there was an end of him, as she supposed. No one, not even our nearest and dearest friend, ever exchanges his or her views of those we love for ours.

The imaginative but stern nature of Fletcher felt a strong sympathy with his fair countrywoman's character. The nature of her trial was well known to him, and while he almost deplored her constancy, he loved her the better for it. He, too, was a lonely, sorrow-stricken man. Might not two such negatives make an affirmative ? He had often hinted this question to Isobel, but his purpose seemed so incomprehensible to her, that hints were of no avail. He now determined to speak boldly. Alice had probably divined his intention, and therefore she had afforded him the opportunity he sought. He was alone with the maiden widow.

After a long pause, he observed to her that she did not seem pleased with the thought of leaving London. She replied, that "all places were the same to her, except for one reason ; she heard more news in London, and that amused her." In fact, she was like those who have lost dear relatives at sea, and who love to soothe their sorrow by sitting on the shore and watching the waves as they come and go ; in some dreamy expectation that somehow they may bring tidings of those who have gone down among their fellows. Such was the news that Isobel watched for by the ebb and flow of life's great stream in London.

"Why, then, should she not remain in London, and make happy the home of a faithful, loving friend ?" asked Fletcher, with an almost faltering voice. Isobel looked up

in surprise, and only read the meaning of the question in his ardent eyes. She replied with a grave, sorrowful, reproachful look, and left him alone to his own reflections.

That same evening, he set out for Edinburgh, where he explained the Darien project to Lord Stair with such eloquence and force, that Paterson was welcomed by the Scottish minister immediately on his arrival; and the fame of him was rapidly diffused over the fair city of Edinburgh.

### CHAPTER III.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?

No—but you've heard;—I understand. Be dumb,

And don't regret the time you may have lost;

For you have got that pleasure yet to come.

I say I do believe a haunted spot

Exists . . . . .

BYRON.

THE maternal kin of Alice Paterson began to relax in their indignation towards her dead mother, as soon as her marriage to the Laird of Tinwald was made known. But when her husband became famous, their forgiveness of the orphan assumed the warm hues of affection. Isobel, too, became an object of interest, and of several addresses from kinsfolk whose names she scarcely knew. She felt more indifferent on this subject, because she thought that she would soon be beyond the reach of earthly ties, and she looked forward to that time with almost unmingled pleasure. As soon, however, as she found herself with Alice once more at sea, on their way to Edinburgh, her health and strength revived, and she began even to cherish some faint earthly hopes.

No sooner was Paterson landed in Scotland, than his countrymen of all ranks began to crowd about him, eager to offer (and accept) any service. Among them came the Laird of Torwoodlee, to claim kinship with Dame Paterson and her bonnie cousin. In one of the many vicissitudes that befall ancient families, he had become involved in considerable difficulties; and he hoped in the golden scheme of Darien to profit by the relationship with Alice, which he had formerly ignored. With him came his son,—a frank,



kind-hearted, manly lad, whose highest ambition was to join the expedition that already filled the minds of all Scotland with vague, unbounded hope. The father and son, on finding that nothing could be done in this matter immediately, returned home, accompanied by Isobel, who longed once more to see the hills of the "Forestshire," and to hear Tweed's waters flow.

As she rode along the wild and picturesque banks of Gala Water, accompanied by young Torwoodlee, she listened with delight to the legends that linger round that haunted stream. As her blue eyes were fixed in deep interest on the narrator, he soon began to feel their subtle though unconscious power. The romantic adventures she had undergone; the pensive sorrow that seemed to have had its source in regions far away; her singular beauty and sweet, mellow voice, soon penetrated the young Scot's warm heart. Gradually he prevailed on her to speak of the distant lands that she had seen; and as they were brightly pictured to him in her words, he longed still more for the hour that should find him on his ocean way thither, in search of the wealth and fame that might render him less diffident in such a presence as that of Isobel.

When at length the travellers crossed the winding Gala for the last time, and turned into the fair woodlands of Torwoodlee, Isobel, with a smile, hoped that all the spirit-world was not left behind on the mountain; and that she should find some at the antique house that now appeared in view. The old laird turned away his head, affecting not to hear her; and soon afterwards pushed on his horse, as he said, to announce her coming.

"My father," said the young laird, "does na like to spak' o' sic things; the last he saw o' my puir brother was his wraith, moving along just there, beneath the trees that shade the bowlin' green."

Isobel shuddered, as if she had invoked a spirit which had suddenly appeared; but her companion continued his story in a low sad voice.

"My puir brother, only a year older than me, went to sea twa year ago; and when he was expectit back, my father filled the auld house wi' kinsfolk to gie him welcome. One evening (it was as fine and calm as it is now), after supper, my father was going to his ain room (the window is up

there, overlooking us), when he thought he heard the sound of a horse's feet. He looked out, and saw a tall, white flame running along where we are riding now, and it crossed yon bowling green, and disappeared under my father's window. He didna like to tell o't, and he went down stairs, and out upon the green, and there he saw the same apparition; and it seemed to come frae the far end o' the avenue, and run up to him all at once, and hover round his feet, and then it disappeared. Again, when he was going to bed, my father kneeled down as usual to pray for his absent son; and once mair he saw that white light rinnin' along, and it came hoverin' in through the window and disappeared on the hearthstane, and then my father ken'd that his poor son was dead: soon afterwards came up upon the night air the storm that had wrecked my brother far awa', and its fury will be long remembered, both on land and sea."\*

The young laird repeated this tale with an air of perfect reliance on its truth, and Isobel soon learned that she was entering a house in which supernatural agencies were almost too common to be remarked upon. But in the kind welcome which she received at Torwoodlee, and in the deep but indefinable delight of returning health, she forgot all her fears. She soon learned to occupy herself by taking a share in the household concerns, which still further tended to restore her natural cheerfulness. Young Torwoodlee was daily more attracted towards her; but he felt like the mariner in the fairy tale, as if he were always approaching the island which he could never reach.

For time, as it stole on, obliterated no single recollection of Alvaro from her mind. She followed him in imagination not only on the sea, over the desert, through strange minaretted cities; but in the arguments that she thought he held with his own heart. And thus, being daily in his company, as it were, she did not feel that he was so *very* distant. She

\* This legend may now be heard from the lips of a remarkable old woman, who is a sort of hereditary fixture to the ruins of the old house in which her father and grandfather (who heard this tale from the old laird himself) lived before her. There are some picturesque remains of this old house, once famed for hospitality,—a character which suffers no diminution in the new house, under the auspices of its present possessor.

would scarcely have been surprised to see him at any time; though she sometimes shuddered as she looked along the shadowy avenue, and thought of the pale flame that so recently was seen to move along it, as if upon a solemn mission from the other world.

Paterson had now been for some time settled in Edinburgh; and his project had been published and dilated upon, with all the eloquence of an ardent imagination, inspired by a lofty purpose.

It was an age of speculation and daring enterprise. A commercial spirit was just then beginning to stir in Scotland. Men's minds were groping about among dark theories for something palpable; and they seized upon the magnificent scheme of Paterson with avidity. His modest lodging became at once the centre of attraction. From the earliest dawn till midnight, men of all creeds, politics, and ranks of life besieged his room, where, surrounded by maps and plans, the earnest speculator imparted and distributed his own hopes to all; and expatiated on their foundation until they expanded into conviction in his hearers' hearts. The wilderness of Darien became as familiar to the Scottish imagination as the Lothians. The produce, natural and possible, of the far-off American soil, its trees, its hills, its mines, its waters,—were the common and constant theme of discussion. Old puritanical ministers, young scapegraces of dissipation, sages, subtle politicians, and even women, were alike possessed with the same subject. The very gaberlunzie could tell that "Darien lies between the golden regions of Mexico and Peru; it is within six weeks' sail of Europe, India, and China; it is in the heart of the West Indies, close to the rising colonies of North America. The expense and danger of navigation to Japan, the Spice Islands, and all the Eastern world, will be lessened one-half, the consumption of European commodities and manufactures will soon be doubled. Trade will increase trade; money will beget money; and the trading world will need no more to want work for its hands, but hands for its work."

Thus the whole mass of society became suddenly leavened with the leaven of one active and imaginative mind. To eager listeners, Paterson would describe what he himself had heard and seen: and his words, repeated, grew into such



shape as follows, most of which may still be read in the old pamphlets of that day :

“Darien possesseth great tracts of country as yet unclaimed by any European. The Indians, original proprietors of the soil, will welcome to their fertile shores the honest, honourable settler. Their soil is rich to a fault, producing spontaneously the most delicious fruits, and requiring the hand of labour to chasten rather than to stimulate its capabilities. There, crystal rivers sparkle over sands of gold ; there, the traveller may wander for days under a natural canopy formed by the fruit-laden branches of trees, whose wood is of inestimable value. The very waters abound in wealth. Innumerable shoals of fish disport themselves among coral rocks, and the bottom of the sea is strewn with pearls. From the first dawn of creation, this enchanted land had lain secluded from mortal eyes ; to the present generation, to Scottish enterprise, it was now revealed. Let us enter and take possession of the promised land. There a new city, a new Edinburgh, shall arise ; the Alexandria of old, which, seated on a barren isthmus, grew suddenly into prodigious wealth and power by the mere commerce of Arabia and Ind, shall soon yield in fame to the new emporium of the world.”

Such were the rumours that spread abroad rapidly among the people of Scotland. Wafer, the great traveller, and a disinterested authority, gave them his support. Nor was the enthusiasm bounded by the Tweed—the glories of the future colonies were soon familiar in the mouths and ears of England. London speedily caught up the infection. Even the cold and cautious ear of William the Third was won by the great scheme, and in an evil hour for Scotland he gave it his assent.

Paterson then passed on to Hamburgh, in which great mart, and among the friendly citizens of which his first ideas of commerce had expanded. Hamburgh caught the flame of his enthusiasm. In a few days the projector was so overwhelmed with applications for shares that he was fain to return to Edinburgh, lest his own country should be supplanted by foreign capitalists. Fame and fortune rolled in upon him with a sudden tide like that of his own Solway. He had already conjured up by his own words sufficient wealth and forces to carry out his schemes upon the grandest scale.

His name was in every mouth ; his slightest expressions were quoted as oracles. The Scottish Parliament was assembled to consider, and of course to approve, his scheme.

Then it was that he gave the noble instance of disinterestedness which alone might immortalize his name. In the original project he had claimed the modest remuneration of two per cent. on such money as should be subscribed ; and this was in consideration of the great outlay of capital as well as devotion of his time, which maturing the project had required. He now made a simple and unconditional release of all his claims upon the fund.\*

So far all went well. The subscription lists were full and closed. Scotland had contributed £400,000, half of all the circulating capital in the country ; England added £300,000, Hamburgh and Holland made up £200,000 more. With this vast sum, considering the time, Paterson and his associates went to work with energy ; drawing freely on their supposed capital for the equipment of the first expedition on a scale commensurate with its importance. Its proposed magnitude surprised even the London merchants. A panic suddenly seized the East India Company.† They remonstrated by petition to the king. The English parliament then met, and the Darien scheme was too popular a subject not to be made a matter of eager debate. The feeling of the parliament was hostile. It even impeached some of its members for joining in a scheme "so injurious to English commerce." The king saw fit to yield to the altered tone of public feeling ; he actually made a sort of apology for the encouragement he had bestowed upon the scheme ; he

\* "It was not suspicion," thus his renunciation runs, "of the justice or gratitude of the company ; nor a consciousness that my services could ever become useless to them, but the ingratitude of some individuals, which made it common prudence on my part to ask a retribution for six years' time and ten thousand pounds spent in establishing the company. But now I see it standing on the authority of Parliament, and supported by so many great and good men, I release all claim to that retribution ;—happy in the noble concession made to me, but happier in the return I can now make for it."

† The East Indies (to be traded with from the opposite side of the isthmus) had been unhappily inserted in the charter to Paterson's company, as being within the limits of their power to trade ; and, in order to give themselves as wide a scope as possible, "Africa" had been also added.

confessed "that he had been ill-advised in Scotland," and he at once revoked all his favourable dispositions toward the company. The English subscriptions were withdrawn, and under a threat of England's displeasure, Hamburgh and Holland, after some squabbling (and deprecating any fear of England as their motive for doing so), likewise withdrew.

Scotland was then left to conduct her enterprise single-handed, only guarded by such privileges to the company as the king had not ventured to retract. Far more merciful would it have been to have suppressed it utterly, than first have allowed the expedition to take place, and then cruelly have consigned its volunteers to destruction!

But in the same proportion that the English resources and prospects with respect to the Darien scheme were failing, the hopes and enthusiasm of the Scots grew strong. It was evident that the jealousy and the fears of great England were aroused: what more certain than that there was cause for their envy? The ministers, always a weighty and influential body in the north, preached on the falling off, and compared it to the recreancy of the Israelites, who lingered and hung back to lap the stream, while Joshua pressed forward with his true conquerors.

Among the first who were attracted by the glare of this new project was John Law, of whom we have obtained a glimpse in the earlier pages of this history. His name was now well known in most of the capitals of Europe as a most daring and successful gambler,—a profession not then branded with the infamy which in later days has consigned to it the rank next to robbery. Gaming was almost universally practised by all classes of life; monarchs set the example; and there was even a court-mourning game—picquet—which might be played in the chambers of death without breach of decorum,—at least such decorum as was practised in the court of Louis XV. Ombre, basset, and faro were looked upon as so many drawing-room sciences, in which it was necessary for every aspirant to society to have taken his degree. Gaming was as full of adventure, indirectly, as of pecuniary vicissitudes. Dangerous assistance rendered at a critical moment; trust bestowed with a liberal confidence; the bitterest sacrifices submitted to, in order to save credit; hasty words answered at the point of



the sword; imputed stains washed out in blood. The "Board of Green Cloth" was an arena for all the passions to expatiate in; it conferred its own peculiar fame; it had its own Napoleons, Machiavellis, and Thurtells; all casualties, and all human results might be found there—except peace and honour.

John Law was the Napoleon of the gambling world. His fortune never finally forsook him until it had culminated in the Mississippi scheme, and brought princes and their minions to his feet. He had had his temporary reverses in the early part of his career, however, and had sold his patrimony of Lauriston on his father's death; but his mother had contrived to purchase it, and kept it in the family; even while, with the proceeds of its sale, Law was amassing a considerable fortune.

Paterson's scheme of the Bank of England had turned in that direction the attention of his enterprising young kinsman, who, amidst all his dissipations, had found time to study deeply financial mysteries at Paris and Amsterdam. The Darien scheme, too, riveted his attention, though he happened to be at that time in exile for the death of a "friend," named Wilson; whom he had unintentionally killed in a duel in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

During Paterson's visit to Hamburgh, Law assisted in spreading his doctrines, but when England withdrew from the undertaking he seems also to have abandoned it. He gave credit to the foresight of the cold, clear-headed monarch. He saw that unless William was prepared to enter on a war with Spain, he could not countenance a trespass on a country to which she advanced a claim, however ridiculous in its foundation. Therefore, while Law cursed for his country's and his friend's sake the permission at first freely given to the Darien scheme, and then cruelly withdrawn, he thought he saw in that withdrawal a proof of the king's future policy towards Spain; and he contented himself with speculating on the result of that policy. In Edinburgh, his secession was contemptuously spoken of. "What did it signify," they said, "on what side 'Jessamy John' staked his card?" But those who had observed John's depth of penetration argued differently.

The hope and faith of the Scottish people soared all the higher for the desertion of their allies. The preparations

for the expedition were pressed forward. Diminished by more than half as were their resources, the equipment lost nothing of its pretensions. The consequence was, that five ships sailed with a stinted and miserable provision, scarcely sufficient to have carried them in comfort on a cruising voyage among Christian lands; much less across the wide Atlantic, through hostile regions, along savage shores.

But the hopes of Paterson and the enthusiasm of his followers were not to be depressed. The chivalry of Scotland was aroused, and hundreds of men of high family exchanged their prospects in their own country for the golden hopes of America, with all its doubts and dangers. The chief difficulty experienced by the company was the selection from such a number of volunteers; unfortunately, in many instances interest prevailed, and obtained the promotion of some undisciplined scapegrace, to the exclusion of the hard-working, earnest man, who might have done far better service. The same fault pervaded other departments of the expedition. The great mind of Paterson could not inspire all the council to whom the affair was confided with his own single-heartedness and integrity. Almost every one of its members sought to make a profit out of his office. The ships themselves, the provisions, the arms, everything that was bought with a price, were all contracted for in a manner which enriched the patrons, but was rued by many a brave emigrant doomed to perish in their service.

In all immature and half-civilised communities there is a strong tendency to job; and at the prospect of this great opportunity, the Scots rushed on its perquisites like vultures on a prey,—like them, to batten on corruption. Some wanted to provide for themselves, others for a relation, or to get him out of the way. Many a one on his own account wished to leave Scotland, and sought only a free passage from a dangerous home. Hence the members of the expedition were as ill-fitted for their purpose as the ships themselves.

The difficulty of collecting the subscriptions was great, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the subscribers. It was a period of severe scarcity, moreover, and provisions were enormously dear; hence the temptation to adulterate them was greater than usual, and it was extensively done. Scotland was dishonoured by the promoters of her first and last

attempt to found a colony; William III. did not do more to cause the ruin of the expedition than these earnest yet dishonourable men.

At length the expedition was pronounced ready to set sail. The rotten ships, gaily painted and bedecked with flaunting flags, were filled with rotten provisions, most carefully made up in order to conceal the imposture. Certain bales of goods and merchandise, also of a very inferior description, were placed in the ships, in order to traffic with the natives of the Land of Promise as well as with the Christian inhabitants of the West Indian Islands, for provisions. With these goods invoices were sent, fixing exorbitant value upon every article.

To crown all, these ill-fated ships were commanded by coarse, brutal, and ignorant captains, jealous of and hostile to one another. The "Council" which accompanied them had no superior, no decisive authority. There was no chief, and every one aspired to command; the ingenuity of man could not have devised a plan more evidently anarchical. Paterson had been allowed no voice in any of the proposed arrangements; through jealousy, he had not even been named as one of the Council. He entered his ship as ignorant of her equipment as any seaman on board. He proposed, indeed, even then, to hold an inspection of the stores before the ships weighed anchor, but this was angrily forbidden, for reasons which are not difficult to divine.

At Torwoodlee, as in many other houses throughout Scotland, the preparations for the expedition were watched with all-absorbing interest. At length young Pringle received notice that the ships were to sail in a few days, and he prepared to join them. His father (so great was the enthusiasm about the cause) did not remonstrate against his purpose. Hope, amounting almost to certainty, filled every heart in Scotland; even patriotism lent its countenance to a scheme that was to bestow sudden greatness on the country that gave it birth. The young laird would, therefore, have left his home with a light heart if he could have obtained any hope from Isobel of the dearest future reward that he ever dreamed of. But for this he could not even ask; his fair kinswoman was too ill to see him. At the very time when she was most anxious to repair to Edinburgh to join Alice, she had been seized with sickness which



threatened her very existence until long after the expedition had set sail.

It was a satisfaction to young Torwoodlee, however, to find himself destined to sail in the same ship with Alice, and he attached himself to Paterson with a fidelity that remained unshaken to the last.

There was one other person in the whole expedition upon whom Paterson could entirely rely. His faithful wife was with him; still hopeful, gentle, uncomplaining, fearless. She entirely believed in her husband's mission; and, with many other enthusiasts, considered that it little signified how imperfect were the preparations,—so certain and so speedy must be the success of the expedition. One only sorrow or regret was weighing on her mind, that of separating, under such circumstances, from Isobel, who would fain have been allowed to embark with the rest, even if she was to breathe her last sighs among the emigrants. But the chiefs were scrupulous in every matter out of which no profit could be made, and they would not admit one sickly person to the ships.

Young Torwoodlee was accompanied to the sea-shore by his father, who almost envied the youth his honourable hope of being able to win from the wildernesses of the west, sufficient wealth to redeem the acres of Torwoodlee from their burdens of debt.

There were not a few such aspirants about to sail in those fated ships; no less than three hundred, it is said, of the best blood in Scotland were among the emigrants. With them, went many of their servants and husbandmen; determined, with clansman loyalty, to follow the fortunes of their young masters for good or ill, whithersoever they they might lead. These poor fellows also left behind them all their household ties,—for the heart of Scotland, high and low, went with the Darien Expedition.

## CHAPTER IV.

The distant coronach I hear,  
And a moan across the wave ;  
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer  
Salute the parting brave.

LONDON.

THE 26th of July, 1698, was a memorable day for Scotland. The morning dawned brightly ; the sea and sky smiled under the sunshine ; soft breezes spread the banner of St. Andrew wide ; and the various flags of the Darien ships fluttered seaward, as if impatiently.

Who can describe the conflict of solemn hopes and mysterious fears that filled the hearts of the assembled multitude—the parents, brothers, sisters, lovers, who darkened the Scottish shore,—who gathered round the gallant band about to embark on an expedition as full of danger as of glory !

There is no departure so impressive as that by sea. Those whose hands we have but now grasped fervently in our,—those whose last faltering words are still in our ear,—are now with us—now fading away in distance ; gradually becoming invisible—absorbed into the sea and sky—gone, like those who die ; except that even the very form we have long loved for the sake of the spirit within, is likewise gone.

The hour of embarkation is now arrived. There is everywhere a stir and restlessness throughout the Darien fleet, their crews, their friends ; the very waves seem to sympathise in the agitation, tossing up their bitter spray against those who crowd to the water's edge ; the breezes sigh through the shrouds of the ships like airy voices, summoning them away.

At length the last farewells are spoken. Paterson is the first to enter the first boat ; then, as each name is called, his comrades leap from their native shore on board, with a brave air. The guards are busy in keeping off the crowds who seek to share the fate of the expedition ; hundreds of rejected soldiers and sailors cling to the hope that at last they yet may be taken. Now the last boat shoves off with

a hearty cheer, broken by sobs, and prayers uttered aloud, which man as well as God may hear. Then the separation is complete. Though the ships are near the shore, and the forms of those on board may be perceived, none can be distinctly traced: if one waves a handkerchief, a thousand tear-fraught eyes hail it as a parting signal from their own Johnnie or their dear Sandy. The sailors now cluster on the yards and rigging. The sails are spread. The wild but solemn strains, with which seamen chime to the tramp around the capstan as they heave the anchor, peals along the waves. The ships turn slowly from the shore; they recede into the Frith. Slowly they pass away into the open sea beyond; and not until the last speck that betokened a ship full of friends and hopes and fears had vanished, did the anxious crowd retire from the shore.

A sleepless night is said to have followed that trying day in Edinburgh; and it was only by degrees that the people subsided from the excitement of the departing expedition into their ordinary labours of head and hand. Still more slowly did this wide gap—the aching void left in so many families—begin to close. Mothers yearned for their sons, maidens for their lovers; fathers and brothers mourned, too, after their fashion; but the earnest business of life brushed aside from them the sorrow that preyed upon her who could only knit or spin or sew. Autumn was now come, and harvest approached, with all its cares; and the foliage faded, or rather brightened into varied hues: many a free step was missed that August upon the heather, where the muir-fowl crowed in security, since the young laird or chieftain was “over the hills and far awa’.”

The manor-house of Torwoodlee seemed lonely then. Its young chieftain had been its pride, and hope, and very life: the father knew not, until his son was fairly gone, how much of his heart had gone away with him. Isobel, as she slowly recovered from her illness, could

“See the white sorrow steal over his hair:” \*

but the laird was always kind to his guest, for the love that his beloved son had borne her, as well as for his own.

\* This expression occurs in an Irish poem said to be a thousand years old: it was translated in the able “Dublin University Magazine.”



Meanwhile the ships pursued their course towards Darien with favouring gales. The spirits of the emigrants rose as they advanced. Paterson continued to discourse with his singular eloquence on the glorious prospects that awaited them. There were hopes for every one. The highlanders listened with delight to the accounts of Spanish settlements which might prove hostile; and thus might afford excuse for gallant raids in which golden booty might be "lifted," instead of the lean cattle that formed the spoil of Gaelic forays. Missionaries heard of docile Indians, who hated Papistry because their Spanish oppressors held that faith. Husbandmen dwelt with delight on the subject of the soil; the rich, deep virgin loam that gave double harvests in each year, without manure; of the prickly pine-apple hedges, that were to yield delicious fruits, as well as form impassable hedges. The young sportsmen longed for the forest, where they could pursue the peccary and tapir under the shade of wide-branching trees, beneath whose high arcades horses could gallop for miles without an obstacle; and of the deep streams swarming with large fish, and of the turtle and sea-cow, abounding in the estuaries. The more daring and aspiring rejoiced in the stories of the buccaneers,—in the romantic accounts of banks of pearl-oysters, guarded by the demoniac cat-fish and the cruel remora. The avaricious dreamed of the bright rivers with golden sands—of the emeralds and sapphires; and of the mysterious island beyond the isthmus, where gold lay massed in lumps within the rocks, and in flakes without; and whose marvellous wealth had been hitherto preserved by the fierce serpents and other reptiles that abounded in its dense jungle. All these trifling obstacles would soon give way before Scottish ardour, and bill-hooks and flames!

Time passed full swiftly in the indulgence of such visions; and when the ships entered into the latitude of the trade winds, and sped along with unchanging sails for week after week, the sailors became joyous and frolicsome in their idleness. Thus, in high hope and spirits, the adventurers traversed the Atlantic with favouring breezes; and on the 30th of October they came in sight of the New World. A wide and vague extent of islands, and bold cliffs, and swampy shores, was there; along these the mariners groped their way cautiously, until, on the 1st of November, they came in sight of the long-desired Golden

Island. Gloriously beautiful it seemed to the delighted eyes of the emigrants, with its rich foliage and graceful undulations of bright green sward, and lofty trees bending over the calm crystalline sea, in which their abounding fruit and plummy foliage was reflected. The isle was only three miles in circumference, but it stood forth like a beautiful specimen of the vast regions that lay beyond. All that was visible seemed as fair—the same wild luxuriance of vegetation; the same promise of fertility; the same loveliness of feature, to which the distant mountains gave deeper interest in Scottish eyes.

When "Land!" had first been announced, a triumphant shout hailed the scenes of their future destiny. Paterson heard in that cheering sound the voice of a far different destiny from that which his companions pictured to themselves. Before him, at the mouth of the harbour, lay the Golden Island; within, among the forests, gleamed the Golden River; high up, in the mountains, his eye could trace where lay the Golden Mines of Cana. But it was not of gold he then thought—far nobler visions occupied his mind. No greater idea than his had been formed since the time of Columbus:—the connection of the two great oceans; the abolition of distance and of danger; the saving of time—so important to man, whose schemes are so far extended and whose life is so short!

On that lonely and neglected shore his imagination pictured the cities of a great colony; founded, as never colony before was founded, on principles of perfect freedom of religion and of trade. "This union of the two great oceans, this door of the seas and key of the universe," as the projector described it, "was to form a nucleus for a new system of beneficent wealth and benignant power."

At that moment, with twelve hundred well-armed and able men, the empire of Spain in America might have been overthrown. All the lands that she had devastated, from the north of Mexico to the south of Chili, might have been won for Scotland. But Paterson had no such views. His great object was, by respecting all existing rights, to render those of his own colony respected. He calculated, from previous knowledge of the Indians, on finding them friendly to his cause; and he believed that the weakness of the Spaniards would at least insure their neutrality.

And now behold the little fleet of Scottish ships entering the fine harbour of Acta, slowly and cautiously. The entrance is not only narrow, but guarded by diagonal shelves of rocks, between which you can alone steer in safety. Thus, vessels entering this harbour appear as if they were sailing for the opposite shore; or as if, even with a leading wind, they were tacking to their destination. Once within the harbour's mouth, however, the basin is all that a seaman can desire: almost land-locked, and of capacity to hold five hundred ships; deep sand at bottom, and the water so clear, that five fathom deep you can see the shells and coral fragments as through the purest glass. A wide bay, fringed with a yellow shore, which seemed to the eager eyes of the emigrants like golden sands, spread round. Mangroves drooped into the water in many places, and were laden with oysters as with fruit. Above this leafy shore arose stately and graceful trees, opening at intervals in pleasant glades; then hills succeeded, bounded by mountains, whence flowed many streams, flashing in cascades among the rocks, or gleaming in tranquil rivers along the plain.

But the Golden Island, where the emigrants first disembarked, lies at the entrance of that bay. Landed thereon, they clambered up to the highest point upon the island, and followed with delighted eyes the finger of Paterson, as he pointed out the various beauties of the promised land. Every spot visible on the wild horizon was full of interest to them. Each bay might shelter friendly fleets; each tuft of palm-trees might shade an adventurer's future home; each bold promontory might support a fortress on which their dear country's flag should wave!

Amid the distraction caused by so many objects and so many thoughts presented at once to the imagination, it was some time before they settled on the spot which Paterson proudly pointed out, as if destined by nature for their future city. About a cannon shot to the southward, a peninsula, with a deep harbour at its extremity, stretched into the sea. The outer arm of the harbour was lofty and commanding, affording not only shelter but shade, to the water within. The other arm of the harbour was low, and as well fitted for artificial defence as the opposite part was formidable by nature. But within these defences and their protected



harbour, lay a wide, calm, sheltered bay, capable of containing all the fleets of Europe. From its western shore two fine rivers discharged themselves into the bay; and rich savannahs and orange and palm-tree groves bordered the seaboard round.

## CHAPTER V.

City! whose name should have adorn'd the world!  
 Thou might'st have been all I ever dream'd,  
 In form, and feature, and material strength:  
 The ingenious boldness, the creative will,—  
 Which from some weak uncertain plots of sand,  
 Cast up among the waters, could erect  
 Foundations firm as on the central ground,—  
 The art which changed thy huts to palaces,  
 And bade the God of Ocean's temples rise  
 Conspicuous far above the crystal plain,—  
 The ever-active nerve of Industry  
 That bound the Orient to the Occident.

*(Altered from) MILNES.*

THE adventurers' ships had cast anchor, and now lay at rest in the magnificent harbour which Paterson had long destined to receive them,—forerunners, as he hoped, of the commercial navies of all nations. And had it not been for England's fatal jealousy, and her king's unworthy prejudice, there is little doubt that a city would there have been founded, to which all the commercial capitals of the world must finally have yielded precedence.

But it must be owned that there was one other obstacle to success,—the modesty of the great contriver of the scheme. Though Paterson had intellect to devise the gigantic plan of settlement, and benevolence to render it a blessing, he wanted the bold nature and iron will which enabled a Cortez and a Pizarro to control their own followers, and to found an empire. There was no recognised leader in the expedition. He who devised had not sufficient wise

injustice to claim it ; and in the absence of a lawful supreme authority, an anarchy hydra arose to destroy it.

At first, however, all promised well. The colonists, in ignorance of their new home, bowed in everything to the authority of him who alone was at home there. By his direction the ships took up their station opposite to the little peninsula that was to sustain the fort of St. Andrew. It was evening when their anchors dropped, and they rested after their long voyage ; yet few on board knew sleep that night. Busy thoughts and glowing anticipations kept every one awake ; and by the first dawn all the boats were crowded and pulling swiftly towards the long-sought-for shore. Paterson was the first to land. He knelt and offered up a fervent thanksgiving for the safety and hope that had been vouchsafed to him and his companions. Each Scotsman, as he landed, likewise knelt, and the whole expedition soon formed one great congregation on that unsheltered shore. Their spontaneous prayer being ended, they rose and embraced one another in the impulse of mutual congratulation. They looked round on the magnificent country they had come to claim, and they could scarcely believe their happiness.

It was in the very spring-time of that climate. A genial sunshine poured its glory on the stately forests, the green valleys, and the crystal waters that surrounded them. Sweet balmy odours floated on the breeze, the woods resounded with the melody of brilliant birds.

By universal consent the emigrants made holiday after landing. They hunted the wild boar ; they fished in the abounding streams and swarming seas : they explored the woods, where almost every bough was bending with fruit ; and in the soft calm evenings they would climb to the summit of a lofty hill, that looked far out upon the sea, with all its wooded islands ; there, they would gaze long and earnestly towards their far-distant home ; and with mute lips, but sympathising eyes, communicate each to the other, pleasant yet mournful thoughts of Scotland.

At length the holiday, as if by general consent, was ended, and the emigrants set themselves resolutely to work. The peninsula was first fortified, and sixty guns, brought from the ships, were mounted on the infant battlements. They then, with manful labour, cut a canal across the little isthmus,

and rendered their peninsula an island. The heart and thought of home were in all they did. The new fort was called St. Andrew's, and the surrounding region that it was to defend received the name of Caledonia. Huts were hastily built of precious woods, that were there mere lumber; woods, that by European skill, produce rich dyes, or drugs, or shine, polished, as the chief ornament of palaces.

While thus employed, the settlers were, of course, unable to attend to the cultivation of the land. But this gave them little concern, for the ships were supposed to contain provision for many months to come; supplies were expected soon to follow them from Edinburgh, and at all events the West Indian Islands abounded in all that men could desire for food.

While his companions were employed in fortifying the island and erecting huts, Paterson undertook a journey into the interior, in order to make treaties with the natives, and to obtain from them a righteous title to the land upon which the hope of Scotland hung. He considered himself an invader until he had obtained a sanction for his settlement from those natives whom the Spaniards considered worthy only of slavery or death.\*

Even with those Spaniards he desired, if possible, to have peace and a good understanding. Deputies from the little colony were sent to the nearest Spanish settlements to ask for welcome; to declare that the Scots offered free liberty of conscience and free liberty of traffic to all mankind within their settlements; that they would injure no man, and invade no nation's rights.

When these deputies had departed, Paterson, with two others, set out to seek the savage king of Darien, who lived among the hills, two days' journey from St. Andrew's. A few Indians, already conciliated by the gentle Scot, served

\* In 1509, Ferdinand gave to Ojeda all America, from Cape Vela to the Gulf of Darien; to Niguessa all the space thence to Cape Gracias à Dios. These exclusive proprietors were to inform the natives of the tenets of Christianity; and to explain to them that the Pope had bestowed all Indians on the King of Spain: if they proved *rebellious*, they were to be slain or enslaved. But the Indians of the Isthmus did not consent to this arrangement. They showed fight, and their poisoned arrows and climate soon drove the remnant of the Spaniards (unable to return to San Domingo) to Santa Maria, where they fortified themselves.



as guides, and carried the presents of beads and cutlery intended for the royal savage.\*

Alice was left behind to the care of the colonists, and her brave husband set out cheerfully on his mission. At first he found the country devoid of inhabitants; though it was most pleasantly diversified with green savannahs and cool forests, beneath whose shade he travelled for many miles. The dread of the Spaniards, rather than of the buccaneers, had induced the Indians to retire from all the seaboard into the recesses of their hills. As the ambassadors proceeded, they found the country cultivated in the simple manner of the Indians. Maize, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and pine-apples, were found in profusion. The dwellings of the native people were very slight, and only roofed with palmetto leaves; but they appeared to want for nothing that conduces to the simple luxuries of savage life. Among their magnificent cedar forests they passed a joyous and comparatively innocent existence, with merely enough of labour to fulfil man's destiny of exertion. When the hour of rest from their light labours came, they lay down in *hamacs* made of cocoa fibre, and suspended from two boughs; and in these they rocked themselves, children of nature as they were, into calm and careless slumber.

Paterson, who had made himself acquainted with their language, was everywhere received with kindness and high distinction. The priest of the people prophesied that he was come on a mission of great prosperity to Darien, and favourable report from every mouth heralded his approach to the sovereign. Towards the evening of the second day's journey from St. Andrew's he approached a forest which resounded with wild but pleasant music. On entering one of its many avenues, they beheld a numerous group of musicians, playing on reeds, and attended by a large party of people, who from time to time joined the music in "a chorus of loud humming." As soon as the ambassadors approached them the musicians turned towards the hills,

\* All the biographical sketches of Paterson, and all the histories of Darien, admit this remarkable expedition. I found a brief account of it in a pamphlet in the British Museum. It is contained in a small octavo volume entitled "History of Caledonia." The mark is C. 8. The reader who is curious in such matters, will find much interest in this little book, which I only quote from memory.

and changed their march into a complicated dance, which continued until they crossed a small savannah and approached a lofty isolated grove, beneath which they learned that the king was seated. Then the male musicians ceased dancing and recommenced their melodies; a group of beautiful women at the same time bounded forth from the covert of the woods; their graceful forms wore scarcely any concealment, but they glittered with golden ornaments, and their heads were wreathed with garlands of flowers which they cast at the feet of the white men, and then proceeded, dancing before them, towards the king.

The swarthy potentate was at length discovered, seated on a characteristic throne of mahogany logs, which were covered partially with Spanish crimson cloth. He wore "a diadem of gold, ten inches high," and a light cotton robe alone enveloped his tall and manly person. Not only earrings, but a nose-ring, were added to his other ornaments; and when pleased, he twirled the latter about "as white men sometimes twirl their moustaches." Courtiers were not wanting to this rustic monarch's state: men of noble figure, whose stature was increased by gleaming diadems of the mocking-bird's gold plumage, above which waved two long feathers of the scarlet macaw. As the ambassadors approached the royal presence, the musicians and the female dancers formed a semicircle behind them, and so the levee began.

The King of Darien received the Scots very graciously, and his eyes alone confessed any undignified pleasure as he received their precious gifts. These having been presented and accepted, Paterson made his speech.

"We are come," said he, "from the most distant quarter of the globe to greet you, O king! We are come to you as friendly visitors, not as invaders. We offer to purchase your good-will and welcome towards our nation, together with such land as we require for our sustenance. In return, we will advance your greatness, enrich your people with honest traffic from our European islands, and defend you from the fear of all your enemies."

The king received this address with a smile of welcome, and twirled his nose-ring in a manner that made glad the hearts of all his courtiers. The attendant priests also looked graciously on the white heretics, who had not neg-

lected to afford them tithes of glass beads and other precious things. But that which completed the prosperity of the reception in the eyes of the pawarees or priests, and afforded the most favourable omen that Darien religion could receive, —was the approach of a troop of monkeys! These extraordinary creatures seemed to sanction by their presence the solemn treaty between the eastern and western people. The animals came in thousands, bounding from branch to branch, from tree to tree, until they assembled right over the heads of the assembly. There, they chattered, and mowed, and screamed to the utter suppression of all other business. Nor did they rest content with oral demonstration. They performed all sorts of antics; amongst others, they caught each his neighbour by the tail, and then forming living chains, they let themselves down from the lofty branches, and swung like great pendulums to and fro, scattering the human crowd from the scope of their gyration, and screaming frantically at the fun.

It seemed to the Darien priests that there was no denying such a sign. With solemn awe they watched each evolution of the monkey mysteries; and—when the living chains, doubling themselves up, and recovering their lofty branches, broke into individual links and scampered off among the tree tops, startling great flocks of roosting parroquets, and scattering far and wide the wild sounds of their aerial procession—the priests with one accord intimated to their king that the gods were indeed well-pleased!

Accordingly, a treaty was forthwith made and ratified. Full freedom was given to the Scots to settle in the land and enjoy it. Between them and the native Dariens there was declared to be “Peace, as long as rivers ran, and gold was found in Darien.”

Then a banquet was held in honour of the strangers. The flesh of the peccary, the fish from the mountain streams, and the fruit from the trees that overarched them, found favour with the Scots; but when a huge lizard, called iguana in that country, was served up with tomata sauce, the ambassadors found their appetites not sufficiently diplomatic to enjoy it. The reptile, however, was soon consumed by the royal family, and a dessert of figs, peaches, and bastard cinnamon replaced it. Then calabashes, filled



with fruity drinks, cooled in the neighbouring springs, were handed round. Minstrels all the while, seated on boughs overhead, sang the glories of the savage king, and women danced on the moonlit sward around the favoured guests.

And when the banquet ended, the ambassadors were conducted to their hamacs, with music by the graceful dancers; who even proposed to the rigid Presbyterians not to desert them then.

There we must leave our Scots, swinging in their aerial couches, and rejoicing in all the events of the day, and all the royal proffers of service except the last.

The next morning the ambassadors set out on their return homeward, attended by all the honours that had greeted their arrival. The enthusiasm of the Indian nation was awakened in their favour; a report spread far and wide over the vales and mountains that the Scots were come to protect them, and restore them to their former security. Among the various parties that met their supposed deliverers on their descent from the hills, was one headed by Andreas, who welcomed Paterson with delight. He attended him to St. Andrew's, and encamped near there "with his travelling wife" (for we must confess that our old friend had four of these inestimable blessings to serve in different departments). Thenceforth the faithful Indian never left him until compelled by want of food, in the rainy season, to return to his distant home.

Besides Andreas, there were various native chiefs, Diego of the Gulf, Ambrosio of the Sanballas, and others, who rejoiced in the privilege of bearing a Christian name, though they aspired to no other advantages from their baptism.

All these native chiefs pledged themselves to the alliance and support of the colony; and if the colonists had not, for the most part, been composed of the most unworthy and rebellious spirits, their savage allies would doubtless have remained faithful to them to the last. As it was, though wronged and disgusted, they were more constant in their friendship and services than most European nations would have been.

When Paterson and his fellow-deputies returned to St. Andrew's, after only six days' absence, they found an

alarming change in the colony. A spirit of discontent and mutiny had broken out. The men who worked hard at the new city were dissatisfied that others should remain idle and unpunished. There was as yet no law in the colony. Many of the colonists were men who had escaped from consequences of crime in their own country, and all their evil passions now broke out; ripened by the warm climate, by long idleness, and by the absence of all settled or acknowledged government. Then it was found necessary to make laws, but none would submit to a supreme chief. Democracy has many a painful throe to suffer before it can produce anything like safety, comfort, or protection: there is no head and there are no subjects; but the ear is pleased at the expense of the understanding, and the vanity of having no superiors—the very vanity of vanities.

The colony at St. Andrew's presented a curious appearance. About twelve hundred persons were now lodged in wooden huts, roofed with palmetto leaves. The external appearance of this rustic village, shaded with magnificent trees and surrounded by the sea, was very romantic. Within, the rude dwellings of the emigrants were singularly furnished: chests and lockers served for seats and tables; tartan scarfs, of various patterns, were hung up for curtains and formed the only partitions; spades, mattocks, and hatchets, the settler's rough tools, were hung around, but the driest place was allotted to the musket and claymore, on which, under Heaven, their safety mainly depended. One large building was set apart for public worship; and another for the stores, on which the emigrants calculated as their last resource. Alice Paterson is the only woman whom we hear of as having accompanied the expedition; but there were several Presbyterian ministers who exercised their vocation at such length—preaching three hours daily—as to make doubtful the good old saying that “prayer and provender never hindered work.” The latter, indeed, was little likely to hinder it, for provisions began to fall short; and to their grievous disappointment, the emigrants soon found that more than half the meat and biscuits were so bad that they were obliged to be cast into the sea. Even this produced a new calamity, for swarms of sharks were attracted to the harbour by the putrid food. These terrible creatures then made the waters dangerous, and still

infest them in great numbers, though unknown there before that time.

Famine now threatened the infant colony: disappointment, too, began to tell upon them. They had been for four months in the promised land, and as yet they had seen no gold, no prospect of the fulfilment of glorious promises that were held out to them. In vain Paterson recalled the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, out of beginnings far more discouraging, had attained to great prosperity, and founded an immortal colony. The Darien settlers had pitched their expectations far higher; they expected, like the conquering Spaniards, at once to seize upon the country's wealth. The wise, humane, and cautious policy of Paterson in conciliating the natives whom the Spaniards would have destroyed or tortured, was too refined for the appreciation or approval of his followers. Murmurs and mutiny began to break out: the works of the fort were interrupted. A council was at length appointed, and a little parliament elected. By its order, one of the ships was despatched to Jamaica, to endeavour to procure provisions, by any means; for the colonists had not yet heard of the cruel edict that was soon to be enforced against them. Discontent was for a time suppressed by this new hope.

Want, however, began to be severely felt. The labourers were unable to work on their short allowance of food. Starvation stared the colony in the face. They had exhausted all the neighbourhood of game, and it might be long before their ship returned from Jamaica. Then it was that the humane policy of Paterson was rewarded. The King of Darien sent a large body of Indian hunters to the assistance of the white men and the little company of Andreas. Their knowledge of the country and experience enabled them to procure game and fish, where the Scotchmen had long ceased to find it. The friendly natives encamped in the neighbourhood of their *protégés*, and were indefatigable in their service.

Some few Scots, Torwoodlee among the number, were allowed to join their hunting parties. This young laird had devoted himself loyally to Paterson, and stood by him in all his difficulties. Under the brow-beatings of the ruffian captains (Pennicuik and Drummond), and the more insidious malevolence of Veitch, Torwoodlee had sup-



ported his friend's cause in a manner that for a time upheld his influence. And Alice was equally an object of the young laird's solicitude, not only for the sake of Isobel, but for her own. Often he would climb with her to the summit of the "Look-out Hill," as it was called; and, as they watched wistfully for the long-expected ships from Scotland, would unburden himself of his own misgivings, and share her yet deeper anxieties; for the wife felt not only for the colonists and their cause, but for her husband's fame. She saw him beset with unexpected cares and difficulties; denied all authority in his own colony: yet visited with reproach, as the author of all calamity. It is true that some of the settlers were themselves honourable and true enough to give due credit to their noble-hearted leader; and their testimony, ruined as they were by his misfortunes, remains to this day. But the same self-seeking and unworthy spirit, that so damnified the preparations for the expedition, prevailed in a highly exaggerated form when all the wild elements of which it was composed were left to their own anarchical government on the distant shores of Darien. To such an extent did this anarchy prevail, that the very mutineers at length proposed to elect a president; but their jealousy limited his rule to one week's duration. It followed, that as all those pretending to any influence hated their fellows, each president occupied his week in undoing the work of his predecessor. Hence the work of defence advanced but slowly; cultivation of the exuberant soil was almost neglected; the scanty supplies were unjustly doled out; some of the sturdiest labourers were half-starved, because unpopular with the sea-captains. And to sum up all, the preachers, who considered themselves as the chiefs of a theocracy, inflamed the minds of those who listened with uncharitableness, and denounced in awful language all those who turned a deaf ear to them.

These infatuated men insisted on the whole colony attending their service for six hours on every Sunday, mewed up in a damp and narrow building called a chapel, the heat of which sent many to their graves, and filled the hospital. Even on week-days they required all those who called themselves Christians, to listen to their "outpourings" for three mortal hours—mortal often in more senses than one. The letters written home by these stern fanatics at that time

are among the most melancholy records of the period ; such a fierce and unpardoning spirit do they breathe, while they rejoice with bitter joy in the very calamities that be-fell their fellow-sufferers. These they designate as "visible judgments, very refreshing to the faith !"

Thus ambition, ignorance, and selfishness, with their concomitants, mutiny and discontent, combined to destroy the infant colony. Amongst all these combustible ingredients was finally flung the torch of fanaticism, and thus the destruction which neither English king nor parliament could have effected, was rendered inevitable.

From all these harassing proceedings, Torwoodlee was too happy to escape to the forests occasionally, and there take his turn of providing food for the community. He soon acquired almost the subtlety of the Indians in their style of hunting, and excelled them in daring and perseverance. The magnificent forests of the isthmus were to him full of charms ; inexhaustible in their variety of scenery and of game. From the iguana and the young monkey, up to the wild boar and the jaguar, there was a wide range for the sportsman. Among birds, the partridge, the scarlet curry, the sweet-voiced corrosou, or wild turkey, the beautiful chicaly of the woodpecker tribe, parrots and macaws of every colour, snow-white pelicans, and blue doves, made a brilliant "bag." The waters, too, abounded in fish, from the mullet up to the gigantic manatee, or sea-cow, which struggled under the harpoon like a whale of the fresh water. Then, on the bay, the Indians used to glide along in their canoe as softly as a wave, and transfix the sleeping turtle with their spears. They would also leister the paracoods, as they fed on a crispy seaweed that grows like a fungus at the root of the mangrove-trees.\* Sometimes they would shoot with poisoned arrows from the blowpipe, the large cavally, and the gar-fish,† as they rose out of the water at the manchineel apples that overhung the sea,

\* The paracood is an excellent fish at some seasons of the year ; at others it is poisonous, and its only antidote is said to be its backbone burned, pulverized and drunk in *mislaw*, a liquor made of the plantain.

† The gar-fish has a long sharp bony snout : it swims so fast and recklessly that it sometimes transpierces the native canoes with this proboscis.

waiting for each wave to lift them towards the fruit-laden bough, and then springing from its crest.

In such pursuits the young Scotchman gladly relieved himself from the dreary and discordant controversies of Fort St. Andrew. There was a mystery about the forest haunts, and legendary renown of strange beings who dwelt there, that strongly excited his curiosity. There was a race of very white small people, the Indians said, who lived in the remotest recesses of the hills. They had long fair hair, as soft as silk, and eyes like the opal stone. They were seldom seen by daylight; but, as if they saw best by night, they then roved about, leaping with such nimbleness from tree to tree as to catch monkeys, and sometimes even birds. But the natives knew little of this people, for their pow-wows or priests told them that they were unholy, and that their very sight had a sinister influence upon the red man.

One day, Torwoodlee had pursued to the foot of the hills an animal called warree, a small but very fierce wild hog, with long tusks. The creature at length stood at bay in a cavern, whose natural gloom was deepened by woods of the tamarind and locust-tree that concealed it. As Torwoodlee was charging in upon the wild hog with his spear, some strange apparition rushed past him. He started, his foot slipped, and as he fell the warree ran at him, inflicting a deep wound in his neck and shoulder, and then escaped. Torwoodlee thought that he had seen his own wraith, and as he felt himself becoming rapidly more faint from loss of blood, he thought that his last hour was come. A vision of his old house and its dark woods, of Isobel, of his father, swam before his eyes, and he became insensible.

His trance must have lasted a long time, for the sun was just rising as he awoke to consciousness. He found himself on a couch of the softest moss, separated from the damp ground by woven branches. The upper part of his dress had been removed, his wound washed clear from blood, and bound over with palmetto-leaves, secured with fibres of the silk-grass; a cocoa-nut shell filled with pure water stood beside him, with a few bunches of bananas.

As he lay there, helpless from loss of blood, and wondering who his good Samaritan could have been, he saw a huge dark hairy face peering in at the end of the cave.



Its expression was a horrible mixture of cunning and ferocity, with a demoniac sort of fun in its often-winking eyes. A huge club, torn freshly from a tree, was in its hands, and a voice like a dismal howl added terror to the vision. Unable to move as he was, Torwoodlee could not suppress a groan; and it was scarcely uttered when the same white apparition that he had before seen seemed to flash across the cave, and smote the dark-visaged fiend so rudely that it disappeared with a yell of pain. Overcome by this new terror and his great weakness, the sufferer again fainted; and when he recovered, he found everything around him profoundly silent. Thus he lay in loneliness until sunset, when the wild concert of the woods began;—the howling of wild beasts, the screaming of macaws, the sweet music of the mocking-bird, the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-Will. And then the bright moon threw awful shadows from the trees, and ghastly gleams of light upon the savannah that opened some distance from the cave.

As Torwoodlee looked in fear upon the strange scenes that surrounded him, and listened to the awful sounds with which the forest echoed, one of the gleams of moonlight seemed to move; it became perpendicular; it glided towards him; it stood beside him, and gazed with eyes full of a mysterious light, yet of wondrous sadness, on the prostrate hunter. Saints above! was it the vision of a disturbed brain, or did he there behold a seraph form, such as the living cannot see?

His prolonged stare only confirmed the impression; a female form of exquisite grace was there; white and soft as the down on the swan's breast, and Evelike in innocence of look and attire. Her fair shining hair twined and knotted with wild grace above her head, looked like a diadem, and her eyes shone like stars.

As soon as this strange being saw the body she had been watching now give some signs of life, she clapped her hands above her head, with a sort of wild delight. She knelt down beside the mossy couch, and examined the hunter's wound; the touch was warm and soft; she must be human! She passes her long fingers over his wondering eyes and closes them, then darts away, and he opens his eyes once more in vacancy.

All night he slept soundly, though haunted by strange

visions ; next morning just before the dawn he sees his kind watcher once more, only for a moment, and he observes that her form is far below the size that its exquisite proportion would have argued. But she is gone again, and in a manner unlike a creature of earth ; she sprang towards a bough that overhung the cavern's mouth, and apparently with perfect ease swung herself up into the air.

Towards evening, the hunter felt able to crawl out from his cave, and was musing how he might escape from his present helpless condition, when the hiss of a snake proved to him his inability. He turned towards the thicket whence the sound proceeded, and there he saw impending almost over him, the widely distended mouth and in-turned teeth of a huge bushmaster serpent, the deadliest of all his species. He remained motionless, and almost resigned to death, when suddenly a huge bough descended and struck his enemy to the ground. The next moment the white girl stood before him, and with entreating gestures motioned him to return to the cave. Her appearance was now familiar to him, and he no longer shrank from her, as she offered him her downy white shoulder to lean upon. Whatever else she might be, she was woman enough to arrange his mossy couch comfortably, to raise up his rude pillow ; and then to sit, or rather to crouch down, beside him and watch by him almost tenderly. As the shades of evening came on, her eyes began to shine again with the same strange lustre that had astonished the hunter before ; but now their lambent glance was so gentle and mild in its expression, that he delighted to look upon it.

Thus for several evenings Torwoodlee was tended by his mysterious friend, and supplied with fruits and fresh water, and the softest couch that the wild woods afforded. He tried in vain to communicate in speech with his preserver, but a strange unintelligible mournful voice alone replied to him.

One morning he was startled from his sleep by the sound of heavy footsteps approaching ; he was then sufficiently revived to rise and walk, and had only been detained by the evident fear of his protectress lest he should injure himself. She rushed to the mouth of the cave as if in terror, and tried to spring up by her accustomed bough, but the gaunt figure of an Indian at the same moment

darkened the cave and smote her with a heavy club; she gave one wild, unearthly shriek, and fell, while streams of blood gushed forth upon her snowy skin and now loosened hair. Torwoodlee rushed at her murderer and struck him to the ground; but he was immediately seized by some other Indians, whom he recognised as belonging to a friendly tribe.

"What would you do?" they exclaimed, in their imperfect English. "Would you kill the holy pawarree for saving you from the witchcraft of the Downi? We have long sought for you in vain, and it was only by the magic skill of the pawarree that we discovered your retreat."

But Torwoodlee would not be comforted for the loss of his gentle preserver; nor could he express any gratitude to the pawarree. He carried the lifeless body of the Downi into the cave, and gently placed it on the couch her care had made for him. He bathed the beautiful little form with tears of gratitude, and it was long before the Indians could tear him from the indulgence of his grief. At length he consented to accompany them towards home; but first, at his request, they piled up huge stones and sticks at the mouth of the cave, and there they left the fair white body, with its old home for its sepulchre.

In the evening they reached a spot where Andreas was encamped.

"You have had a great escape," said he, very solemnly to the Scot; "you fell into the hands of a people who would soon have torn you to pieces and fed upon you. We wage war to the death upon those white creatures, whom we thought were now extinct. But thanks to the great skill of our pawarree, we found you and rescued you."

Torwoodlee, though he bore no good-will to the pawarrees, felt some curiosity to investigate their pretensions to prophetic skill. Amongst all mankind, there exists an undying desire to penetrate into futurity, and in those earlier times, men had more faith than is now generally disposable. Wafer had lately asserted solemnly, that one of these Indian priests or conjurors had exactly predicted his fate and that of his companions; Master Borland, a Scottish minister, had himself confessed that they had diabolic assistance; and whether the news came from below or above, in



the present anxious state of the colony Torwoodlee thought that any revelation of its fortunes would be interesting, to say nothing of private matters, at least as near his heart. He therefore forgave, as far as he could, the murderous, though well-meaning act that he still shuddered at; and he apologized to the conjuror for his rough treatment. The seer nodded forgiveness, and said that he could not have helped it; it was so written in the stars. But he was very near re-awakening all the Scot's anger by assuring him that the beautiful Downi had only regarded him in the light of live stock, to be consumed as food when occasion required him.

At length all matters were arranged for the prophecy. The night was dark, but a bright cedar fire threw a ruddy glare all over the group that had assembled under a wide-spreading tree. The pawarree retired to a short distance and made a little fire of his own, whereon he burned some strong-smelling herbs, which sent up a thick smoke. Then the sorcerer arose, and danced wildly round the flame, holding his head over the smoke and inhaling it. As he whirled about, he began a low whirring song, which gradually grew louder, and at last became a series of shrieks, reminding the Scot of the Highland fling, not only in ejaculations, but in the jumping, frantic-looking dance which accompanied them. At length the seer, exhausted, flung himself on the ground, and holding his hands over his eyes, beckoned Torwoodlee to approach, which he did, with Andreas to interpret for him. He first inquired how fared a beautiful lady in Scotland, who lived in a tall stone house, amid dark woods on a hill side. The seer, swaying backwards and forwards, took some minutes to inquire of his spirit; he then chaunted these words:

"The pale-face walks in dark woods,  
Her thoughts are darker,  
They are hunting out a man in the east;  
And they follow a woman in the west;  
But they seek not the pale-face that the Downi desired."

The countenance of Torwoodlee fell; and it was with a faltering voice that he inquired how the colony would speed. The pawarree again paused some minutes, and again took up his dismal chant:

"The pale-faces came across the seas;  
 They wanted my people to worship their God.  
 We did not understand their words;  
 But we saw their deeds,  
 And they were not good.  
 They came, and the red man loved them;  
 For they said that they would eat the Spaniard up;  
 But the rain comes and washes them away;  
 They go to sleep in the red man's graves;  
 Or they sail away to the land of streams;  
 To Xaymaca, where they feed the crab.  
 The red man sorrows for the pale-faces,  
 And their name becomes only a legend in the land." \*

Andreas repeated these sad presages in an accent of despair, and thenceforth he gave up all faith in the colony's success. Indeed, the country about New Caledonia was so exhausted of game, that his people could scarcely sustain themselves, much less support the voracious colonists, whose appetites astonished them. He still loved the gentle and courteous Paterson; but he felt that the Scot was only vainly struggling against destiny; and in his own mind he now resolved to withdraw himself and his followers from the vortex of destruction.

As he was musing thus, Torwoodlee requested him once more to interrogate the seer.

"Shall I return to my own country?" he demanded.

Again the seer set himself in motion, swinging to and fro; and again his dismal chant broke forth:

"The pale-face father in thy house,  
 Makes feast for thy success;  
 She whom thou desirest as thy squaw,  
 Is glad of thy prosperity.—  
 But neither old man nor young maid rejoices  
 With such true cause  
 As the sharks that dance round the retreating ships.  
 They wait to welcome thee:—  
 Thou upon whom hast fallen the spell of the Downi;  
 Thou who hast struck the pawarree."

\* The Rev. Mr. Borland, one of the ministers who accompanied the expedition, denounced these "Powwows," as he calls them. "And, indeed," he adds, "the devil gives them responses, which fall out accordingly: whereof we had an experiment, while we were in Darien harbour; for some of them told us that so many ships would come into our harbour, and afterwards we should be gone for Jamaica, which came to pass accordingly." Borland's Narrative is now very scarce: I am indebted for the use of it, with many other favours, to Mr. Laing, of the Signet Library.

The young Scot asked to hear no more. He tried to shake off the dreary impression that the Indian sorcerer had conveyed to him; but it clung round every thought by which he endeavoured to divert his mind. It haunted him through the hours of that long night in the forest, and accompanied him back to the fort of St. Andrew, which he reached on the following day.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Dearly,” say they, “may we those visions rue  
Which lured us from our native land,  
A wretched, lost, devoted band;  
Led on by Hope’s delusive gleam,  
The victims of a fatal dream.  
For us no requiem shall be sung,  
Or knell in holy kirk be rung.”

J. BAILLIE.

TORWOODLEE returned to Fort St. Andrew, weak in frame and depressed in mind by the sorcerer’s incantations, which, in spite of him, hung heavily on his spirit. The dark prophecy regarding the colony appeared to his eyes to be rapidly approaching fulfilment. Every day the little band of adventurers was reduced; the men who were still able to work strove faintly to complete the fortifications, and to till the ground for crops which they were destined not to reap. Many of these pale and worn, but still resolute, labourers, passed rapidly from the trenches to the crowded hospital, and thence, still more hurriedly, to their graves. Already the burial-ground was better tenanted than the fort.

And yet the gaunt survivors still maintained their dissensions, their petty ambitions, and their insubordination. Still the ministers denounced, the sea-captains bullied, the clerks peculated, the workmen pined,—all murmured,—but all held on!

At length the long-expected ship returned from Jamaica; she brought the astounding intelligence of King William’s edict against the Scottish colony, already struggling with every ill that could affect brave men. That monarch, having



first approved of and encouraged the expedition, had the unparalleled cruelty to condemn it to destruction. On the remonstrance of the meanly-jealous English parliament, the king sent an order (dated on Sunday, which still more shocked its victims) to all the English colonies in America and the West Indian islands, forbidding them, on any pretence whatever, to supply either provisions or other stores to the Scottish colony at Darien; yet he knew that there was elsewhere no sustenance to be obtained by them at their side of the Atlantic. These orders were acted upon to the very letter; and the necessities of life, that were freely granted to the buccaneers, the enemies of mankind, were withheld from the gallant band of Scots now perishing at Darien.

The news of this edict filled the doomed colonists with despair. The rainy season was just setting in, and not only brought with it all diseases generated by damp, and heat, and ill shelter, but drove away the Indian allies, who had hitherto shamed the English monarch and his ministers by their care and charity. In the isthmus the rains are ushered in by a perfect deluge tumbling from the sky; the trickling streams swell suddenly into roaring and destructive torrents; the plains are quickly flooded, the whole country is swamped. All the while a close and terrible heat pervades the darkened atmosphere; noisome insects fill the air, and swarm upon the ground. To breathe is an effort, and miasma creeps into the lungs at every laboured respiration. When the rain ceases for some time in the night, the wan moon gleams down upon a ghastly world of waters, whence, among drowned groves, rises up pestilence in the visible form of murky vapours.

No wonder that amid such scenes even the stout Scottish hearts began to fail. Hitherto, notwithstanding all their hardships, death had been confined to the hospital: now it was an inmate in almost every crowded hut. Misery is the strongest ally of pestilence: when the soul sinks, the poor clay that encloses it will soon also yield. The fort of St. Andrew became one great infirmary. None could recognise, in the pale gaunt forms that lay stretched on damp couches, or in those who watched over them with wistful love, the stalwart men who had left their native land in health, and strength, and hope, a few months before. Paterson alone, sustained by unquenchable hope, preserved a calm and

serene dignity among these sorrows. He knew that a ship, with stores and provisions, should soon arrive from Scotland. He looked beyond the present appalling hours to brighter days: he knew that the climate would be changed by cultivation,—that hardships would be obviated by better shelter. He was cheered by his faithful, uncomplaining wife, who loyally held to his own high faith and hope; though she in secret felt that a double debt of charity and watchfulness to the sick was due from the wife of him who had led them there. She and her husband were indefatigable in their ministry to the dying, and in endeavouring to preach comfort and patience to those who had not yet sunk under the fatal climate.

The expected ship did not arrive; she had foundered on her way. Two of the Darien vessels had already been despatched to England. There were not healthy men enough to man the rest, even if they thought of escaping; but they did not. They had left their homes resolved to conquer or to die, and the latter alternative was encountered with characteristic courage. A sad and solemn sight it must have been for Paterson, notwithstanding all their errors and offences, to see his gallant band perishing slowly round him. Now a father received his son's last sigh, and knelt in resigned prayer beside the loved cold form before it was carried out for hasty burial. Now a brother listened earnestly for the last message to a distant home from a brother's purple lips. Some tried with wasted arms to control the strong struggles of the delirious. Some lay languidly down, as if to facilitate the approach of death: and all the time the rain still poured through the hot dark air, blotting out all the fair scenes which the emigrant's closing eyes had lately dwelt on with delight. And still through the gloom was constantly seen the form of Alice, moving from one sufferer to another, like an angel of hope, soothing the body with cool drinks, and the soul with holy words. Nor did she ever allow Paterson to discover the grief and hopelessness that began to devour her own heart,—that heart so joyous and wayward when he first won its faithfully-enduring love. At night her tears fell abundantly, but she rose in the morning betimes to dry her pillow, that no trace of her sorrow might be detected by him who unconsciously had brought it upon her.

At length a ray of hope broke in upon the colony. We have already noticed the high hill near St. Andrew's, where the exiles were accustomed, on the fine evenings of their summer, to rest themselves and gaze towards Scotland. The rain had now begun to abate, and was followed by a violent tempest. In one of the first intervals of the gale, Paterson climbed the hill once more, in instinctive but almost despairing hope. He saw a brig struggling with the storm that had cleared away the clouds.\* She was evidently bound for the harbour, and steered by one who knew its dangers well; but she had carried away her fore-topmast, and was almost unmanageable. Paterson hurried to the fort to summon assistance, and to communicate the prospect of relief. Who can blame him if he entered his own poor hut first with the joyful news? He stood still, as if spell-bound, on the threshold. Alice had caught the fever, and was lying prostrate, with death's pallor on her face, upon the miserable pallet that served them for a bed. The relief, the hope, Darien itself, were all forgotten, as the care-worn Paterson knelt beside his faithful wife. The progress of the fearful disease that consumed her was rapid. Her beautiful mouth was purple and swollen, her cheeks were sunken, her eyes alone retained that gentle seraphic light which had shone over her husband in life, and could now comfort him even in death. The very light of immortality was now shining there, though all around was decaying darkly.

The little village had been suddenly deserted when the news was spread that a vessel was in sight; but numbers soon returned when they heard that Alice was dying, and clustered round the door, fearing to intrude, yet longing to offer their rude sympathy and service.

A cry from those upon the shore was heard that the strange vessel had struck; and even the mourners hurried away to catch the last glimpse of their expected relief as it was dashed to pieces on the rocks. One or two of the crew struggled ashore, and were gratefully welcomed; the rest were lost. One of the survivors was a man of fine athletic form, but his face was deeply scarred, and its expression was stern and forbidding.

\* All these details are taken from the writings of the colonists themselves.



"Yonder!" he said, pointing almost scornfully to where the wrecked spars and tangled rigging of his brig still floated: "yonder was a goodly craft last night, loaded with a hundred tons of flour and good boucaned beef. It's all gone now, and I shall have small thanks for it. Have you no women among you?" he demanded hastily, having cast his eyes over the group.

"We *had*—one," was the reply; "but she's down with the fever, yonder."

The shipwrecked sailor appeared to forget his recent misfortune, his half-drowned plight, and everything else, as he stalked away towards the hut that had been pointed out to him. He unceremoniously pushed aside the crowd that had again collected at the door, and entering, he threw himself on his knees by the bedside of Alice. He was silent for a moment, as he gazed earnestly upon her altered face; and then he burst into such a wild passion of grief as to rouse even her expiring attention. Her eyes moved slowly from her husband's face to his, and he saw that he was recognised. He repressed his emotion, and, in a low, husky voice, sobbed out her name.

"Alice!" he exclaimed; "Alice! I came to save you and yours, for the sake of the old times—and I have lost you—lost you for ever. Alice, forgive me all my crimes—the only forgiveness I have ever sought—that I shall ever ask for. You I never wronged. I loved you desperately; and it would have been heaven to me, here and hereafter, to have called you wife. But I *was* what they called married, though you knew it not. I did not dare to deceive you, yet I *could not* tell you the truth. I sailed away from your quiet home,—met you once;—lost you;—heard among the islands that you were starving here, and thought I might do one good deed before I died. What had I to do with goodness? Heaven was against me, as it always was. The sea has swallowed up all; and would that it had not spared me!"

The wretched buccaneer was speaking to unconscious ears; Alice was no longer living: he suffered himself to be led out of the hut; and Paterson, almost unconscious of all that he had just heard, was left alone with his dead.

A few days had passed, and the heavy rains and fiery sunshine had already covered with green grass the grave of

Alice Paterson. Many a gallant countryman lay around her. The burying-ground was the only part of the settlement that throve. Even when the fine season set in—and a finer season is not seen on earth—the heavens seemed only to smile in mockery of all hope. The ghastly remnant of the Scottish settlers were unable to work, and passed the day in dreary languor; or only roused themselves to exertion when their miserable pittance of bad food was doled out amongst them. Such as could still summon any strength, employed it in climbing the hill that looked out upon the sea towards Scotland. There they would sit for hours, a sad and silent company. That mountain was called “Pisgah;” but they looked with backward, not prophetic feelings, on their pilgrimage. Vainly, day by day, diminishing numbers climbed that hill, and watched for the long-expected succour.

Paterson, whose grief was too deep for show,—whose private feelings were crushed into insensibility, and hidden away, as if indecorous, in the midst of the great public calamity,—appeared once more calm and self-possessed. He endeavoured to sustain the drooping spirits of his comrades, and still spoke to them in the language of undying hope.

Let justice be done to those brave men, erring and wayward as they were. Not one was heard to reproach him as the author of their calamity, though many an imprecation was uttered on their cruel king, and many a reproach upon those at home who seemed to have abandoned them.

At length they resolved to depart from the fatal soil.

“A few days more,” they said, “and we shall not have life enough left in us to sail away.”

In vain Paterson held out against the public will. In vain he represented their abandonment of the colony as a desertion—as a dereliction of the trust reposed in them by Scotland. Self-preservation, it was replied, was superior to any other law. The emigrants prepared, though slowly and sadly, to embark. Young Torwoodlee alone supported Paterson: he shrank from returning in poverty to the home that had been impoverished to speed him forth upon the fatal enterprise. He aspired, too, to that good report, so precious to a son and to a lover, that would reach his home. Though Isobel had given him no hope, his honour in her eyes was dear as ever—perhaps more dear.

But neither he nor Paterson could oppose that resolution which now, in sullen silence, was being earnestly carried into effect. The remnant of the stores, and the pitiable relics of provisions, eked out with such fresh fruits as the early season yielded, were put on board. The helpless emigrants had not wherewithal to take them to Europe. The West India Isles were closed against them, either by the Spaniards or by William's barbarous decree. They fixed their destination for New York.

Early, one fair spring morning, the Scots assembled in their house of prayer. It was for the last time. When first it was built out of the native trees, it could scarcely contain the crowded hopeful congregation. Now, hopes and crowd alike had vanished. By far the greater number were at rest, hard by, in the lone burial-ground. The survivors gathered round their sole surviving minister. When the blessing was pronounced, with one accord the emigrants went away to the cemetery—each to seek the well-remembered hillock where his friend or kinsman—sole inheritors of the promised land—now lay. Then, summoned by a gunshot from the leading ship, they streamed in a sad procession towards the shore. Paterson and Torwoodlee alone hung back. The former was the last to leave the shore.

## CHAPTER VII.

Ye ruins, I will return once more to attend your lessons! I will resume my place in the midst of your wide-spreading solitudes! I will leave the tragic scene of human passions: I will love my species rather from recollection than actual survey: I will occupy myself in promoting their happiness, and will found my own on the remembrance that I have conduced to theirs.

VOLNEY.

NETWITHSTANDING the fatal edict of King William, high hopes had continued to be held in Scotland of the Darien expedition. The first report from the emigrants alone had been received, and it was eloquent with hope and high prospects. From the leaders to the humblest follower, the



settlers had written in the same strain, and throughout Scotland the happy report spread rapidly.

In the old house of Torwoodlee, among others, there was hearty rejoicing, though gravely expressed, in puritan fashion. Not only the chieftain was happy for his own, his country's, and his son's sake, but Isobel was full of joy for the sake of Alice and her heroic husband. The old house had long been closed to any approach to gaiety, but at the receipt of the good news of his son, the Laird of Torwoodlee bade his friends welcome once more, and his hospitable board was surrounded by kinsmen of all degrees and all ranks in life. Thither came Whytbank and Tonsonce; and even Blindlee and Haining, though hostile, had some members there of their younger branches.\* As the evening of a cold clear day in March was closing, three loud strokes on the buttery door announced that supper was served, and it was soon attacked by the large clan of Pringle, with all the energy of a great celebration.

Among the guests at the lower table there was a slight stir, as a stranger of foreign appearance, and with a long flowing beard, appeared, and claimed hospitality. A place was quickly made, and kindly welcome given; but the stranger seemed dissatisfied. At last, after making some inquiries about the household, he remained silent. He was almost unnoticed, too, for many other strangers had availed themselves of the open gates that welcomed every comer on that night of thanksgiving. The feast proceeded; the bagpipes lent their maddening notes to swell the cheerful tumult. The stern and thoughtful brows of the Scots relaxed: puritans as they were, for once they allowed themselves to be glad. The bearded stranger alone remained silent, and when one of his neighbours asked him if he bore a grudge to any of the Darien heroes,—and if not,

\* It is characteristic of those old times, that the kindred houses in Haining and Blindlee were so opposed to Whytbank and Torwoodlee, that they (binding themselves to James the Second's government) persecuted their kinsmen even to death and *confiscation* (which may afford some clue to their zeal). Torwoodlee stands on one side of a deep valley: Blindlee stood on the opposite side, about a long musket-shot across. The Pringles of Blindlee used to try to shoot at their kinsmen from their windows, and no doubt the fire was wont to be returned.

why he refused to join in the general rejoicing,—the stranger only emphatically repeated the word “Rejoicing!”

At that very hour the ruined remnant of the expedition was on the sea, having had scarcely strength enough to weigh their anchors or to hoist their sails. And even the wind, with all other aid, seemed to fail them, for they lay in a waveless calm for days, close to the fatal shores of Darien. The fatality pursued them still: men died daily, and many a wan and wasted form lay gasping in the sultry air which poisoned the lungs that drank it in. Among these was young Torwoodlee, who was dying on the western waters, while his home was celebrating his success.

There—far away—the celebration went on merrily till late; and then, after a long grace and thanksgiving, the guests separated all at once, and took their various ways across the heath. It is remembered among their descendants to this day, that when midnight sounded from the belfry of Galashiels, it seemed to be echoed back mysteriously and mournfully from Torwoodlee: every bell in the house, at the same moment, sounded slowly and solemnly; and strange voices seemed to haunt the air, filling the minds of all who heard them with ominous forebodings. Just then young Torwoodlee had died.\*

And enviable appeared his fate to those who stood around him, and who at length reluctantly consigned his body to the deep. A slow and cruel death seemed awaiting all. Even the mind of Paterson at length yielded under his sore trial. “He became like a little child,” says one of the survivors; “docile and gentle as he always was, but dreamy and apparently unconscious of a past or future.”

At length a breeze sprang up, and the leaky, sun-scorched ships, with tattered sails and spectral crews, moved on—away from Darien. As its last peak was about to disappear beneath the horizon, the feverish eyes of the broken-hearted leader of the expedition turned towards it for a moment, instinctively—then closed to shut out that last, last vision.

A few words are sufficient to conclude the disastrous story. The ships, with one exception, reached Charlestown,

\* A well-known legend in the “Forest.”

in North America. Thence, after some delay, about thirty of the emigrants returned to Scotland, the sole remnant of twelve hundred lusty adventurers who, burning with high hope, had left their country twelve months before.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain,  
 The things we must believe are few and plain :  
 But since men *will* believe more than they need,  
 And every man will make himself a creed ;  
 In doubtful questions 'tis the wisest way  
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say.

RELIGIO LAICI.

WE now return to the manor-house of Torwoodlee, whose indwellers, notwithstanding the rejoicings we have lately mentioned, passed a sleepless night, disturbed by anxieties and vague fears. Among the causes for such misgivings, an expression used by the stranger was not forgotten. It was recorded by one of the servants, that when he had inquired the reason of the banquet, he was told that it was in commemoration of the happy tidings from Darien.—“Happy tidings!” the stranger repeated, and then, checking himself, relapsed into silence and soon afterwards took his leave.

To the industrious the day brings its duties, whatever joy or sorrow, or vigil or repose, the night may have shrouded. The household of Torwoodlee was astir before the dawn, and busied in its usual avocations. Isobel, who now acted as one of the family, was, like the rest, busied betimes, and it was not until late in the forenoon that she could find leisure to repair to her favourite seat in the half-wild garden. There she gave herself up to one of those deep reveries in which the people of lost hopes are so prone to indulge; living over again and again a cherished past, which never becomes trite; which never yields its imaginative interests to the real interests of waking life. Six years had passed away since she had seen her Moresco



lover, but her heart was still as true to him as if she had passed all that time within a convent's wall. Not that she did not feel and appreciate the love of her brave cousin, and almost accused herself of his self-exile. But then recollections of Alvaro would rise up rebelliously, to which she began to think she must accustom herself in order to overcome them—a foolish thought!

It was probably, however, that thought—or it might be the pleasant odours of spring and the breeze that played through her rich dark hair—that left a placid smile upon her lip, as she yielded to weariness and sank into a light slumber, that avenged itself for its banishment on the preceding night.

While thus she slept, the dark stranger, emerging from some pine-trees that sheltered the garden from the north wind, drew near. He leaned upon his staff, and watched her with a deep fixed gaze, full of tenderness and many memories. His dark and deep-set eyes shone brightly beneath black eyebrows, which, as well as his beard, were tinged with gray. An ample cloak enveloped his form, but could not hide its manly grace; and the wide slouched hat, then almost fallen into disuse, added to the foreign appearance of the watcher.

Every one must have observed the magnetic influence of a long fixed look: in a crowded room it is so strongly felt, that no eyes seek those of others long in vain: the most indifferent will unconsciously feel the spell. Even in sleep the same effect is frequently produced; and poor Isobel, waking slowly, seemed to find her dream continued when Alvaro met her gaze. For him it was a favourable surprise, for she allowed herself to be clasped in his arms before she remembered that it was wrong. And when she *did* remember it, it was with such confusion that her disengagement was very slow.

The novelist might easily furnish words to the conversation of ejaculations that ensued; but if his description were true to nature, it would be very unintelligible. It was some time before the long-parted lovers gathered from one another the position in which each stood. In brief, Alvaro had returned to claim his bride. He had heard in Edinburgh that Isobel was betrothed to young Torwoodlee. He had come to see her once more for the last time, and

now he learned that her engagement only existed in popular rumour.

Isobel scarcely dared to ask the question by which her resolution was still to be guided ; but her confidence in the honour of Alvaro was so great that she was fain to believe that what she wished was true. An indescribable change in his manner, too, appeared to give her confidence ; and it was rather to a look than to a question that Alvaro answered—

“ Yes ; I have learned your faith in its best school—the school of sorrow. When last I parted from you, I thought it had been for ever. Like the fabled wanderer of my race, I set forth on aimless travels ; urged onward over the world by a mere impulse of unrest. Gradually my thoughts assumed a settled form. I resolved to visit the great cradles of all creeds, in the hope of obtaining some clue, if only one of sentiment, which I might follow towards some truth. I crossed the seas to Egypt : I explored with wonder the sublime monuments raised in honour of a contemptible creed. With pride I beheld *our* ancient history verified in the midst of their false imaginings. I followed the track of our great Exodus even unto Horeb and Mount Sinai, and thence, through the lands of Edom and of Moab, I journeyed on to the Jordan and to holy, holy Jerusalem : there is no nation like unto our nation in the possession of one grand unquestioned centre of our history and our race : fallen as it is, and defiled by the infidel, there is no sublimer city raised with hands. Thence I journeyed on by Tiberias and Samaria, by Mount Hermon and the Desert to Damascus, and on into Chaldæa and to the banks of the Euphrates. There I was made prisoner by the Arab hordes, and held in servitude for a year, until the faithful Ghorka escaped and brought a countryman of mine from Aleppo to ransom me. Among the companions of my captivity were a venerable Nestorian priest, with a young granddaughter who was passing fair. You need not start, Isobel ; she was not as fair as you, and if she were, she *could* not be so lovely. But she was to me as a sister, and her grandsire was as my father. At length, one day as she was drawing water from a distant well to feed the flocks, she suffered cruel wrong from a neighbouring sheikh. Our tribe arose, and we avenged her well : we wiped out, in the blood of

their last man, the wrong which even among Arabs is the darkest of crimes; but their victim drooped and pined away, and at length she died. Her death was more beautiful and cheerful than the brightest life of others. I listened by the hour to the comforting words and glorious promises of the old priest. I then first began to know the Christian's God—the faith that finds its triumph at the tomb, its fountain of rejoicing in sorrow's deepest source. We will talk more of this hereafter.

“I learned to bless my captivity, during which, with a humbled heart, through many a livelong night, the Nestorian and I sat beneath the stars which Abraham had watched from the same spot. And when the rising sun called us to our daily tasks, the old man would move away as cheerfully to his slave-labour as if he had slept tranquilly, with his living child beneath his tent.

“When Ghorka returned from Aleppo, having provided means for my ransom and his own, I went thither with our sheikh, and easily ransomed the old Nestorian with some others of his tribe. With them, I returned to their mountains beyond Lake Van: and there I long dwelt, well pleased with their pastoral life and beautiful country; and applying among them, to their great gratitude, such medical skill as I long ago acquired for amusement. The old priest was still my counsellor and my guide: he illustrated in his own life the doctrines that he taught; and, with profound scholarship and philosophy, was able to prove as a mere historical and argumentative fact, the truth which he held by the stronger grasp of faith.

In the sublime scenery, and sublimer moral atmosphere, that surrounded the old sage, I could have lived, I think, contentedly for ever, had it not been for you, Isobel! As soon as the prescribed path to your heart was open to me, I resolved to come and seek it. Have I come in vain?”

It was some time after this momentous question had been asked and replied to, that Isobel found an opportunity to turn even to the next dearest object of her heart.

“Have you heard news from Darien?” at length she asked.

“Alas!” replied Alvaro, sadly, “that brave enterprise is all over now. It is known in London that the colony has been starved—inhumanly starved out, and before this has been deserted. I did not tell you that, on my homeward way, I



visited Venice and Genoa. I there obtained some debts from honest men, and forced some knaves to disgorge their plunder. I am once more rich, and my first care on my return to London was, to despatch a ship to my noble-hearted friend's assistance; but from what I have heard, I have no hope that it will find him there."

"And my poor, poor Alice!" exclaimed Isobel, too much stunned by the disastrous news to understand it all at once.

"Be comforted," said Alvaro: "she was well when the last intelligence of the colony was received."

"And young Torwoodlee?"

"Of such a person I know nothing," replied Alvaro, somewhat coldly; "but his name was not among those of the dead."

The fatal truth concerning Darien soon spread throughout Scotland. The nation reeled under the blow. Every family suffered in the great calamity. Their scanty wealth had perished, as well as those for whom it had been first hoarded, then expended. At Torwoodlee, the revelation of the disasters was gently broken by Isobel; and she had yet a more delicate task, in the same breath, to explain, that she was about to become the stranger's bride. But it was done; and being once done, that sorrow took its place amongst the rest. The old laird was comforted for the Darien loss, as he hoped to greet his son all the sooner.

And somehow the world began to improve with him, even while others suffered. The stock at Torwoodlee sold at the spring fair for wonderful prices; the timber on some distant hills was purchased at an enormous rate by a southern dealer, who was supposed to have been murdered afterwards; for though he paid his money, he never returned to cut down his trees. Some faint indications of coal had been discovered long before on part of the estate, and a bold speculator appeared, who gave the outside value of what it would have produced had it proved as rich as, in effect, it was the reverse. In short, within a few months after the visit of Alvaro, the ancient family of Torwoodlee was restored to all its ancestral wealth. No suspicion of the Moor's agency in this change ever occurred to the old laird, who now more impatiently awaited the return of his son to share his prosperity. That son might now mate with the proudest lady in Scotland; and though the father loved

Isobel as a daughter, he was so far jealous of her constancy to the stranger, that he gave her away to him in marriage almost without a sigh.

The old manor-house by the Solway, where Paterson had lived, soon assumed a cheerful aspect. Everything was done to it that would not change its identity. Plantations, fences, drains, and comfortable cottages were created as if by magic. Alvaro, with characteristic ardour, urged them on. The old smuggler's house had fallen to decay; it soon started up in a castellated form, with strength fit for a border baron, and appliances of comfort worthy of a modern gentleman.

But the energies of Alvaro soon required some other field of action than these benevolent toys. He satisfied himself that he had done all for Paterson that he was likely to tolerate, and he began to weary of the bleak and (to him) lonely Solway. He was, it is true, become a Christian, but still—a very restless Christian. His blood was not changed, and the wandering instinct of the Hebrew never yet was satisfied with agricultural pursuits. In a word, Alvaro repaired to London, plunged into the excitement that there abounds for every one; but especially for a man like him, who had his new position to assert and to fortify. He there forgot everything but Isobel and his friend Paterson, in quest of whom he had despatched another ship to the nearest American seaports. He soon had the melancholy satisfaction to behold him again, but as an almost broken-hearted man; lonely in the world; his beloved wife, his comrades, his cherished scheme, all gone!

But his noble soul shone out in the midst of this desolation. Not a word of murmur against man, or repining against destiny, escaped him. He still held his head high, as beseemed one supported by elevated thought. His hair was grown gray, almost white; but his eyes still shone with the calm, clear light of philosophic resolution.

He had scarcely landed in Scotland, when he hastened to the Council to account for the defeat of the expedition, and to counsel them to new enterprises. Once more his sanguine spirit communicated itself to the Company; they prepared a new expedition, and made a new appeal to the justice of King William.

Paterson now proposed that the Company should assume

an English character, two-thirds of its members to belong to that nation, and one-third only to Scotland. He wrote an eloquent letter in praise of the spot that had been so fatal to his happiness; and laid down plans for the conduct of the future colony in the most lucid and statesmanlike language. He based all his hopes on that freedom of trade and freedom of conscience which was only destined to obtain a consummation in far later times.

Lord Basil Hamilton was requested to lay this new proposal and petition before the king. That high-hearted young nobleman accepted the unpopular mission, though he had always held aloof from the Court since the Revolution. He repaired at once to London. An audience was refused to him, but his zeal was not to be extinguished by the cold ceremony that surrounds a throne. He had the wrongs of his country committed to his charge, and, at the risk of the then easy prosecution for treason, he was determined to acquit himself of the task. He watched the going out and the coming in of the magnanimous but politic king. At length he caught his eye: he pressed forward through the crowd of courtiers as William was mounting his horse. He laid the petition on his saddle-bow. The king's eagle eyes flashed fire, and his stern brow was fiercely bent.

"Now, by heaven, this young man is too bold," he exclaimed, wrathfully; but at the same moment his nobler nature reminded him how he himself had risked all things for what he considered to be his country's cause, and his royal brow relaxed:—"That is to say," he added, with almost a gracious smile, "if a man *can* be too bold in the cause of his country!"

But with these words all magnanimity appeared to cease. He rode on, and thenceforth his countenance towards the Scottish scheme was as cold as ever.

Again the Scots sent forth a colony as ill-officered and ill-ministered as before. Fanaticism assisted all other baleful agencies in counteracting the bold design. Again a reinforcement was sent out under the conduct of the gallant Campbell of Finab. He withstood the Spaniards, but he was conquered at length by circumstances. Pestilence and famine once more invaded the colony. Besieged by the Spaniards, they were at length forced to capitulate, with all the honours of war. So weak were they as they de-



parted, that their brave enemies were obliged to heave up their anchors for them, and to set their sails.

Thus Darien was abandoned, and with it the noblest scheme of colonization that was ever planned.

## CHAPTER IX.

Acknowledge present good, or thou wilt need to learn,  
And—by its loss—thy good, thy mercies to discern.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whence is it,—if the Lord, the mighty God, is high,  
That, lifting up myself, I find Him not more nigh?

*Sabbation.*

The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,  
Hath lost its charm by being caught.

*The Giaour.*

OUR life is but a portion of our immortal existence, which is covered over with the veil of mortality. The best and brightest amongst us are those whose veils are most diaphanous.

Isobel de Medina had as little of earth about her as was consistent with mortal nature. Self-denial, boldly incurred and long-continued, had refined and chastened her soul, as the flame refines the silver until it has expelled all dross, and enabled it to reflect the image of the refiner. No selfishness remained to obscure the bright spirit of that faithful woman; but she may be pardoned, if, for a while, she thought that her probation was ended; and that she might now fearlessly trust herself to an enjoyment of the love that she had so long and patiently forborne.

At first Alvaro returned, as entirely as he possessed, the affection that had been so tried. His penetrating, yet poetic mind, perceived and acknowledged the purity and nobleness of the love that he had won. He sunned himself, he basked in the light of the eyes that had been so long his lode-stars. He was almost *satisfied*,—a comprehensive word, which never has wholly found its fulfilment on this earth.

But Alvaro and his bride still breathed different spiritual

atmospheres, if we may so speak. Alvaro was too truthful not to have expressed to Isobel what he believed he felt. But he was only historically a Christian. Deep study, and admiration of the results of Christianity, had indeed led him to abandon the mixture of Judaism and Atheism in which he had been educated; but he was as yet an alien, not a denizen, in the new ground of faith that he had adopted: he conformed to its institutions; he submitted (as far as a nature like his could submit) to its laws; but he had not acquired its spirit, its *patriotism*, or its self-abnegation. He soon became impatient of the distinctions between himself and Isobel in these matters; and in seeking to fix that difference upon her inferiority of mind to his, he gradually acquired the habit of looking down, at once upon her and her more spiritual creed, as if they depended on each other.

The first points of the wedge of estrangement being introduced, the slightest pressure of every-day circumstances conduced to drive it further. The adored in Carthage—  
the ideal in his Eastern wanderings—the all-absorbing in Sandilee—became the trite—and at last—must it be confessed?—the wearisome wife in London!

Once more Alvaro was established in his old mansion in the City:—once more he devoted his great energies and genius to the grand schemes of commerce. And now his name rose rapidly; and he began to feel, even in a business point of view, the glory of having sacrificed everything formerly to the preservation of his irreproachable character. The European war afforded then a wide field for speculation; and Alvaro, in his dark and quiet counting-house, influenced the great interests of armies as much almost as the foreign minister. He would fain have induced the wise and steady Paterson to join him in his new career; but when that speculative philosopher declined his offers, he was resolved to stand alone, with none to share his toils or responsibilities.

Thus, at home and abroad, he was still isolated by his pride, and by the dangerous confidence he maintained in his own strength; to the exclusion of confidence in aught else, divine or human, except, perhaps, in his old partner. To him he looked as to a preceptor: and, in truth, the friend who has shared our trials in our youth, and who

has passed through them immaculate, claims an affectionate fidelity, which few are base enough to betray.

Paterson had now returned to the old manor-house, where he employed himself in works of beneficence, on a small scale compared with the gigantic schemes of doing good that he had formerly imagined. Still, however, he wrought with earnestness and fidelity amongst his poor neighbours, and obtained a harvest of humble love, though his glorious laurels had been blighted. All the thinking men of his time spoke of him with respect; but the stigma of failure was upon him, and he was no more invited to take a lead in public enterprise. He would not have been human if he had not felt this slight; but it is one of the graces of unselfish ambition, that its failures have no bitterness. Paterson was serene and benevolent to the last.

Years rolled on, and the wrongs of Scotland at length made themselves heard. A compensation for the sufferers by England's policy in the Darien scheme, was decreed. Paterson alone obtained no share of the tardy justice. He felt that his fair fame, as well as his small means, suffered by this neglect; and he went to London to assert his claims.

One evening he sat with Alvaro and Isobel in their house looking out upon the Thames. It was then no foul and reeking stream, but a fair river, in which the swans delighted. Gay barges floated on its waters; and watermen, with parti-coloured jackets, and broad badges on their arms, exercised their craft in multitudes.

The merchant and his wife sat at an open window, in the summer evening, and Paterson regarded them with astonishment. The last time that he had seen them together, Isobel was in the morning of her beauty, and Alvaro watched her every glance with deep and eager interest. Now, pale and attenuated, she sat silent and unnoticed, though a beautiful child was on her knee, with her own rich soft hair, and loving eyes, which glanced from time to time awe-stricken towards its father. Paterson laid his hand gently upon the little head, and looked at its mother anxiously and wistfully; he could not understand the problem of sorrow that was written on her pale cheek. A sudden hectic flush betrayed how much



she felt that look, and the world of memories that it awakened. Tears unbidden stood ready to fall, but restrained by long habit. The evening air streamed in, and aroused a hollow cough, at the sound of which Alvaro turned round impatiently, and Isobel retired in haste; but the sound of that cough was audible along the passages, even through the closed door.

Alvaro seemed to be relieved by her absence; and turning cordially to Paterson, he began to speak of the business that had drawn him from his solitude.

"There is another matter much nearer to my heart just now," said Paterson, gravely; for he had seen all the little history of that house in one glance. "Your wife is very ill."

"She's always so," rejoined Alvaro; "always pining and repining about some crotchet that has no existence except in her own bigoted imagination. It's the nature of those women to be miserable, I believe."

"It was not always hers," resumed Paterson; "no living creature was ever more joyous than Isobel Graeme when first you knew her."

"Ah! yes; that was before I sacrificed myself to her, body and mind, for years. But let us talk of your affairs. She has everything that she can desire. *I* can do no more."

"You had need to satisfy yourself well on that point," persisted Paterson, in a solemn tone of voice. "Not as you shall answer it to me, who have so little right to advise you; but as you shall answer it to *her* faithful and departed spirit—when nothing but that once beautiful form is left to speak to you silently of bygone times."

Alvaro started as if a dagger stabbed him.—"You do not—you dare not—tell me she is dying!" he exclaimed. All the dread meaning of that word burst upon his mind at once. He had never suspected it. Isobel had been as uncomplaining as ever. It could not, it must not be true!

He was soon by his wife's side. Now that his eyes were opened, he could easily see that her life was ebbing fast away. With a powerful effort he controlled, for the moment, his distracting woe. He folded his vanishing wife gently and timidly to his heart, and once more felt

the pressure of her arms. No word passed between them; they knew each other so well, and remembered so much at that moment, that words were unutterable and unnecessary.

Thenceforth Alvaro never left her, except to give vent to his despair in furious, hopeless paroxysms. Without such outpourings, he felt as if his heart would burst.

A century and a half has passed away since poor Isobel was laid, with queenly pomp, in the churchyard of Caerlaverock. For her husband it was a sad pleasure to linger with the funeral in the pauses of its long journey thither.

His infant child grew up in grace and beauty, idolized by her wayward but repentant father, and reaping the arrears of the affection which had been withheld from her mother. When next we hear of her, Rachel de Medina was spoken of as the loveliest and wealthiest heiress in London; but it was only on woman's report, for no man except her father had ever been in her society.

## CHAPTER X.

"Go tell my good lord," said this modest young man,

"If he will but invite me to dinner,

I'll be as diverting as ever I can :

I will, on the faith of a sinner."

*Anon.*

As, when a ship founders at sea, the water forms a distracted vortex for a few minutes, and the waves are tossed about unnaturally; but they gradually subside, until the surface of ocean is as calm over the buried wreck as over the smoothest sand that ever formed a drowned seaman's pillow;—so, when one of those with whom, in life's voyage, we have been long familiar, disappears from our side, and sinks down into the mysterious grave, we feel at first as if our heart had gone down there too; we are tossed with vain imaginings and regrets, as though we never could find peace again; but those disturbances subside inevitably, and no outward sign of them remains upon the *surface* of our lives. Thus, after a few months, Alvaro was seen as

usual among the haunts of men; his form unbent, his eyes as keen as ever, his energies apparently yet greater and more restless. Paterson, too, had returned to London, once more to urge his claims, and to confute the calumnies by which his opponents endeavoured to vindicate their injustice. He was now the guest of his prosperous friend; when one day a visitor was announced to him under the name of Captain Law. As he had never heard of his kinsman in a military capacity, he was surprised at his presence, and still more at his magnificent dress and equipage. Fine gentleman as he was, however, Law had too much mind of his own not to appreciate it in another; and though he looked upon Paterson as too visionary in his speculations, he still respected him for their magnitude.

"That was a noble scheme of yours, kinsman!" he exclaimed, with honest enthusiasm. "Is it quite dead?"

"Aye, and buried," replied Paterson. "The land that gave it birth is only haunted by its ghost, still unladen and troubling men's minds for its unrighteous death. But believe me, it is only for a time. *The day will come, when, under a Sovereign who has conciliated the love of nations, as well as that of the British people, the Isthmus of Panama will again be peacefully invaded; and our scheme will triumph after all.*"

"I doubt it not," Law rejoined; "but let later ages perform what miracles they may in that respect, you will have been their PIONEER. But I am now come to talk to you of another matter: you can do me a great favour by making me known to Don Alvaro, with whom I have some business of moment."

"Not to attempt to inveigle him into any of *your* schemes, I hope?" said Paterson.

"No. I am quite disinterested at present; as far at least as it is possible for any one, except yourself, to be so. You remember Sir Standon Seignory, whose bonny Yorkshire mare I rode to death in your service some sixteen years ago?—Well; it is on *his* account that I want to propose to Don Alvaro a not unpalatable business."

"There is no difficulty in what you desire," said Paterson, "as far as relates to making Don Alvaro's acquaintance. His dinner-hour is two; and if you there present yourself, you will find yourself a welcome guest."



The dinner-hour came, and with it Law. He had a great respect for Alvaro, as for one who achieved a great success, with a reputation at the same time for wealth and liberality. But he did not allow his respect to embarrass him in any manner. On being presented to the great man, with a few well-chosen words of indirect compliment, he took his seat at his table; and soon proceeded to unfold his unequalled stores of conversation, which struck the other guests with astonishment. They were, for the most part, silent men, of one leading idea, which like the roc's egg, was too weighty to be produced except at long intervals. But Law soon extracted—and then played with them—as easily as if he had been familiar with their particular topics all his life. Alvaro at first took as little share in the conversational as in the practical part of the dinner. He ate but sparingly of the simplest food and drank only water, while his guests indulged in the rarest luxuries then known to culinary art, and in the richest wines. He only led to subjects for discussion, or assented to the observations of others. But at length, struck by some subtle paradox, which Law had started as a lure, Alvaro entered warmly into its refutation; and then the object of his guest was answered: for he knew that no conversational effort, in which the hearer does not take a part, will ever really interest him.

At length the dinner was over; and Alvaro, prepossessed in spite of himself by a talkative young man, retired with Law to discuss the business that had brought him to his house. Over their interview we must draw the curtain, while we return some years in our story to account for Law's intimacy with our old acquaintance, Sir Standon Seignory: and to reproduce some others whose fate requires notice.

Sir Standon, as the courteous reader may recollect, was a Yorkshire baronet, who, but for his Jacobinism and his mortgages, would now have had as little to disturb his life as any man in England. His was a brave old simple soul, however, that never anticipated misfortune by anxiety, or feared to meet it when it came. He had still sufficient confidence in the cause of the Stuart to give him comfort in his loyalty; and he had still a sufficient command of money to enable him to exercise the hospitality and the charities that were associated with his very name. His influence in his neighbourhood, only bounded by his own

moderation, was felt to an extent that is seldom known amongst us now; and though he, of course, eschewed and was opposed to King William's court, he took his seat in parliament as naturally as on the bench of magistrates.

Sir Standon, though himself a strict moralist, had, as we have seen, been a page in the days of Charles II.; and, though a courtier, had stood up stoutly for the "unity of Church and King," under his Romanizing brother, even after the sentence that dismissed him from his service. At length, wearied with the contradictions in which he perpetually found himself involved, he became disgusted with the public life of the time, and retired to his fine old residence of Hartly Chase. There, the minute but multifarious interests of a country life soon wrapped him up, and estranged him from all the pursuits of his former career. A brief period of wedlock, which had left him a widower with an only son, still further concentrated his interests on home. His large and generous sympathies found ample room to expand amongst his tenants and neighbours, and having once become concerned in the destinies of others, he could not forsake his responsibilities. Therefore age had crept over him in the seclusion of the country. Correspondence was scanty in those days, when a single post-boy carried in his mail-bags all the letters for the North of England; and he gradually became forgotten by almost all his former associates and friends. When William of Nassau had landed at Torbay, the news spread with that mysterious and marvellous rapidity that often leaves behind the fleetest post. Immediately Sir Standon prepared to resist "the Dutchman," and the armory of his cavalier grandfather was hastily ransacked and fitted on his tenants; hunters assumed the names of chargers, and many a stout young ash was fitted as a pike-handle before the intelligence of the king's dastardly abdication had reached his subjects in the North. "The Dutchman" was soon firmly seated on what the Whigs asserted was the vacant throne: and Sir Standon, to console himself for this catastrophe, and enliven a seclusion now deeper than ever, married again.

The lady of his second choice was a widow, and her circumstances were so peculiar as to excite a good deal of observation; especially from Sir Standon's maiden sister, who had in vain endeavoured to warn him against the

wiles of women in general, and against widow-women in particular. The elderly widower had long listened to such warnings with patient courtesy, if not with the respectful attention that they deserved; but a fit of the gout, superinduced by William the Third's triumphant entry into London, had led Sir Standon to Scarborough, and beyond the tutelary guardianship of his sister. The matrimonial catastrophe she so much dreaded took place there in the following manner.

The arrival of the wealthy baronet created great emotion in the gay little town, which was even then a place of fashion. Though verging upon half a century of years, he wore them lightly, and every one has observed how little chronology can be depended on as regards the real age of man. Sir Standon was at once pronounced to be young to all intents and purposes; and he was by no means displeased to find himself considered in that light. The duties of a great country gentleman are very patriarchal; and they render proportionably refreshing any gentle insinuations that they have left no trace beyond the silvered hair and the furrowed brow. But in truth, there seems to be a perpetual spring of youthfulness in some hearts which animates the whole frame. The cheerful voice, the merry eye, the buoyant hope, are often found in advanced years, as care and gravity are sometimes visible in early youth. In short, Sir Standon Seignory was virtually younger than many of his contemporaries; and might have competed in activity and strength with many who were still young, but who had wasted their youthfulness in the excesses of that gross and profligate age.

Sir Standon's sister was fortunately possessed of an old friend and gossip, who resided at Scarborough. To this lady, who eagerly responded to her friend's request of observing and reporting upon the baronet's proceedings, I am indebted, at the interval of a hundred and fifty years, for an account of Sir Standon's matrimonial proceedings. It must be premised that Mistress Minerva had for some time devoted herself to the study of the dead languages,—somewhat to the neglect of their living rivals,—the former were so interestingly taught by her brother's chaplain. It is true that the chaplain had married the housekeeper, and



was removed to a distant living ; but " he must have been taken in by the arts of that official," and his memory was still cherished by the spinster. Miss Minerva's first letter of instruction runs as follows :—

" TO MRS. TILLY TROVER, AT SCARBOROUGH, THESE :

" It is long, dear Tilly Trover, since we have met, but between you and I, it is not my fault solely. Ever since that vile parkesite made away with poor innocent Mr. Lexicum, and made a husband and a fool of him, I have not been in spirits to go anywhere ; and my brother, Sir Standon, has been in such a taking lately about politics that our proceedings have been quite cancerous, which means (for you don't understand Latin) crab-like or backward. Indeed, I think this Penelope's web of a world is unweaving every day, and all ravelling besides. Now, my brother, Sir Standon, has been grievously contrarified by the late terrible doings at Whitehall, to our poor dear king and his unnatural children. (How happy we must feel, dear Tilly, in being free from such affiliations, though no doubt we should have brought up ours better, if we had weakly run the risk of being mother to Statholderesses, or any other child of flesh.) I say my brother, Sir Standon, has been in such a taking since the Dutch invasion of this poor country that I did not like to leave him ; especially as young Harold, my nephew, is away to a foreign school. Yet now, when he is going to visit Scarborough, I am obliged to abide here, and see that his house is not entirely ate up by the pampering varlets and queans that he thinks it necessary to sustain ; and which I liken to a barrack-full of liveried men and maids, militant against all peace and proper economy. But, oh ! Tilly, I tremble to think of all the dangers that my poor brother Sir Standon will be exposed to in your dissipated town, and me not there to protect his susceptible heart from the infamous devices of the man-catchers, who lie there in wait for such prey, and whose iniquitous arts I know full well. On you alone, Tilly, under Providence, I now rely ; not indeed to watch over my poor unprotected brother, for that is the province of a sister only ;—but to inform me almost diurnally (regardless of postage expense) of his proceedings, and of the

operations of the enemy. I hope the Ribston pippins and the deer's kidneys reached you safely. Your affectionate and trusting friend,

“MINERVA SEIGNORY.”

The reply to this epistle was carefully preserved with it in the old lumber-room of Hartly Chase. It details the catastrophe so prophetically dreaded by the anxious sister :

“TO MRS. MINERVA SEIGNORY,

“Had I not always had the highest opinion of your mental as well as ornamental powers, my dearest and honoured friend, I should have been quite astonished at your foresight. Latin must surely open the female understanding wonderfully, and an able tutor expand the capacities; and indeed the Rev. Master Lexicum was doubtless a man of great parts, or he would not have acquired an interest in your feelings.”

[And here, be it observed parenthetically, that Minerva Seignory *had* a kind heart, though her temper and her pride prevented all, except her gossip and the poor, from giving her credit for it.]

“And so, no doubt, learning is a great thing; and as it prepared you for what has happened, so I hope it will enable you to bear it; for surely enough Sir Standon is on the very verge of unmitigated matrimony! It is a widow, too, and so horridly handsome, that she is sure to rule him sovereignly with her large, dark, wild eyes.

“It is but a week, as you well know, since Sir Standon arrived in our town, and filled everybody's attention (notwithstanding two shipwrecks, and a very mysterious birth at No. 20, in the crescent: you know who I mean). About a week before Sir Standon's arrival, the fatal widow had settled herself amongst us, with a Spanish maid and a negro footman, two green monkeys, a macaw, and other curiosities. The maid does not understand English, and the lacquey does not, I believe, understand any human tongue; so that all our endeavours to learn her particulars have hitherto been vain. Well, she spent the first night at the inn, and the next day hired the lonesome sort of house next the sea. There she sat in the balcony

in the fine evening, and sang in the most shameless manner,—not that there was any harm in the song,—but it was wonderfully indiscreet to sing in a public watering-place; though, to be sure, she did not know there was any one listening; but I *did* happen to be there, for I was naturally curious to know why she was not in the pump-room: and as I was moving cautiously round the cliff, who should I meet but Sir Standon, who was stealing towards the house as fast as I was stealing away from it, and we ran against one another; and as I stumbled he caught me in his arms, and I felt so strange that I ejaculated, and the widow looked down from her balcony and laughed outright, shameless as she was. Well, I naturally fainted, or so nearly, that Sir Standon thundered at the widow's door for help, and carried me in, without asking leave. Then indeed the widow came down-stairs, and was quite over civil with her scent-bottles, and canary wine, and peacock fans. At last I recovered sufficiently to enter a sedan-chair and be carried home; but ah! dear friend, I reproached myself with my weakness as an infidelity to you, for it ended by Sir Standon remaining behind in the siren's very house. In half an hour after, it is true, he was at the pump-room, sipping his ratafia very composedly, and I must say was very handsome in his manner, hoping I had come by no harm. Soon after, enters the widow, with her foreign sounding voice (though sweet it is, as must be owned), and her grand gown of silk taffeta, and pearls on her neck as big as white currants. She is rich, there can be no doubt of that. It is not that her glass coach is of a new pattern, or that her horses are from Russia, her jennet from Spain, her lap-dog from Pomerania, and nothing vulgar or English about her,—but there is that brightness and whiteness about everything she wears, and a certain easy conscience when she gives a shilling to a beggar, that gives me the impression she's rich: why, I've counted her unfold three clean pocket-handkerchiefs in one day, besides what she might have done when I was not watching her! Well, the minute she came into the room, Sir Standon walks up to her with the highest compliments and the lowest bows. He stayed by her all the time she remained, and then asked leave to escort her home. So they went away, and the town saw very little of either of them for two or three



days more; and then she was leaning upon his arm, and it instantly transpired that they were to be married—utterly married next Sunday! Now for the backwardness of this communication to you: you must know that Sir Standon made silence on the subject a particular request, saying that he did not wish you to be agitated by the intelligence until all was over, when he will write too; but I thought it my duty not to keep this great matter from you longer than three days; and so you have it all now, and I will pray that your mental capabilities may enable you to bear it as it ought to be borne.

“Your affectionate friend and well-wisher,

“T. TROVER.”

“P.S. I forgot to tell you about Sir Standon’s great friend, Captain Law, who has been running away with all the men’s money and the ladies’ hearts. He is to be bridegroom’s man, and is going away with the happy couple to Hartly Chase.”

“P.S. Sir Standon has just been here, in my humble apartment, and bid me to the wedding, which is to be very private. He asked my good wishes in such a handsome manner that I could not refuse; and indeed, with so rich and beautiful a wife I think (if you approve the match) there can’t be much harm in it. Though none of us here can tell who the lady is, she *MUST* (we all now think) be somebody.”

Mistress Tilly Trover’s letter comprises all that could be said about this marriage of Sir Standon Seignory. By the same post dispatch that carried Mistress Tilly Trover’s missive, the bridegroom sent an affectionate letter acquainting his sister with the step which he had taken, and hoping that Hartly Chase would not be less, but rather more, her home, henceforth, than it had always been.

The worthy simple-hearted old baronet was duly wedded to the beautiful widow, and disappeared with his prize from Scarborough, and all its inquisitions, accompanied by his friend Law on horseback.

The newly-made Lady Seignory was as much a mystery to her bridegroom as she was to Mistress Trover, as far as regarded her antecedents. Sir Standon only knew that

she was the arbitress of his destiny; and she possessed such a commanding air, that between his loving awe and his punctilious courtesy, he did not dare to inquire more than she was pleased to inform him. Sometimes, indeed, he would seem rather wistful and curious, though more in gesture than in words; but he was always easily repressed, and his bride seemed so grateful for his forbearance that he almost congratulated himself in the ignorance that still possessed him.

## CHAPTER XI.

We are Fortune's children.—True, she's a fickle mother; but she has smiles in store, and her frowns are meant to brighten them.

*The Gamester.*

HARTLY CHASE received its master and his bride with all due pomp and rejoicings. Her dark eyes brightened with pride and pleasure as the noble parks and ancient woods displayed themselves before her. Sir Standon had never felt so proud of his possessions as when he saw them admired by Lady Seignory. He felt proud, too, when the yeoman-tenants gathered round the carriage with awkward respectful eagerness to obtain a sight of her. Thousands of hearty honest voices shouted her name; the sky was darkened with the caps flung up; the very ale that soon flowed in rivers was neglected; the hounds broke loose from their neglected kennel, and bayed round the clamorous crowds; the deer gathered in frightened groups far off on the hills among the trees; the rooks soared high in air, startled from their leafy cradles.

Mistress Minerva, arrayed in an enormous hoop, and a cap like a maypole in height and profuse floweriness, awaited her brother at his wide hall-door. She curtsied in the most stately manner as her new sister was presented to her, and when she found herself unceremoniously caught in her embrace, she almost screamed with surprise. Nor was her equanimity restored when a tall dark-eyed young gentleman dismounted from the horse on which he had attended Sir

Standon's coach, and running up the hall-door steps slapped the respectable spinster on the back to prevent what he believed to be hysterics. Indeed in her embarrassment, the poor lady thought it advisable to seem faint, and the young gentleman in the next moment supported her to a large wooden chair, thrust his plume in the hall fire, and held the burnt feathers so close to her nose that she was fain to come to herself quickly in order to escape the effluvia.

When the excitement consequent on these operations had a little subsided, Sir Standon presented the officious stranger as Captain William Law, who, happening to be at Scarborough, had officiated at the wedding, had escorted the married couple, and was now come to spend some time at Hartly Chase. The young stranger stood in a deferential attitude, with hat in hand, placed upon his breast, and looking down upon the ground while these particulars were being narrated. Then, as it were recovering himself, he bade the bride welcome in the name of all her people, called for wine to drink her health, and shook hands heartily with every one, and then vanished out of the door, as the newly-married couple retired from the hall. His voice might soon have been heard in the stable-yard, giving orders in all directions, blaming this, praising that, and finding somewhat to remark upon and to alter in everything. The burly old coachman attempted to make some stand against this invasion of his sovereignty, and the grooms gazed stupidly, first at their accustomed officer, and then at the usurper. But in the end, the young stranger's high spirits, good-humour, and air of authority carried all before him. He made a rapid survey of the stables, the kennels, and the falcon mews; before supper-time he had tried the paces of three horses, caught a pike in one of the stews, struck down a belated heron with a sleepy falcon, and drawn a badger with Mistress Minerva's own pampered but still game terrier. He returned to the house crowned with all the glory that the servants' hall could give.

In the evening the manor-house was thrown open to the neighbours. They flocked from far and near to do honour to the worthy baronet, and to gaze upon his bride. Sir Standon's large heart opened freely to them all, and every one found an individual welcome that brightened over them long after they had passed by their host. His broad manly



brow was surrounded by a huge white periwig, whose ample curls flowed down upon his shoulders; his ample vest, of richly embroidered satin, was surmounted with a broadly-lapelled coat, stiff with lace; diamond buckles shone upon his high-heeled shoes, and 'lace that might make a cardinal jealous, hung in profusion from his sleeves and low cravat. It was a noble pompous style of costume that prevailed in those days, with something antique in its appearance that harmonized well with the ancestral pretensions of those who were privileged to wear it. It required somewhat of a stately presence, not to say a portly one—the product of generous cheer and self-satisfaction.

No one who saw Sir Standon that night, with hospitable pleasure glowing in his face, and giving energy to the grasp of his hand, could have supposed that care and anxiety were lying in wait to seize their prey, when the pleasure of the hour had ceased to render him superior to their influence.

He *was* superior to them for the time, at all events: and as lumbering coach, and saddle-horse, and pillion poured in the travellers into his halls, he was right glad and joyous, and forgot his creditors and their oppression. Meanwhile Captain Law (the Captain, as he was at once entitled) having donned a suit of pink and silver, seemed to have changed the inward with the outward man. He was now ceremoniously polite to every guest, and gratuitously took the task of vice-host upon himself. Amongst other arrangements, he organized, with wonderful celerity, several tables for basset, ombre, and picquet; and especially interested himself about a great table for a game of faro. Having collected elderly parties for each, he left them, though with a wistful look, and devoted himself energetically to the younger guests. "A hall" was soon made; and notwithstanding her causes for fatigue, Lady Seignory was led off by her guest to dance a country-dance, which she performed with extraordinary grace. She then retired for the evening, and her partner returned to the ball. The spirit of enjoyment is wonderfully contagious among simple-hearted people; and the young stranger himself, though far from deserving that epithet, was soon absorbed in a sort of revelry that he had been a stranger to since his childhood. As he floated by with another partner in a minuet, he was suddenly encountered by a foreign-looking man, whose

wan face was deeply marked by weather or by temper ; and presented the aspect of one who, engaged in strife, had just paused to take breath. Law started for a moment when he met his dark, calm gaze fixed upon him ; but soon recovering himself, he observed that his panting partner "must be fatigued," and led her to a seat. Then indirectly approaching the person whose appearance had so struck him, he exchanged a passing word, and drew carelessly near to the faro-table. The players, who seemed puzzled about the game, eagerly made way for him, and he at once offered to keep the bank. The offer was accepted ; money was poured out, and freely backed by the versatile individual, who seemed more at home in his present occupation than even in any of his former ones. Fortune frowned on him, however ; his money was swept away, and yet his smile and cheerful tone of voice was unaltered. Another bank was made, and with the same result. Still smiling, the gambler now turned to the dark stranger who stood behind his chair, and held out his hand, in which a well-filled purse—not the puny purse of our days, but a portly leathern bag—was instantly placed. The players, now flushed with success, poured out their coin more freely. The golden effigies of James and William rolled together on the green field of fight ; when lo ! a conquering card leaped from the bold banker's hand, and transferred the spoil to him. Still Law smiled, and playfully proposed *revanche* to all his antagonists. Some rose from the table with rueful faces ; but at that time, when play was so universal a passion, such places were soon filled up. The attention of the room became gradually concentrated on the faro-table, where Law was lavishing gold at one deal, and sweeping it up in piles around him at another, with undisturbed serenity. His lively conversation never flagged : he appeared to be playing solely for amusement, and never appeared to count the money as he took it up : yet, when a recruiting-officer returned only nine instead of half-a-score of gold pieces, he tapped the table impatiently, and cast upon his antagonist a look which they who only saw his smiles would have believed impossible ; and which immediately brought the offender to apologise for his "mistake." The game gradually rose in excitement and intensity. The faces of the players now flushed, now paled, as hope or fear pre-

ailed : aged men, with ponderous periwigs ; young beauties, with powdered locks ; swaggering captains ; rubicund divines ;—all lent themselves to the greatest and meanest of all temporary excitements. Money rolled to and fro in golden tides beneath the stirring influence : fortunes ebbed and flowed ; ruin and wealth alternated in every deal. High above all, sat the young accomplished gamester, still increasing in his efforts and his power to please ; still apparently the only unconcerned person there ; still casting over the whole group, and their dangerous employment, an air and tone of joyous recklessness.

At length, the vehemence of the players attracted Sir Standon to the scene of action. Sir Standon at once perceived, and with acute regret, that the play had reached a height far above the means of his worthy neighbours. To him the circumstances of almost every one there were well known ; and he listened with painful astonishment to the hoarse, anxious voices that proffered half-a-year's income on a single card : to such a pitch had the dealer's art stimulated their infatuation. The worthy host, too, was angry at the use to which his hospitality had been perverted ; but when he looked at his dangerous young friend, he could not help admiring his tact, his boldness, his self-command, and his vivid, yet almost imperceptible, vigilance.

The celebrated Law was then about thirty years of age, very tall, slight in figure, sinewy, and active. Dark and glowing eyes and black brows surmounted a bold aquiline nose : his aspect would have been stern, but for the sweetness of his smile : his manner was irresistible ;—it seemed at the same time to command and to sue for the interest which he never failed to excite. His volubility was marvellous, not only in quantity, but in the quality of what he uttered. His conversation, his air, the very tones of his voice, seemed to inspire confidence, and to promote that sort of gaiety which intoxicates.

Sir Standon, always a man of good purpose, but always infirm in it, turned away, and the game went on rapidly as before ;—ruin and despair working darkly under the smiles and sparkling sallies that made the gambling party seem all-joyous to the thoughtless eyes of the lookers-on. Gold still flowed towards the bold “banker,” and more than once the encumbering piles of the precious metal had been swept



away, and transferred to the insatiable pockets of the dark stranger who stood behind the young gambler's chair. When money was exhausted, watches, rings, necklaces, earrings, were staked against the dangerous decoy of the banker's solid rouleaus; and almost always with the same results. One mere boy,—whose dress and style seemed to bespeak a foreigner, and who had hitherto stood aloof, watching the game with grave but eager eyes,—stepped forward as Sir Standon retired, and placed a pocket-book on the board. The banker, good-humouredly shaking his head, declined to play against an unknown stake; the player quietly withdrew his book, and was about to return it to his pocket, when the banker consented, as if reluctantly, to accept his challenge. The book was again thrown upon the table, and again the dealer gave out his cards. The boy thrust his right hand inside his vest, and looked calmly on. His card turned up a winner and he slowly unclasped his stake. Two new bank-notes for five hundred pounds were seen reposing in the leaves. As his fingers unfolded the paper, Law's quick eyes observed that those small fingers were tinged with blood: in the interval of suspense, they had dug into their owner's flesh, as he stood in apparent carelessness, with his hand seeming to repose upon his heart. The captain, with a smile bright as ever, and complimentary of the courage and coolness of his young adversary, pushed over towards him ten piles of gold, one hundred pieces in each. The winner then entered systematically into the game, which acquired a new impulse from the temporary check that the bank had received.

Sir Standon again approached the table in painful suspense and doubt. If he interrupted the game, the losers would think themselves aggrieved: if he allowed it to continue, he trembled for the consequences.

At length an incident decided him: the boy, who kept his back carefully turned towards the baronet, speedily lost all his winnings, and a considerable part of his own capital besides. Impatiently he placed the whole remaining sum on one card. He lost, and rose from the table, still perfectly self-possessed; but the paleness that all along had pervaded his face, now extended to his lips. He slowly folded up the empty pocket-book, and was moving away among

the crowd, when the captain also rose from the table, motioned to the dark man who had stood beside his chair, to take his place, and followed the retreating steps of his boyish opponent. He overtook him ere he left the room; and after a few words, took his arm, and walked out upon the terrace with him.

When the new banker had begun to deal the cards, Sir Standon interposed and requested that the game might cease. The stranger haughtily refused; alleging that his friend's honour was concerned in giving the losers their revenge, and that no gentleman would be justified in interfering at such a time. Sir Standon rejoined; but the banker proceeded to deal. Many of the guests, in compliance with their host's wish, now rose from the table; some, rendered desperate, sat still and called on the banker to proceed. Sir Standon, pale with anger, but restraining himself to the courtesy which was to him a perfect law, advanced towards the audacious stranger and addressed him very gravely:

"I am at a loss, sir," he said, "to understand your conduct; I am still more at a loss to understand to what circumstance I am indebted for the honour of seeing you in my house?"

The stranger for a moment fixed his eyes angrily on Sir Standon, and replied:

"Your friend and mine, the captain, will explain all that. He will tell you that I did not enter this house uninvited; and *I* can tell you that your future fate depends very much upon my will."

Sir Standon's ire was now effectually roused, not so much by the gambler's proceeding with his deal, as by the imputation on his want of courtesy, and the insinuation that he was in the stranger's power. Just as he was about to speak, however, the captain stood by his side, laid his hand deprecatingly on his arm, and walked up to the stranger.

"Have you not heard our worthy host?" he exclaimed. "Sir Standon Seignory desires that the play should cease."

"And Count Monti desires that the play should go on, and that these worthy gentlemen should not have reason to consider themselves robbed," retorted the stranger, very haughtily.

"Then the count will do *me* the honour of giving me the first card," rejoined the captain, very blandly, as he sat down to the table, and without opposition separated half the winnings from the banker's side to his own. The count hesitated for a moment, and then tried to telegraph his insubordinate friend by looks which were quite lost upon the impassive, ever-smiling captain.

"Come, come, count," he exclaimed, "the game waits: there's a thousand to invite you."

The other players eagerly backed the bold challenger, and the sum was soon doubled. In order to arrest the movement, the count declared that the game was made, and dealt. For once the captain was silent and abstracted; he watched with vivid and unwinking eyes every movement of the dealer, who evidently quailed beneath his scrutiny. The cards flew forth.

The count lost!

The captain doubled his stake; the other players imitated him. The stake was now immense; the excitement became general. Crowds pressed round the table, and even Sir Standon, notwithstanding his ire and discomposure, bent all his attention to the game. Almost every eye was fixed on the captain, whose hands seemed to manage his cards without supervision; his brilliant eyes actually glowed with the earnestness of his watchfulness as the count dealt again. It would have been impossible for any legerdemain to baffle that keen scrutiny.

Again the cards flew forth; the count lost,—and with clenched teeth distributed all his remaining gold among the winners. He was obliged to begin with the captain, and he had not enough to finish with the other players. An angry and scornful murmur began to be heard. The captain pushed over a pile of gold to his friend. The winners were all paid. The game was over, and the captain, rising from the table, apologised gaily and gracefully to his host for having even for a little while transgressed his commands.

But the worthy baronet was overjoyed—he grasped the captain's hand warmly, and declared his obligation to him was immense.

"Not only," he added, "have you put a stop to that insolent fellow's career, but my excellent, though very poor



friend there, has been saved from ruin, I suspect, by the two last deals."

"Excellent sir," replied the captain, "as I was the unfortunate occasion of the count's trespass on your hospitality, I was at least bound to prevent his causing you annoyance. But, in truth, as he was the person of whom I spoke as willing to advance you the money you required, I took the liberty of writing to him at York to come hither on this occasion. He is now chafed, and is one not easily soothed. I must try however to appease him, with your permission."

So saying, the chevalier bowed, and withdrew, followed by the eyes of all.

## CHAPTER XII.

Aye!—and hadst thou eyes behind thou might'st see detraction following thee, as fortune before.—*Twelfth Night*.—SHAKSPERE.

THE party dispersed soon after midnight, and soon were widely scattered over the surrounding roads and lanes, each family or group on its homeward way, and each making the captain, as well as Sir Standon, their chief subject of discussion.

Meanwhile, the former followed the angry count along a moonlit terrace towards a little inn in the village, where his horses were awaiting him. The count heard his steps, but proceeded in angry silence on his way. The captain grasped him by the shoulder, and addressed him in a low deep voice, very different from the joyous tones by which he had fascinated the attention of Sir Standon's guests.

"Monti!" said he, "what mean you by this petulance, —this sulky humour so unworthy of the genius and the mind that has subdued thousands, yet cannot control itself?"

The count turned hastily round, shook off the hand that pressed his arm, and flinging aside his cloak laid his hand upon his sword. At the same moment that of the chevalier glimmered in the moonlight; he was evidently only on his

guard, however, and he resumed his speech in the same calm voice :

"You have already sufficiently outraged this hospitable house; do not consummate your unseemly folly by a brawl."

The captain spoke thus, for he knew that it would be easier to soothe down a new asperity than arrange the old one. He continued—

"You need not talk defiance to me, Count Monti; we both know that there is little love between us, but to-morrow morning you will be of my opinion, that it is better to resume our former footing than to squabble about a game of cards. I shall call on you early at the village inn: if I find you have not waited for me, I shall hold our partnership dissolved, and you know which of us will be the greatest sufferer thereby. Meanwhile, as I played to-night by your desire, the winnings shall be yours. There is the contents of the bank!"

So saying, the captain held out the purse, or rather a bag of gold, to his hesitating confederate, who firmly put it from him, and stalked away in silence. The captain flung it contemptuously after him, and returned towards the house. He well knew that the money would not be thrown away.

As he drew near the house, where some lights still remained unextinguished, he encountered the boy who had staked his pocket-book and lost it at the faro-table.

"I could not rest," said the boy, "without once more expressing to you my warmest thanks for your unparalleled generosity this evening; at the same time I have to apologise for unintentionally acting as a spy upon you; but as I watched for you, I observed you following yon angry stranger, and thinking I might be useful in case of a quarrel, I remained near enough to hear your conversation."

"Humph! and what did you think of it?" was the reply;—"but I need not ask; I see that you deem it strange that a man who could restore a thousand pounds to a stranger should be in league with a scoundrel. Well! so it is. I have known him for years, and I could laugh to see him a beggar: I never saw you till to-night, but I could not make up my mind to ruin you. I read your character

in your countenance and in your bearing at the card-table. I saw that you were made for better things than the desperado or the suicide—that my work might at length have caused you to become. Nay, do not frown or start; I am still young, though double your age; but I have lived with my eyes and ears open, and my thoughts intent on every look, and word, and tone of my fellow-men. It is on this that I have lived and made a fair fortune with fair repute. Hereafter you may know me better, and understand my relation with the sharper who has just left us. One favour I have to ask of you for the present: and for the rest—whither are you going?”

“I intend to remain here—perhaps in this very house; and for the favour, anything not injurious to my honour that I can ever do for you, you may swear is done.”

“Good! Then swear to me on that honour you are so chary of, that you will never again touch cards or dice? I see that you are as yet a stranger to their accursed experience. I shudder to think what you would have to go through before you could use them as safely as I do.”

The young boy, with a wondering look, gave solemnly the required promise, and then timidly implored his strange companion at least to take back half the winnings he had so generously refunded.

“Not a stiver of it,” exclaimed the captain; “nor need you feel under any obligation to me. I did not observe, when I dealt to you, that the cards had just been ‘made’ by that scoundrel behind my chair. I only knew it when the ace turned up: it had no business to be there. If you and your elder fellow-players had not been too excited, you would have seen that it was already played. There—enough of this. We may yet be friends.”

So saying, the gambler shook hands with his convert, and returned to the house.

The next morning, before the dew was off the grass, our captain betook himself to the village; he tracked his own footsteps and those of the count along the dewy terrace, and a contemptuous expression passed over his handsome countenance when he observed that the steps of his confederate had returned to where the rejected bag had lain.

“Mean-spirited villain!” he muttered; “though rolling in ill-gotten wealth, he could not resist the lure that ren-



dered his anger and his conduct alike contemptible." He reached the inn: the count was just gone. He might be easily overtaken. The captain's hand was on the stable-bell as he reflected for a moment, with knitted brows. In another moment he turned away, and walked back towards Sir Standon's house, with his usual light and unconcerned air.

Breakfast was late, so late as eight o'clock, to the great distress of Mistress Minerva, who had been fidgeting about the house long before. She assured the captain, who was already in her good graces, that she had never remembered such a late breaking of fast since she first knew Hartly Chase; but she checked herself as she was about to state the length of that epoch, as it synchronised with his own existence.—"And Sir Standon not even yet makes his appearance!" she continued; "I am not surprised at his fair lady wife giving herself lie-a-bed airs; but really, at his time of life, Sir Standon ought to know better how to conduct himself."

At that moment her brother entered, holding in his hand an open letter. He looked embarrassed; and in his manner of saluting his guest there was more formality than he had yet exhibited. But the captain was not easily disconcerted. He saw at a glance that the letter was in Monti's handwriting, and he took that refuge in truth, which a coward would have sought in falsehood.

"I see, Sir Standon," he exclaimed, cheerfully, "that you are in correspondence with the sharper who last night attempted to abuse your hospitality. I know him well, and am glad to observe, by his writing to you, that he has freed you from his presence."

"I thought—I thought that you said he was a friend of yours?" hesitatingly observed Sir Standon.

"He has been, I regret to say, an *associate* of mine, in some of those places which it would have been wiser to avoid. But until last night I never believed him capable of dishonourable practices. We have been lately holding a bank of faro in partnership, and last night he placed in my hand a pack of cards which might have compromised my honour. I paid back what I had unfairly won, and followed my partner to demand an account of the transaction. We quarrelled, of course."

"And there is the result!" exclaimed Sir Standon, greatly relieved, as he tossed over the letter to his guest, who read thus:—

"SIR STANDON SEIGNORY,

"This is to inform you that you are extending your hospitality to one of the most dangerous and unworthy of men. I endeavoured last night to arrest his career of knavery; but your hastiness prevented me. I know the man I speak of well, and warn you to beware of him. I shall have the honour of seeing you again ere long. Keep this letter secret, and watch him closely.

"Your most humble Servant,

"MONTI."

The captain smiled scornfully as he read, and returned the letter. "You will be spared the trouble of watchfulness, Sir Standon," he observed, "for I must take my leave of you to-day. This Monti, as he calls himself, has the power to do me injury in London, and evidently does not lack the will. I must, therefore, thank you heartily and hastily for all your kindness and hospitality, and now take my leave."

Law had become acquainted with Count Monti at Genoa during one of his few reverses of fortune. Monti, who had admired his skill, and, still more, his good fortune in play, took an opportunity of offering him fifty thousand crowns, on condition that the fortunate Scot should enter into a partnership with him for a year. Law, sorely pressed for money, accepted the proposal, and the partners had made a successful faro campaign at Venice, Paris, and Amsterdam. Thence, crossing over to England, fortune had likewise favoured them in London; and they had been making a tour of the provinces, when, from York, Law was tempted to make an excursion to Scarborough. There he resumed his old acquaintance with Sir Standon Seignory, who had confessed to him his desire to obtain a loan of money. Law, knowing that Monti possessed a large sum, proposed to him to invest it in a mortgage on Sir Standon's property. Hence the meeting and subsequent events at Hartly Chase.

On his arrival in London, Law found, as he expected, that Monti had revived the old prosecution against him, on

account of his duel with Wilson; and this once more obliged him to leave England; but he had learned enough of Monti's former history to obtain his expulsion at the same time; and the adventurers met at Paris without any mutual surprise, where they renewed a sort of offensive and defensive league of neutrality, notwithstanding all that had passed before.

We now return to the breakfast-table at Hartly Chase, to which Lady Seignory at length descended, and was very formally greeted by Miss Minerva, who intended that her manner should imply a civil reproach for her ladyship's late hours.

Soon afterwards Sir Standon withdrew to the terrace, where he observed a youth asleep upon a bench within an arbour. He drew gently near, but the boy rose suddenly, and to his surprise he beheld his son Harold, whom he believed at that moment to be pursuing his studies on the banks of the Rhine. As soon as the first glad greetings were over, Harold explained that, having been threatened with punishment for refusing to betray one of his companions, he had run away from his preceptor. Sir Standon was so pleased to see his son, that he forgave his offence against discipline, and the boy himself, without opposition, was installed in all his old possessions and amusements at the Chase.

Lady Seignory soon became acquainted with the events of the past night, and they led to a confession of Sir Standon's pecuniary difficulties. She seemed pleased rather than otherwise on hearing of them, and told her husband that she had sixty thousand pounds at his disposal. This agreeable intelligence placed the baronet at ease in one respect; but it deprived him, as he conceived, of all control over a wife so richly endowed and so liberal.

Thenceforth the lady had everything her own way; and, indeed, she was one of those peculiar persons who would have ruled as despotically in a fisherman's hut as in the precincts of Hartly Chase. Mistress Minerva and she, of course, soon came into collision, which terminated in the defeat, and finally in the retreat, of the former. She fled to her sympathising friend, Mistress Trover, at Scarborough, and found some consolation in dwelling on the ful-



filment of her anticipations concerning marrying ladies, and the still more fatal section—marrying widows.

Lady Seignory at first tried to win her step-son's affection, but in vain. The resolute boy always refused to give her the epithet of mother, and gradually estranged himself from her imperious society. Sir Standon bore with his wife more patiently, and bowed his head to a temper which, daily developing itself, took from the love he still bore her most of its charms, and all its consolations. He had found only a temporary relief even in her fortune; but his having spent it neutralised the faint attempt at resistance that he might otherwise have made. When this was confessed, there was a new reason for not contradicting the despot of his household. His affairs were again become embarrassed, and that additional trial (in which his wife was the last person from whom he thought of receiving sympathy) bore heavily upon him. But a climax was approaching.

It was the custom at Hartly Chase to afford refreshment to every wayfarer who turned out of his road to seek it. A bench, with a roof, was provided for such poor travellers near the kitchen door, and there was ever a trencher of meat and a mug of ale ready for them. One day a sailor presented himself to the notice of the steward, and received the usual hospitalities. He had a budget of news, which he related in so amusing a manner that the steward, perceiving his respectable appearance, invited him into the buttery to have a toast and a cup of mulled ale.

The sailor was a kind of philosopher, it appeared, and withal a little curious. He inquired of the steward what sort of character his mistress bore. The domestic opened his stores of information freely, and did not draw a very flattering portrait.

"Sometimes," he said, "she gets up at the wrong side o' the bed, as they say; and then the whole house soon knows of it. She comes down-stairs in such a combustible state, that she catches fire at the first word, which is generally some mild observation of Sir Standon's. On him falls the first weight of the storm, spoiling his breakfast, souring his cream, and sending him away to his sport or his business half-fasting. Then she rushes up to the work-room; house-keeper's sobs and sempstresses' wail immediately ensue.

Then she sweeps along down the stairs, when the housemaid receives her portion of the 'anger wind,' as her nigger calls scolding. The footmen shut themselves up in the pantry, the butler rushes out of the house on some business; poor cook, however, has no retreat, though her kitchen-maids desert her for the darkest corner of the scullery. But cook is equal to the trial; her temper is as sharp as her tongue—sharper than that of her mistress. She shows fight; 'she won't be put upon;' and the missus recoils from the attack, parleys, compromises, and retires to her own apartment well breathed, and, upon the whole, seeming well satisfied with her morning's work."

"Bad enough," replied the seaman; "a sort of purgatory from which no saintly prayers can save. The sinner is the man, depend on't, to stop that sort of thing. When a woman's temper is squally, you must look out, and luff up into it, or you're down on your beam-ends to a certainty. In man, anger is foolish enough, but in woman it's downright insanity and indecency: it's far kinder to the poor critters to bring them up at once with a round turn, than let 'em run on to the ruin of our peace, and their own souls, maybe."

The steward, who was himself a married man, responded to this sentiment very heartily, and took leave of his way-faring friend with regret. The latter, heaving his bundle on his back, and grasping a stout oaken stick, proceeded on his journey.

Soon after this, Lady Seignory was sitting on the bench where her step-son had been discovered asleep by his father. The terrace was now her favourite haunt, and, in consequence, it was deserted by every living creature to whom peace was dear. A clipped yew hedge supported the back of the bench on which the lady sat. She remained for some time musing, and, apparently, in far from a happy mood. Yet she was mistress of all that her heart could desire, as far as the world knew. But how little *does* that world know! A desolate and embittered heart lay hid within her still beautiful bosom; and its reflection was now visible on her countenance.

Suddenly she started. Her eyes shone with excitement. A trembling seized her. Again! She had twice heard a well-known voice.

"Marina!" she heard once more uttered, and the sailor stood before her. She did not scream or faint, but she turned deadly pale; and her first impulse was to cast a searching glance all round, to ascertain that no other eye beheld her consternation and her shame. She then addressed the stranger in Spanish.

"Evil genius as you have ever been to me, what brings you here? Do you still envy me—my happiness? Do you desire my wealth? Take what you can, and be gone, for the love of heaven.

The stranger, instead of obeying her, threw himself with careless ease beside her, and replied in the same language:

"A truce, *amiga mia*, with your tears! I come to talk to you on business. I have lived a little too long to be sentimental. Now, Marina, I have behaved very handsomely to you, you must confess. I have left you almost all your money, though by law justly mine. You have had your amusement, your luxury, and your loves; and I have been living a hard life of it by sea and land. I have lately had a confounded run of ill luck, and I want a few thousands to set me up again. Nay,—now I speak of it,—you yourself, with those eyes, and that voice of yours, would be of considerable use to me. Yes!—yes!—we will set up a faro bank, and roam over Europe together; and we'll have your dowry besides. Get away, and put on your travelling clothes. I have got a chaise at the end of the wood waiting for you, and I can prosecute my claims on your *soi-disant* husband as well at a distance."

Marina looked steadily in the face of her evil genius, as she called him, and sought for some gleam of hope there; but there was none. Hard, and ruthless, and resolute he was; and an angry fire was kindling in his eyes as she hesitated.

"Begone!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder. "Death!—do you think that *I* am to be trifled with and trampled on, like the old dotard you've been living with?"

The temper of the woman quailed before the ferocity of the man; and she obeyed as meekly as Alice would have done. Just then, the stranger perceived Sir Standon alighting from his horse; and he proceeded fearlessly to meet him. The baronet returned his salute courteously,



and prepared himself to listen to some demand for assistance. The stranger abruptly addressed him:

"Do you know, Sir Standon, the history of that lady who has just entered your house?"

"Sirrah!" exclaimed Sir Standon, haughtily; "I never desire to know anything of that lady, except from her own lips."

"Sir Standon," persisted the stranger, "I must be plain with you. You may observe that I am not in a dress suitable to my condition. I ask your pardon for presenting myself before you in disguise. I thought that I might have done my business here unnoticedly, and not have disturbed your peace; but I have changed my mind. That lady is *my wife*; and I now claim her."

"O save me!—save me from him!" shrieked the unhappy woman, running out upon the terrace, and throwing herself on Sir Standon's neck.

"Seize this villain!" shouted Sir Standon, to half-a-dozen servants, who now appeared at the hall-door. They rushed upon the stranger;—half-a-dozen dogs began to bark; peacocks screamed; Sir Standon swore; the lady shrieked; but the stranger's voice was heard over all the din, pitched in a tone that few had ever heard without quailing.

"Stand off!" he shouted. "By heaven, the first man who touches me dies!"

As he spoke, he drew from his doublet a long, keen knife, that glittered in the eyes of his assailants like a flash of lightning. The menials recoiled. Sir Standon wrathfully drew his sword; and throwing off the arms that clung to him, was about to rush upon the audacious stranger. But just then a new actor appeared upon the stage. Young Harold, returning from shooting, and seeing the tumult, had hastened to the spot, with his gun still in his hand.

"Hold, father!" he exclaimed: "and let it not be said that you refused justice at your own door. Surely this man must have some right, or he would not put it forth so boldly, and against such odds."

"Here is a mere boy," exclaimed the stranger, "who has more sense than you all put together. Marina! answer me before the eyes of heaven—are you not my wife?"

The unhappy woman, collecting all her energies for one last venture, appealed to Sir Standon :

"Whatever may be the result of this most cruel trial," she said, in a low firm voice, "I have not wronged you, Sir Standon. I may not have been—I *have* not been—to you the wife that your gentleness and generosity might well have made me; but I thought this wicked man was dead long years ago. It is true—too true, that he married me; but it was by force, and when his life was forfeited by a great crime. Sir Standon, you see before you the blood-stained buccaneer Lawrence, whose crimes have filled the ear of Europe. Will you deliver me into his power?"

"No! by mine honour!" interrupted Sir Standon: "he shall first expiate his crimes on an English scaffold, if there is force in our English law."

"Hold a moment!" said the buccaneer; "my wife has acknowledged me as her lawful husband, yet you appeal against me to your law. She has told you that I am a buccaneer, and an outlaw. I am now a Chevalier of the order of St. Louis, conferred by my gracious sovereign, and Governor of the Island of Tortuga." (Here he uncovered his breast, and showed a decoration.\*) "I am also Count Monti, by the decree and recognition of the Venetian States, for services rendered by me on their seas. And now Sir Standon Seignory, once more I demand my wife, under my true name, and right, and title."

Sir Standon was staggered by this assertion, but he replied,—

"You must prove your words, sir; and, in the first place, answer me, why did you never make this bold claim before?"

"That is *my* affair," replied Lawrence. "Nevertheless, I will answer you. This lady ran away from me to Carthage, whither I could not openly follow her, as my life at that time would have been forfeited. Besides, I had then other views, in consequence of which I left her to pursue her own devices: I even allowed to be transmitted to her, by a Scotch adventurer, large sums which I might have

\* A fact. Lawrence was promoted, like Morgan, to a command in this French island, and decorated at the same time.

kept. I then understood that she had been burned in Don Felipo's house, and I only lately, and by accident, tracked her to her present position. I have no time, nor inclination, to say more.—Marina! once more I summon you to accompany me, if you would not have this scene made public, and be handed over to me by the power of that law which your protector is so ready to evoke.”

Marina saw that all was over. Such, too, was her peculiar temperament, that she was partly won by the bold determination and gallant bearing of the buccaneer. At all events she made a merit of the necessity, and gave her hand to her fierce claimant.

“I yield,” she said; “and it may be that I am more fitted to be the wife of one who knows how to win me, than of one who, I see by his hesitation, is unequal to the effort of protecting me.”

Such was Sir Standon's guerdon for a patience and generosity that have often since met with a similar reward; and have deserved it, too, by abandoning the natural and rightful rule that belongs to them.

That evening, when Sir Standon and his son Harold were sitting together in the old oak-panelled hall, the events of the morning—of the last two years—seemed like a dream. That beautiful, despotic woman, had come and gone, and left no trace; except, perhaps, in the more silvered hair and more subdued bearing of the weak but worthy man who had called her wife.

### CHAPTER XIII.

What you can do, or think you can, begin it:  
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it;  
Only BEGIN, and once the mind grows heated,  
The task speeds on, and soon will be completed.

*Hyperion.*

THE following morning, a dapper little man, dressed in black, with a crisp wig, sought an audience of Sir Standon. He represented himself as an attorney, and presented a



claim on behalf of Lawrence Count Monti, for sixty thousand pounds!

Harold was with his father when this claim was made. He had long suspected his difficulties, but he saw them confirmed in the look of blank despair that overspread the naturally joyous countenance of the old baronet. The attorney, having discharged his commission, retired, and the father and son were left alone.

After a pause, the poor youth said timidly,—“Father, I do not wish to intrude upon your confidence, but I fear that this is a very inconvenient demand upon you. I can help you a very, very little; but do not refuse that little. When I was in Germany, you allowed me five hundred pounds a year; but I found that all my comrades lived upon a mere trifle, and I thought it was not handsome to affect a superior style of living. So I lived like them, and I have a thousand pounds, which I had lost to that very count the night that Master Law was here, but he generously restored it to me, as he saw the play was unfair. Father, take this trifle, such as it is, and let me help you in any more efficient way that I can.”

When the feelings are strongly excited, any plaintive appeal is strongly felt, and Sir Standon now burst into a flood of tears.

“My boy, my darling, generous boy! I would not for all this money twice told, have lost this proof of your affection. But there is nothing,—nothing that I cannot settle after a little time; and I trust this old hall will yet see you its master, unshorn of power, to follow the dictates of your heart. But I must now ride to York, and settle with these knaves.”

So the old gentleman called for his boots and blood bay mare, and rode off with a heavy heart to York. He had been on the point of confessing all his difficulties to his son, but a mistaken fear of giving pain, and a vague, but still sanguine hope that “something would turn up,” restrained him; and he once more drew back the gloomy secret to the recesses of his burdened brain.

Meanwhile young Harold paced to and fro upon the terrace, revolving in his mind all that had passed. He instinctively perceived that there was some deep and dangerous difficulty in his father's affairs; and, bounded in a narrow range as

his knowledge of mankind was, his thoughts reverted to Law. The genius and practical character of that man had strongly impressed him, and his concluding words, "We may yet be friends," rang in his ears. He felt that his father was unable to cope with his embarrassment, whatever it was, and he thought that Law might be useful in diverting, if not in removing, his anxieties. He therefore resolved to write to him, to ask him to come and visit Hartly Chase, as if by accident; and he at once put his resolve into execution, directing his letter to the Piazza Coffee-house, Covent Garden, as the well-remembered address that he had received. He did not think of the chances against finding that erratic individual at the end of two years.

Meanwhile, Sir Standon had procured the money for Lawrence, at enormous interest, and returned home comparatively relieved in mind. At first his house seemed lonely to him, in spite of the sensation of repose that appeared to succeed the departure of its late mistress. But he gradually resumed his spirits, and when, at the end of ten days, Captain Law was announced, he received him with all his former geniality and good-humour. During the next few days Law and young Harold were much together; hunting and shooting apparently, but there appeared little result from their sport; and the old baronet would mock them unsuspectingly for their inexpertness, wishing that his younger days could return, that he might show them the old style of woodcraft. But at length he left them to themselves, and Law watched for his opportunity.

The difficulties that had so long beset Sir Standon were now rapidly accumulating, as it is the nature of pecuniary difficulties to do: they "grow with what they feed on;" and each time the Antæus is flung "upon the land," he springs up with fresh forces derived from his overthrow. The poor baronet regarded his danger courageously as long as he believed himself to be the only sufferer, but he soon found that a debtor cannot suffer alone. Humble dependents respectfully hinted rather than pleaded their sore need; creditors, whose only security was the baronet's word, as their sole dependence was upon his solvency; tradespeople whose credit suffered with that of their great patron, and whose daily privations were endured in painful

secrecy, all these people and their melancholy claims became gradually known to Sir Standon, and his kindly generous heart was well-nigh broken. Unaccustomed to concealment, his suppressed care soon began to tell upon his frame—the firm yet elastic step gave place to an irresolute and uncertain gait. His form was no longer upright, and his eyes sought the ground. Deep furrows began to sink into his forehead, and his hair had rapidly grown gray and grizzled and neglected. But still, with weak false pride, he strove to maintain his old appearance in the world. Still his stud was to be seen exercising in a long procession. Still the six Flanders mares drew the family coach, surrounded with footmen, to the church. Still the house was open to all his acquaintances in all its ancient hospitality; and none could have guessed from what they saw around them in profusion and splendour, that the lord of the mansion was sinking under the weight of poverty.

Often would Sir Standon sit in front of his proud porch, beneath the carved armorial bearings of his ancient race, and muse with bitter anguish on his state. Nothing but the sale of those fair lands that lay spread before him to the distant hills could save him from debt's bitter bondage.

"To myself, as a mere man," he muttered, "the exchange of a life of show to one of retirement and unreproachful economy would seem delightful; but for those who surround me, in memory and in hope—my fathers who won these goodly lands, and my poor child who hopes to succeed to it—these rise up against my selfish ease. Are there no means, is there no personal sacrifice? Alas! that question has been asking itself for many a weary night and dismal day."

He smote his head with his hand, and tears actually forced their way into his eyes. At that moment the captain bounded up the steps, singing gaily the refrain of an old French song. He started when he saw Sir Standon. His first impulse was to apologize for an involuntary intrusion; but he at once saw that he might with as little presumption inquire the cause of his host's sorrow, as apologize for having witnessed it. This he did with warm and unfeigned solicitude; the genial, generous character of the baronet had won upon him greatly (his own, if developed under more favourable circumstances,



had not perhaps been very different), and he regarded him at once with the respect we feel for honoured elders, and the half-compassionate tenderness we entertain for children. Sir Standon was, in the very crisis of his mood, when words of sympathy are not intrusive, and it was a relief to him to pour his sorrow forth. He told his whole story to the young adventurer, and not until he had finished did he venture to steal a look at his hearer to see in what manner his communication affected him. The captain listened with the deepest interest, but with an aspect of cheerful surprise that partly encouraged, yet partly offended him.

"My dear Sir Standon," exclaimed the captain, "if you had sooner honoured me with your confidence, you would have spared yourself great and needless anxiety. Young and thoughtless as I may seem, and as perhaps I am, I have some acquaintance with the practical workings of this masking world. At different periods of my life I have been engaged in matters of this nature; and though I am myself almost a mere penniless adventurer, like the mouse in the fable, I may help to set the lion free. Suppose your debts are all that you state, and add one-third more for those disagreeable surprises that always follow a close investigation of such matters,—why there's ample margin left. Sell those grand old oaks, those hospitable walls, yon wide-spread lands?—never! If you can put faith in one with whom you are so little acquainted as with me, you shall be heart-free this day twelvemonth. I shall have nothing to do with the moneys—mark me—but I will keep my eye on those who have."

Sir Standon felt his heart bound as he listened to the young adventurer's bold words of comfort and promise. He did not hesitate to accept the captain's offer. He read nothing but truth and honour in his deliverer's countenance; if that friend had been a villain, he would probably have thought the same.

But Law was no villain; he was as capable of good as of great impulses. He loved the confiding old baronet in his heart, he honoured his position, he saw him about to sink through very ignorance, and he resolved to save him.

"I must ask you, Sir Standon," he said, "to give me your assistance for a few days in examining the actual

state of your affairs, in order that I may be thoroughly informed before I take any important steps."

"Ah!" replied the baronet, deprecatingly, "one hour would more than tell you all I know."

And such was indeed the case; the old gentleman would willingly have submitted to the loss of a limb—nay, of life itself—to disengage his estate from its ruin; but he could not bring himself to the first and necessary task of looking his affairs in the face. It was no uncommon case; and perhaps Law himself, had the matter been his own, would have had the same reluctance. As it was, however, he set zealously to work. He prevailed on Sir Standon to make out a list of his liabilities, as far as he knew them;—about two hundred thousand pounds. He then prevailed on him to write to his steward, agent and bailiffs, to send in a statement of their accounts for the last year. This proceeding took them by surprise. Some had not kept any accounts; others had prepared a mere mass of words and figures, of which they knew their easy and indulgent master would never test the accuracy.

But their accounts were now subjected to a very different scrutiny: the keenest eyes in Europe were upon them, and the intuition by which the most recondite knaveries were detected, seemed to them supernatural. As each agent came under Law's investigation, he threw himself on his mercy; in several instances their inquisitor turned their own guns, as it were, upon the enemy, by allowing those whose errors appeared venial to give testimony against their more guilty brethren. By the end of three days, the reformer had disposed of all but the stronghold of the financial mysteries, the law-agent: into this, however, he had obtained various glimpses, which proved to him that it would not be long tenable.

The interview with the law-agent took place in Sir Standon's presence. The few law-letters which Sir Standon had preserved were produced. In them, there were constant allusions to some heard-hearted usurer, "who would not be satisfied with less than such-and-such conditions."

Law's questions, lucid and irresistible as lightning, shot into this mystery, and soon revealed the identity of the said usurer with the agent who had employed his imaginary services. Thenceforth the inquisitorial task became easy

With a rapidity which the agent did not attempt to follow, Law added up the sums that had been paid or demanded beyond legal interest, and columns of alarming figures collapsed before the process with marvellous rapidity. At length, when this point was settled and Law's questions began to search into yet sorer places, Sir Standon, feeling for the evident torture of his long-trusted agent, attempted to induce Law to desist, saying that enough had been done, and he was quite sure all would be satisfactorily explained in time. But Law's blood was up, and he pursued his game unflinchingly. He uttered no reproach: he did not even express contempt in his looks; but he persevered, as in the elucidation of some curious problem in mathematics, until he had laid bare every transaction between master and servant, from the time that Sir Standon first raised the traitor from obscurity to prosperity and independence. He then coolly bowed him out, and turning to Sir Standon, exclaimed:

"Well, Sir Standon, if you had not at last resolved to look into your affairs, it would have been all up in six months. That's an able villain who has just left us. Now two courses are open to you. Will you be content to remain here with a reduced establishment, or will you go into retirement for a few years, which perhaps would better suit your feelings? In either of these cases, all your creditors can be paid, and your son will probably have a tolerably unencumbered property. If you like to live on, as at present, I think, with what we now know, you may do so for three or four years. Your rental cannot safely be estimated at above twelve thousand a-year, and you owe about one hundred and fifty thousand. The former can undoubtedly be raised a thousand or two per annum, and the latter may still bear reduction. But, for round numbers, they will serve you to base your calculations upon."

Sir Standon at once declared that comfort or happiness appeared to him absolutely (at that moment) confined to paying his debts; and that a life of economy would be almost an agreeable excitement and variety.

That night Law, accompanied by Harold, in whose care he required should be placed title-deeds and other parchments, started for London. Three days afterwards he presented himself, as we have seen, in Alvaro's house.



It would have been curious to watch the trial of "tongue fence" between those two subtle and worldly, but generous minds. Law put forth all his ingenuity in drawing such a picture of the old baronet as could not fail to win upon Alvaro's sympathies. It did so, but only in a poetical point of view; in the practical matters of business, Alvaro did not allow himself to be so influenced. He cross-examined Law in turn, and soon acquired a tolerably just judgment of Sir Standon and his affairs. At length he wound up by saying—

"Your friend is evidently a weak but an amiable man. Nothing will teach him the value of money, except experiencing its privation. (I know that from experience.) Let him retire to some quiet place, far removed from the scenes of his thoughtless extravagance. Let him there live for some years on—say a thousand a-year. Why should he not try Sandilee? I once fitted up the Peel-house in a condition fit for a person of quality; and he would there have the society of my friend Paterson, who will inspire him with resignation and philosophy, if it is possible. But I do not wish to dictate to Sir Standon. If he accepts my terms, he may live where he pleases: he shall have the money at four per cent., but the overplus must go to reduce the debt. Obtain his assent, and there need be no further delay. Meanwhile, I should like to see the son, from what you say of him. Ask him to do me the honour of dining here to-morrow."

Harold made his appearance at the time appointed. Alvaro was favourably impressed by his self-possession and cheerful resignation to what he conceived to be the downfall of his house; for his friend had carefully forbore to let him know of the final arrangements made in his favour. He expressed to Alvaro his desire to enter at once into active life and endeavour to make his own way:

"What honour to be dropp'd on Fortune's hill?  
The honour is to mount it!"

was the substance of his speech; and it pleased his host. Not so, however, the direction that his wishes took; for Harold was smitten with a military ambition,—that which, of all others, had least attraction for Alvaro. But Marlborough had then begun his career of glory, and all the young heart of England was on fire to emulate him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

On the hill top, worn and gray,  
 Lieth age;—a pleasant ray  
 From the setting sun doth grace  
 The deep furrows of his face.  
 God be blessed, he hath won  
 Life's great victory; wending on  
 Through the dreamings proud and bold;  
 Through the passions manifold;  
 Through the subtle hopes and fears  
 Of the stormy later years,  
 To the TRUTH, that in his soul  
 Holdeth now its high control.

WESTWOOD.

WE have lingered so long upon our road to our goal, that, now it is in sight, we must hurry over the last stage.

Sir Standon embraced the conditions—eccentric as they seemed to him—imposed by the Merchant Prince: indeed he was only too happy to be saved the trouble of making his own decision. He also adopted Alvaro's suggestion as to becoming tenant of the old Peel-house, now a picturesque, though small, castellated building surrounded by gardens. The cottages which he had long ago saved from the licence of Drummond's troopers, were converted into clean and comfortable dwellings; and some of the old inhabitants still gratefully remembered the young cornet's discipline and munificence. The Solway shore was a pleasant place to sit and muse over his past career; and to recall all the faithful and affectionate, though humble, sorrow that had been testified at his departure from his grand old home. Instead of a numerous stud, which he scarcely ever used, he had now one trusty cob, which was seldom unemployed; instead of horizons of land, he had now a hundred acres to farm. But he had a mind free from care, and his spirits rose hourly. Like some brave tree, almost smothered by creepers and parasites, he had begun to droop and wither; now that a clean clearance was made, he seemed to expand into new life, and unlive the last few cankering years. The calm, wise, pious Paterson was ever near to advise with, and to listen to; and from time to time, news came of

some gallant achievement of his son's; these he would read, first to his old friend, and then to all the villagers, as well as his tears of pride would permit; for Harold was then fighting his way to distinction. He had shared in Marlborough's great triumph at Blenheim; and though he little knew that his heroic chief, whom he regarded as a demigod, was actually subsidized by Alvaro,\* he felt the beneficial influence of the Merchant Prince upon his own fortunes. After Ramilies, he returned to England with a colonel's rank, and presented himself to Alvaro with honest pride. Him he found looking old and care-worn and gray, but his dark eyes still glowed with all their former fire: he was about to undertake a journey into Scotland, to visit his old friend Paterson, who had made a resolution never to leave his home again.

As Harold was proceeding thither to see his father, they travelled in company, and visited Hartly Chase on their way. There, to Harold's delighted surprise, he found his father reinstated in his ancestral home. The worthy old gentleman was divested, indeed, of much of the feudal, encumbering pomp which he had once considered essential to the due maintenance of his position; but he lacked nothing that could be required for comfort and unostentatious hospitality. Sir Standon's mind appeared to have shared in the same reform: no longer oppressed with the burden of a hopeless debt, he was no longer dreamy and languid. He looked into his affairs with energy and interest, combating every approach to fraud or laxity, as if it was a deadly enemy. He rode constantly abroad among his tenants; learning from their own lips and from their farms, the true condition of their affairs, the sorrows in which he could sympathise, the necessities that he could relieve, the happiness that he could share.

Thus, happy in the discharge of his duties, and in possession of a blameless conscience, he had lived at Hartly Chase for above a twelvemonth; and when his son was restored to him, the measure of his happiness appeared complete. One only drawback still existed, in his separation from his friend Paterson, who could not be prevailed upon to leave his home by the Solway. It was,

\* Known in history by his surname of Medina.



therefore, with joy that he consented to accompany Alvaro in his journey to Sandilee.

As they rode along (in the fashion now almost unknown in Europe, but still preserved in all its pleasantness in the East), Alvaro and Sir Standon had ample time for conversation. Then Sir Standon learned, for the first time, that Lawrence had established himself in Paris, where he lived for some months in great splendour: his wife's beauty, combined with his own talents and love of play, drawing about him a numerous society. (Sir Standon well remembered Marina's beauty, and remembered it without a sigh.) The Chevalier de St. Laurent, as he was then called, was at length discovered to play a little too finely; the discovery led to a challenge, in which the adventurer fell. Marina, after a paroxysm of grief, retired to a convent.

Law was pursuing his own singular career, and maintaining his character in all the capitals of Europe, as the most successful gambler and the profoundest financier alive. He amassed a considerable fortune, and married Lady Katherine, daughter of the Earl of Banbury.\*

After several days' journey, our travellers approached the manor-house of Sandilee. They descended towards it from the fir-planted hill that bounded the little park behind the house.

It was a secluded, silent spot; silent, at least, but for those sounds that are only associated in our minds with repose and peace:—a waterfall—an umbrageous wood, whose boughs rustled at every breeze,—a mill, whose industrious clack was seldom still—a brawling brook: these voices of secluded life sent pleasant sounds through the latticed windows and honeysuckled porch of the hermit's sombre dwelling.

The thoughts of the travellers had been gradually pre-

\* Ultimately (long after the latest date of our story), he settled himself in Paris, and became Minister of Finance to the Regent Duke of Orleans. He reformed the taxes, and founded a bank, which gave almost immediate prosperity to Paris; but the avarice and recklessness of the Regent drove him on into various devices which terminated in the memorable Mississippi scheme. After the explosion of that stupendous bubble, he wandered about Europe in comparative poverty, though still highly honoured, and at length died at Venice, in 1729. His story was to have terminated this work, but for the length to which it would have extended.

pared for, and brought into harmony with, the aspect of tranquillity that pervaded this quiet asylum of the world-weary philosopher. Their journey had terminated towards the close of a genial autumn day; the rude pathway sometimes leading them through shadowy glens, memorable in the old Scottish wars; sometimes emerging upon the open sunburnt heather, and sometimes subsiding along the shingly shore. The only living things that presented themselves, were once or twice a wild-looking herdsman, tending his yet wilder cattle; or watchful deer that moved away like shadows on the distant hills.

But as they approached the manor-house, some signs of civilised life became visible: neat fences; teams of horses returning from their labour; the village in the distance, with the ruins of the old Castle of Caerlaverock standing boldly in relief from a plantation of Scotch firs; the Frith, spreading widely beyond, calm and bright, except where it was dotted with the dark red sails of the fisherman's boats.

On the old porch, where his father was wont to sit, Paterson, the son, sate now, silent and serene as the nature around him.

He was then deeply enjoying the pleasure of a calm Scottish sunset; a sensation of profound repose seemed to have communicated itself from nature to his weary frame: his broad breast was heaving with a pulsation as slow and gradual as that of the sea on which his eyes were resting. But his thoughts were not in Scotland; they were far away—beyond all reach of mortal vision—where the westernmost Indian islands rise in all their beauty from the crystal seas. There his youth was past in dangers and trials manifold; thither he returned in his manhood's prime, to execute his glorious scheme. There, whitening on those distant shores, he had left the bones of his dearest friends, the disciples of his faith, the sharers of his hopes, the followers of his star: there, he had seen his loved wife pine away and die in the disappointment that wrung, but could not break, her husband's manful heart.

Paterson, upon whom the eyes of all western Europe were once fixed in hope or enmity, is now at rest in the scenes where his boyhood passed; and where his age, crowned with all the consolations of faith, will sink quietly to its last repose.

But the unexpected sight of his friends now aroused him from his trance. He joyfully welcomed them, and put his modest establishment to the utmost stretch of its capabilities in order to entertain them.

They had all, except Harold, many associations to interest them in the surrounding scenery; and many days passed by without any event beyond what each found in his own mind. At length Sir Standon and his son happening to be away upon the hills, the two partners of other times were left alone together.

“Old friend,” said Alvaro, as they strolled together along the shore, “let us sit down beneath this cliff, where, years ago,—it seems almost an eternity!—I used to sit with Isobel in the first rapturous days that we were left together,—all in all to one another. There, on that very tuft of grass—as it seems to me on those very flowers—she used to rest. And there she would speak to me of wondrous things that appeared familiar to her; things and thoughts of another world, to which I could not follow her. And here, on this spot, I would fain give you, my tried and most true friend, charge of Isobel’s child. I would have her live where her mother lived, and breathe the pure air that she breathed; and, perhaps, under the same influences, she may come to resemble that most perfect woman who is now at rest;—at rest in yonder grave, to which I well know my heartless and inconceivable neglect hurried her.

“My friend, I have struggled hard with the world to wring from its distractions some solace for my cares: but I have tried in vain: it is very hollow!—I cannot play my part in it any more. I am about to proceed upon another pilgrimage—my last. You will—or, at least, if you were any other man, you would—smile at my morbid fancy, but I would fain lay my bones in Jerusalem; and as I feel the time is not far off when the wasted lamp of life will be extinguished, I am resolved to hasten thither. To your care I leave my child. She is a treasure too pure and good for me. To your trust, too, I bequeath all the dross that my life has appeared to be devoted in accumulating. But bring up my little one as a village girl. Let her never know of her dangerous possessions until her mind is matured. The old servant, who alone will accompany her hither, is sworn never to betray the secret of her future



wealth; and I know that she will keep her word. Will you execute this trust?

“One word more. It may be a foolish fancy, and ten thousand chances are against its fulfilment. But I like this manly and gallant soldier boy (for he is no more), whom we have here with us. If my child and he should like one another, (and there is not any *great* disparity of years between them,) I—in short—I would not have you oppose their union. But I talk like an old dotard. It is time to change the conversation; for I would not have your answer until to-morrow.—Then I shall say to the worthiest and most single-hearted man I ever knew—FAREWELL.”

---

Here I concluded my MS., and looked round on my Highlander with diffidence, and some faint hope; but lo! that respectable individual had retired; and left me alone to meet the verdict of an awful “PUBLIC.”

## NOTE.

---

I INTENDED to have thrown into an Appendix some of the various curious matters connected with the buccaneers, which I thought were least known, or which I, at least, only discovered by accident in the course of the few researches I have made in the mines of the Bodleian and British Museum libraries. I had also intended to have confessed the few liberties I have taken with Paterson's true history; but I fear the reader may be already weary of him, and I will not venture to discuss him further, lest I should presume too far upon possible indulgence. I would make one observation, however, for which I shall perhaps be considered pedantic. Whenever I have spoken of Paterson in substantiated facts, I have called him by that name; in all that is fictitious I have applied to him, in Scottish fashion, the territorial name of Tinwald. And here I must make one more confession; Tinwald, which was indeed the name of his native place, is not on the seashore, but many miles inland. *Pitmyre* is the inharmonious name of the house of his birth. This, I think, is the greatest liberty that I have taken with my subject.





NOW IN COURSE OF PUBLICATION

# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF  
**POPULAR MODERN WORKS,**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS, HOLMAN HUNT, LEECH, BIRKET FOSTER,  
JOHN GILBERT, TENNIEL, &c.

Each in a single volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

## **VOL. I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.**

"The first volume of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and is well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser, but attractive merits of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post*.

## **VOL. II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.**

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman, and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner*.

"The new and cheaper edition of this interesting work will doubtless meet with great success. John Halifax, the hero of this most beautiful story, is no ordinary hero, and this his history is no ordinary book. It is a full-length portrait of a true gentleman, one of nature's own nobility. It is also the history of a home, and a thoroughly English one. The work abounds in incident, and is full of graphic power and true pathos. It is a book that few will read without becoming wiser and better."—*Scotsman*.

## **VOL. III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.**

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than 'The Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets, and which no other writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun*.

## **VOL. IV.—NATHALIE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.**

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant."—*Athenæum*.

## **VOL. V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

## **VOL. VI.—ADAM GRAEME. BY MRS OLIPHANT.**

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, their deep and silent workings in the heart, and their beautiful manifestations in life, with a delicacy, power and truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Post*.

# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

## VOL. VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"We have not the slightest intention to criticise this book. Its reputation is made, and will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. The remarkable originality of its purpose, and the happy description it affords of American life and manners, still continue the subject of universal admiration. To say thus much is to say enough, though we must just mention that the new edition forms a part of Messrs Hurst and Blackett's Cheap Standard Library, which has included some of the very best specimens of light literature that ever have been written."—*Messenger*.

## VOL. VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has treated a special subject with so much geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. IX. A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"In 'A Life for a Life' the author is fortunate in a good subject, and has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. BY LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner*.

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer*.

## VOL. XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. BY SAM SLICK.

"The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced deserves especial mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outsides of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner*.

## VOL. XIII.—DARIEN. BY ELIOT Warburton.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe*.

## VOL. XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this 'most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour."—*Standard*.

## VOL. XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"The Laird of Norlaw fully sustains the author's high reputation."—*Sunday Times*.

# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED).

## VOL. XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*The Times*.

## VOL. XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

## VOL. XVIII.—FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post*.

## VOL. XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"We know no novel of the last three or four years to equal this latest production of the popular authoress of 'Margaret and her Bridesmaids.' If asked to classify it, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Herald*.

## VOL. XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, SERGEANT AT LAW.

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News*.

## VOL. XXI.—ADELE. BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adèle' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story full of delicate character-painting."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review*.

## VOL. XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, the story is interesting."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. C. JEAFFRESON, Esq.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum*. "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet*.

## VOL. XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum*. "A charming tale charmingly told."—*Herald*.

## VOL. XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED. BY HON. MRS NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel."—*Times*. "A novel of rare excellence. It is Mrs Norton's best prose work."—*Examiner*.



# HURST AND BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY (CONTINUED).

## VOL. XXVIII.—LES MISERABLES. BY VICTOR HUGO.

AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

"The merits of 'Les Miserables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds, page after page, with details of unequalled beauty. In dealing with all the emotions, doubts, fears, which go to make up our common humanity, M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review*.

## VOL. XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. It is a book which the world will like. This is high praise of a work of art, and so we intend it."—*Times*.

## VOL. XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's Life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

"Mrs Oliphant's Life of Irving supplies a long-felt desideratum. It is copious, earnest, and eloquent. Irving, as a man and as a pastor, is exhibited with many broad, powerful, and life-like touches, which leave a strong impression."—*Edinburgh Review*.

## VOL. XXXI.—ST OLAVE'S.

"This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world. 'St Olave's' is the work of an artist. The whole book is worth reading."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXXII.—SAM SLICK'S TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize."—*Post*.

## VOL. XXXIII.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A more charming story, to our taste, has rarely been written. The writer has hit off a circle of varied characters all true to nature, and has entangled them in a story which keeps us in suspense till its knot is happily and gracefully resolved. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*Times*.

## VOL. XXXIV.—ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, M.A.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum*.

## VOL. XXXV.—AGNES. BY MRS OLIPHANT.

"Agnes' is a novel superior to any of Mrs Oliphant's former works."—*Athenæum*.

"Mrs Oliphant is one of the most admirable of our novelists. In her works there are always to be found high principle, good taste, sense, and refinement. 'Agnes' is a story whose pathetic beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers."—*Post*.









